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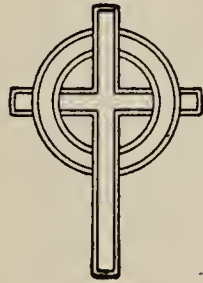


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ARTHUR T. LYMAN

AND

ELLA LYMAN



VOLUME II

THE ENGAGEMENT

AND

MARRIED LIFE

1856-1878



ARTHUR THEODORE LYMAN
By Richard S. Greenough, 1860

ARTHUR THEODORE LYMAN

AND

ELLA LYMAN

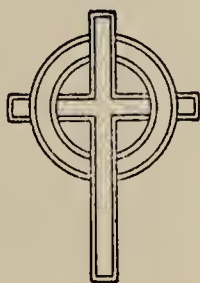
LETTERS AND JOURNALS

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THOSE THEY LOVED

AND WERE DESCENDED FROM

PREPARED BY THEIR DAUGHTER

ELLA LYMAN CABOT



v. 2

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1932

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Bust by Richard S. Greenough, 1860 . . . *Frontispiece*

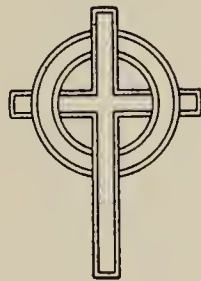
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ARTHUR T. LYMAN

AND

ELLA LYMAN



VOLUME II

THE ENGAGEMENT

AND

MARRIED LIFE

1856-1878

CHAPTER I

The Engagement and Wedding

As a little girl Ella Lowell went at least one winter to school with Arthur Lyman's sisters at 6 Joy Street and she must sometimes have seen him also. Undoubtedly they met before she was twelve, probably earlier. Soon after came the Lowells' two journeys to Europe. At the end of the second, Arthur and Ella met, but only two or three times for Arthur went out in June 1855, while Ella sailed back on September 1st of that year. Long after, she recalled being interested in seeing a small trunk with his name on it as she crossed the Channel on her way home from Spain, and later at Calais she saw the owner of the valise.

The Lowells were at their Beverly place during the summer of 1856. Then on September 18th came what my mother recorded later as a red-letter day. She was staying with the Samuel A. Eliots in Brookline and they gave her the first glimpses of A.T.L. at the Waltham Vale which was so soon to be her home. My father sailed August 23rd, 1856, on the *Persia* to New York, so that on the 18th he undoubtedly was at home. He must have looked eager and fascinating. He had been lonely abroad and had longed for Waltham. Now he saw this gay, exquisitely lovely, hazel-eyed girl. He would have shown her the European treasures he had brought home for the family—bronzes, a set of beautiful china, cameos, scarabees, bracelets, and watches—and walked with her through the beloved garden. No wonder that only ten days later, on September 28th, 1856, he came to Beverly to see her. This date, too, she remembered and recorded long afterwards. It was beautiful at Beverly that autumn. She writes of the glorious coloring of the leaves, the bright sunshine and the blue sky. The Lowells moved to town the middle of October. Two months later A.T.L. and E.L. were engaged. They were together on Sunday December 28th

and that is the day they spoke of as their engagement day—but the letters that follow and confirm what he must have said to her were written on Monday.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lowell

December 29th, 1856.

To assure you of my intentions, and to relieve the anxieties of a loving heart, I must write you, my dear Ella, its true longings. My affection for you is no fleeting passion, but a deep-settled and abiding love. I cannot control the circumstances of the future, but my action in them is free, and I can control myself, and I promise you the affectionate devotion of my life. If you can love me, as I love the true, the beautiful and the good, for their own sakes, as I love you for yours, as a pure ray of light and love from the infinite source, then I can ask nothing more for complete happiness.

I offer you a hand and heart, which, whatever may be their many defects, are at least, I know, sincere and true.

Yours with devoted love, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

She answered in quiet dignified words that pledge her loyalty:

Ella Lowell to Arthur T. Lyman, 6 Joy Street

I thank you most warmly, my dear Mr. Lyman, for your expressions of affection and esteem. I was entirely unprepared to receive them, and they have most deeply touched and gratified me. And if you are not afraid to trust me, I will endeavor to be true and faithful to you, and I think that I may safely promise you that your affection will not be unreturned.

Will you not come and see me this evening at eight o'clock? I remain, ever yours very truly, ELLA LOWELL.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lowell

Monday afternoon.

My dear Ella,—I am delighted to receive your kind and affectionate note. I am engaged to dine with Mr. Coolidge at

six o'clock, but will come and see you as soon after eight as possible. I fear I shall not be able to leave much before nine.

Yours ever and affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

As I read this letter I can almost see Arthur T. Lyman carrying on courteously, though with inward impatience, his talk with the elderly Mr. Coolidge at 12 Pemberton Square,—listening to reminiscences of the past European journey together while his own thoughts were wholly on the future,—then saying good night and slipping swiftly across the dark Pemberton Square where only a few doors off she was expecting him, she the lovely and consecrated girl who was to make his life open like a flower under the sun of her love and loyalty.

Her letter to him had been almost calm in its clear control, but of the decision itself E.L. wrote in her journal nine years later, at the time of Mr. Henry W. Foote's engagement to Frances A. Eliot:

February 6th, 1863.—I told Mr. Foote what I had nearly said to him when he dined with us that it was comparatively easy to rest content for oneself, the difficulty was to be so for those one loves so much—to see them suffer, and that perhaps was what St. Paul meant when he advised people not to marry. Mr. Foote spoke of a Sunday when he had seen Fanny suffering and yet was unable to remove it from her. I told him I could well understand his feeling. Mine was only one night, but I had never felt anything like it. "Did you take counsel of flesh and blood?" I told him not much, I talked with my mother, but she left the decision to me. Fearful responsibility, but the comfort was that although one felt one's unworthiness and fell short of one's ideal,—yet we hoped the ideal was within us to be unfolded hereafter—our best and highest is our most real and true being, that which we shall be hereafter.

In this talk she told Mr. Foote, too, that Cousin Fanny was like Arthur in some ways, "both so high-minded and pure—shrinking from everything low or painful, but with that deep strong feeling which cannot always speak."

Ella Lowell to Frances A. Eliot

December 29th, 1856.

Will it surprise you, dearest Fanny, to hear that I am engaged to your cousin, Mr. Lyman? You will, I am sure, feel deeply with me in this great change in my life and it will be very pleasant to be bound to you by ties of relationship, as well as love.

With my truest love to Kate, I remain, dearest Fanny,
Ever your affectionate friend, ELLA LOWELL.

Dr. James Jackson to George W. Lyman

January 5th, 1857.

My dear Mr. Lyman,—I must avail myself of the occasion to congratulate you on the very happy engagement which your son has made. You know already, but will know more and more, not only how sweet, but also thoroughly good the lady is. And it must give you great pleasure to know that all her friends recognize in your son one who is fully and perfectly worthy of the prize he has won. May their days be long and happy.

Thanks for your good wishes for Mrs. Jackson and myself. May you live to the Wingate age to tell of the first half of the century to the last half.

With truest regards, I am, Yours, J. JACKSON.

During the winter of 1857 Arthur and Ella were often together and there are naturally only a few short notes. On New Year's Day, 1857, he gave her "a statuette" and she answers exquisitely, still calling him Mr. Lyman. On January 5th, 1857 (as we know by a note from Wilder Dwight eagerly accepting A.T.L.'s invitation) the Lowells gave the engagement reception. A little later he invites her to go to the theatre to see Miss Robertson, a very celebrated actress, "and Sara, too, if she can arrange her lessons to the satisfaction of her own conscience and Mrs. Hodges" [her teacher].

One day in sending a message to Grandma Lowell concern-

ing some calls, he writes characteristically: "If your mother wishes to go this morning, mother will call for her at quarter before twelve. If inconvenient, another time *or never* will perhaps be as well."

During the summer A.T.L. wrote (from statistics on the diseases of men and women), an article on American women which was published in the *Waltham Sentinel*, July 31st, 1857. In it he attributed the greater susceptibility of women to tuberculosis to their low-necked dress, their wasplike waists, their fashions that come "from Paris, not from Paradise."

In May his letters begin to come from Waltham and hers from Woodbury Point, Beverly, the Lowells' summer place. He gave her a four-leaf clover on May 26th, and on June 7th, 1857, sent her some lady's-slippers. Then came three weeks with her in Beverly, and toward the middle of July she paid a visit at Waltham, he taking his vacation there. She speaks several times that summer of the brightness of the stars and how "those beautiful evenings fill one with tranquillity and trust." A.T.L. gave her his European Journal to read and he shared with her his translation of Cicero and what she calls "Your book on ethics," probably Kant, of which he was very fond. There are references in several of the letters this summer to the head of Isis and the Shepherd Boy with the Eagle, both statues by his older friend Richard H. Greenough. A.T.L. raised over \$1,000 to buy the bronze Boy with the Eagle and presented it to the Boston Athenæum. "In the Athenæum I wish it to be," he wrote.

There were months of tremendous business anxiety in 1857, but it is only in reading between the lines that one traces it in these pure-hearted letters, as when Ella writes in May 1857, from Beverly: "I think that the pleasures of memory are greater than those of earthly hope, because while the future cannot be but uncertain, the joy and the love of the past are our own forever. But there is the light of heavenly hope which gives peace and joy to earthly memories and earthly hopes and which makes our love eternal. And thank God that in our joy we can bless Him and in our sorrow and throughout our lives surely

trust Him." These words of deep faith A.T.L. quoted just after he had lost her in 1894, "The joy and love of the past are our own forever."

The following fragment in Mamma's handwriting may have been a few words of a talk she and Papa had on these dates. It was probably written at the time of the mill failures, when their marriage, as Cousin Lillie Sohier told me, was postponed. I think Mamma is quoting his words.

Waltham, May 10th. Beverly, May 13th, 1857.—The brooks and streams speak to those who know them. The voice of the brooks—encouragement to free, generous, and noble action—humbled but not contemptible—humble and yet proud—that we are able to walk worthy of the high vocation whereunto we are called.

Do not fear, darling—the *brook does not fear*.

"For your heavenly Father careth for you."

"Offer the sacrifice of righteousness and put your trust in the Lord."

A little later she expresses her assurance of eternal life together,—an assurance she never lost.

Ella Lowell to Arthur T. Lyman

July 16th, 1857.

Life is very different now. It is solemn and earnest still but it could never again be cheerless or lonely, not even if separation came, because of immortality. Above all things else we will endeavor to aid one another in the attainment of those things which are eternal, in the love of God and in the doing of His will.

With deep unbounded love, Your own ELLA.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lowell

Waltham, Sunday evening.

My dearest Ella,—The sun and grass and rainbow and lightning are at their brightest and are most beautiful and sub-



THE VALE, WALTHAM

lime, and I am only not as bright as they because you are not here; dearest Ella, I miss you sadly, but I must stay here to-morrow and must be in town Tuesday morning. I mean to come to Beverly Tuesday at half past two. The country is delightful and *physically* I feel as if I had just come to life after the hibernation of a freezing winter. But my life really began with you last December.

I have another \$100 for Mr. Greenough and my head of Isis is lovely. It is perhaps *the ideal woman* of ancient art, combining dignity and strength of character with true feminine delicacy and loveliness, such as I saw and admired in one who is most dear to me and most near to you. Yours most truly and affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lowell (at Beverly)

Waltham, May 22nd, 1857.

My dearest Ella,—I have succeeded in obtaining a clock¹ for your mother, which I must beg her to accept. I believe it has been sent today and hope it will arrive safely. If it arrives, please deliver the enclosed note. I left Beecher's *Conflict of Ages* for Abby, and also a package for you which I suppose Sara delivered. The country is most beautiful and I can only wish for your presence.

I remember something else now which happened about the 18th of last September, which I will leave till I see you again. I don't find that it becomes any more easy or pleasant to leave you, dear Ella, than at first, and that was by no means to my heart's content. Don't get any more cold, dearest, and get rested after the many long evenings which I, perhaps inconsiderately, was the occasion of. Be a little selfish or "*selfhoodish*" (if that is the word) for my sake, Ella, for when I am away from you, I don't feel sure that I should do without you what I should wish and intend.

Farewell till Tuesday and ever, lovely Ella, ARTHUR.
[Enclosure of four-leafed clover]

¹ The clock as described later must have been a tall grandfather clock, probably the one Aunt Mabel has.

Ella Lowell to Frances A. Eliot

Woodbury Point, May 24th, 1857.

I was very glad to receive your note, dearest Fanny. I had been wishing very much to hear from you and had been meaning to write to you. I have been very quiet since we left town and have only left the place to take one or two drives and to go to church. The weather today is delightful, but our poor little locust trees are quite leafless and bare. I have hopes of them now, for there are something very like buds upon some of the branches. The life here is entirely different from that of Boston and I enjoy the quiet very much. Papa and Sara go to town before eight, so that we begin our day quite early and the morning until four, is very long.

Arthur has been here a few days in every week, which has been very pleasant. We have been reading *Modern Painters*, which I like very much. The pleasure in reading it is, I think, in great measure that it is so suggestive—it makes one observe nature and enjoy it very much more. Then I have been reading *Saint Louis* in French with Sara, after she returns from school and I have worked a good deal upon my traveling bag² which is now nearly finished. We drove one day to Marblehead. It is a strange wild place built upon a rugged and barren promontory and the houses in the old town are all at different angles and upon different levels. They are entirely covered with yellow moss and many are very old and dilapidated. The inhabitants are a wild, rough set. The men are almost all fishermen and they have a strange dialect. I believe they came at first from the Island of Guernsey and that the accent has always remained the same.

It is such a blessing to have Mr. Peabody's *Sermons*. Many of them I remembered quite well, but even in those which I remembered, there were new and unfathomed depths. They are so simple, and yet although so clear, very solemn and impressive. And in reading them I almost hear his voice once again, and feel almost as if I could see the light of his deep eyes. It

² Probably the one she made for A.T.L.

brings one again to the time when we had the blessing of hearing him. God grant that his lessons and warnings and blessing may never be forgotten by us, but that we may indeed live as he would have wished us to do.

With the truest love I am ever, dear Fanny,
Yours very affectionately, ELLA.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lowell

Boston, June 24th, 1857.

My dearest Ella,—After what we said about notes I must tell you first that I am perfectly well; as I trust you are also and have had no more headaches, as I am determined to drive them away by force if I can. And then there is always and everywhere a great deal to do and a great deal to strive for which cannot be attained. At least the sun shines on the upper surfaces of the clouds. . . . Most affectionately your own ARTHUR.

Waltham, June 26th, 1857.

My dearest Ella,—I believe that *someone* once thought that people might get along very happily alone, and gave only a dissenting assent to an idea of a different and opposite meaning—but whatever that someone thinks now, I think, nay, I feel and know, that however happy one has been when living alone, that it is impossible for him to be so after loving Ella; and, dearest, I know that my love for you can neither change nor grow weary, for it is so deeply and firmly engrafted as to have become a living part of myself and utterly inseparable from my being. When I leave you, my darling, it tears the very fibres of my heart and I dread, that which was once a source of pleasure, the being thrown back upon myself and the living again as though I were independent. And so I dreaded the ending of those three weeks and I thought that as it was inevitable, that it ought to be tranquilly borne and that I should consider myself the same as before, only that a great blessing had been given me. But it will not do, for I am changed myself! Dear Ella, you have with you my heart and life. Oh, keep them care-

fully and be happy and I will come as soon as I can to see her who is dearer to me than life. But perhaps I ought to be ashamed of writing all this with any sadness and perhaps you may truly say that I am hard to satisfy.

Most affectionately, ARTHUR.

Ella Lowell to Arthur T. Lyman

Sunday, June 28th, 1857.

It is just six months today since the memorable Sunday when you asked me if I thought it happier to live alone. I would answer more fervently now. How much happiness and joy has been given us during the last six months. I feel so grateful and so sure that He who has guided us thus far will guard us to our journey's end. If we could realize more entirely the presence and love of our heavenly Father and could, forgetting ourselves, be truly interested in the interests of others, the trials of our lives would be but few. Dearest Arthur, you have made me very, very happy. It will be a great joy to see you again, so great that I hardly dare think of it.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lowell

Waltham, June 28th, 1857.

My dearest Ella,—I am afraid that I was rather unkind in writing you last Friday in a no more cheerful tone, but really it expressed what I felt though I admit I ought not to have expressed it, for I was woefully disappointed at not being able to see you yesterday and the more so as I knew my absence would grieve you.

I have been reading Plato and the *Heir of Redcliffe* and after this I *mean* to read some novel of Scott to compare the different styles, etc.

I understand that the clock face and works have been found, which relieves me as I was almost ashamed to see an empty case in the entry staring me in the face and making disagreeable suggestions.

I feel old and young—half childlike still—which I think is right and which is a state as regards freshness of feeling that according to my theory I have endeavored to retain, and yet the months seem passing by without being caught and used and improved. At least the present is not to be wasted, either for improvement or for enjoyment. It is a part of life even if it be not the highest and greatest. It is not, as is too often considered, a period of reform, a “moral hospital,” but life to be used for progress in strengthening and perfecting and enjoying. I am sure too, dear Ella, that marriage, properly viewed and undertaken, is highly conducive to all this—to the attainment of the best and highest objects of existence. I am not cold, darling, as I know well enough, for I can feel—even if I control and cover the volcanic fires. But it always pains me to make even the slightest public demonstration of private feelings and yet I have longed for someone to whom I could really open my heart. Save to one friend, and to one who is my best friend and more than a friend, my life and love, my own dear Ella, I never have fully opened myself simply and fully.

Two years ago I was in Paris, one year ago in London, and six months ago I left the bliss of ignorance and of careless independence to enter on a transition period which even then I felt sure would end with the beginning of a far happier and more contented life, and every day has made me surer that that will be so. Most affectionately, ARTHUR.

Boston, July 7th, 1857.

Dearest Ella,—We went to Oakley yesterday afternoon with Lizzie Putnam. I sat opposite an engraving of Guido’s “Aurora” and could not help thinking of the time when we looked at a copy of it together,—six months and a week ago according to common reckoning, but to us seeming in no definite time past, but only as the beginning of life together. Dearest, may we not accept it as a joyful omen of the beginning of a happy life onward and upward?

With an unbounded and never-ending love

for my own dear Ella, ARTHUR.

Waltham, July 16th, 1857.

Yesterday afternoon we all went to Oakley where Mr. Coolidge had dined and where, all included during the day, Grandma had twenty-three visitors. Mrs. Brooks brought her little girl and the way in which she had grown large and old made me realize the length of the last year. Bethia Munroe³ was enchanted by your note and said that she would never part with it but keep it in her Bible with an autograph of Grandma's.

I was very sorry to leave you for so long a time and as soon as I leave you a cloud seems to come over me which grows darker and darker till I see you again. Of course I can't help feeling sad to be away from you, but then I ought to think what a blessing it is to love you and to have you love me,—it is such a blissful change, or addition rather, to love no longer some thing only . . . [unfinished]

Waltham, July 17th, 1857.

My dearest Ella,—This paper will serve on which to inform you that I am *entirely rested* and *perfectly well, really and truly*, as I was delighted to know that you were by your note which I got last night and which gave me much joy. It was a tiresome day yesterday [at the Harvard Commencement], or rather I felt very tired when I got to Grandma's⁴ to tea about quarter past seven, though I had not felt so at all before. I was in the church with Charles Eliot who had the command there and with several others, so that we were not exposed to the sun which was very hot—the chief difficulty and danger came from the "ladies" who rushed about in frenzied haste. By the stupidity and excessive deference to the ladies displayed by one of your democratic marshals, some of the alumni for whose benefit the lower floor of the church was reserved, nearly lost their places and the side aisles were filled. These were only cleared after great exertion, and I had almost to take hold of some strong-minded women, one very healthy looking one pretended

³ A devoted family servant.

⁴ His grandmother Mary Pratt at Oakley.

that she was exceedingly faint until we offered to carry her out. One who was informed by Mr. Ellis (who is about six feet high) that she must go to another door, rushed at him and with a sweep of her arm said: "Oh, you stan' out of the way." The oration was splendid and we all had a very pleasant day.

Last night we had a heavy shower and last Tuesday there was a terrific thunderstorm, the lightning struck in many places in the town and several people were temporarily stunned. I believe it struck Mr. Hill's house but passed down the conductors. Last year we had all our building covered with copper points so as to present quite a bristling appearance. When it is bright and clear I mean to go to Prospect Hill and even if I cannot see you I can look towards you.

I wrote you yesterday a fragment unaddressed, unsigned, and unsealed, but I had no time to finish it at Cambridge as I had intended. It even broke off, I think, in the middle of a sentence. The love of some thing, that is of some principles and purposes, is what constitutes one's self and must in some sense be the first object, for without it we could not worthily love someone—to do which and to be loved in return is infinitely more blessed. And though principles may be first, yet my love is so entwined with them as to be inseparable from them and is as pure and holy as they can be.

Dear precious Ella, keep well and unharmed and so far insure my happiness. I shall stay at Waltham today but probably go to town tomorrow for a short time, so that I may go to you early on Monday, if you so write.

With love that can never end and that will always increase from your own ARTHUR.

Ella Lowell to Arthur T. Lyman

July 21st, 1857.

There is something very solemn and very blessed in praying with those we love. And it is a great blessing that we may always pray for them even if illness or absence prevents us from

doing anything for them. And the prayer is far better than anything we could do.

It is an infinite blessing to me that you care for these things also, that we may speak together of them, and may implore our Father's blessing and ask His aid. I fear if it were not so I might forget, but you will help me to remember, and God will help us both.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lowell

Waltham, July 26th, 1857.

My dearest Ella,—You have afforded me the occasion of many peaceful and blissful thoughts through the day, and though it makes me sad to be away from you, yet it is consoling to think how happy we shall be together and that it will be delightful to us never to part. And I am perfectly sure it will be so, I have always thought so, and this summer's experience has strongly confirmed what needed no confirmation.

Today has been rather hot, but the afternoon very delightful. We had a heavy sermon from a heavier man, from 200 pounds of flesh marked Stebbins. He set me (not from any suggestion, but by repulsion from himself upon myself) thinking upon the Greeks and the way in which they felt *at home* in the world and in harmony with nature, and from that to the end of my Cambridge "Part" about the highest perfection of man's nature to arise from a more full and perfect and correct development of Christianity in the future,—a passage, if I remember rightly, written by a friend. Christianity has given the end and object which was but partly understood by the Greeks, but Christianity did not dictate the *whole* of life—merely the object and ruling principles, leaving much, as was natural and in accordance with its own spirit, to be worked out by man. In the same way as it gave neither art nor science, which, however, it does not reject.

I think too that the general view that has been derived certainly (though in my opinion falsely derived) from Christianity, that this world is but a time of trial and suffering, a place

to wait patiently in and endure for the *reward* (for so it is considered) of a paradise, against all reason and desert, is in the main and essentially a false one. This world truly is not all, it is but a small part, and a part beset often with difficulties for purposes of discipline and giving of power—though how many of the troubles are made by people for themselves! But this world is our home now, and a bright one it might be too, if the family did not behave so badly in it.

There is much of the Greek repose and harmony, and much of the Roman dignity and noble independence that may well be added to our defective civilization. If I would think of writing anything about art in America I must examine the origin and progress of art in the Grecian Republic, that some lesson may be learned by this rough Western world. However, enough and more than enough of sermons and essays which I have never begun and am not likely soon, if ever, to finish. The enclosed extract may interest you more, though I am half ashamed to see in print what it refers to.⁵ Still it was well meant and is I believe true.

I was quite astonished yesterday to find that I had already paid over to Mr. Parker for account of Mr. Greenough nearly \$1,000. This will be quite a godsend to him and quite unexpected. I have not had a very unpleasant time raising the subscriptions but it is not a business to my taste and I am glad it is over. Yours ever affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Waltham, July 28th, 1857.

Dearest Ella,—I was very sorry indeed to hear that you were having some discomfort and pain from your face and I hope that the pain will be of short duration. It distresses me to think that my dear Ella is suffering. I mean to go to Beverly tomorrow morning at half past ten, unless I find something in town which must be done, which there is but little chance of. If I can do anything for you in any way, if I can read to you and merely be with you, if it gives you pleasure, I shall be de-

⁵ This was his article on American Women.

lighted. But if you don't feel well enough to see me or prefer that I should wait, you can tell me so by a note tomorrow morning, which I should get if sent (not by post) to 97 State Street not after ten o'clock.

Yesterday was very hot in town, though delightful in the country. Waltham looks nearly as green as when you were here, though of course hardly so fresh, and the weather was better on the whole, when you stayed here, than it has been since. We had a charming time, did we not? But that is something now neither new nor rare. We all went to Boston yesterday except Mother, and Mother and I dined at Oakley. There was a fine fresh southwest breeze last evening, something like the night winds on the Mediterranean. I am glad *not* to be there, as I might have been had I liked Europe better and home less, and I have more reason than ever for liking that now. As far as I can be quite happy without you, I am happy here for I love the country extremely and this country especially. But I must stop, to give this to Father. My love I would send but you have it now and ever, and may you always have as much as you deserve from, and that is as much as can possibly be given by,

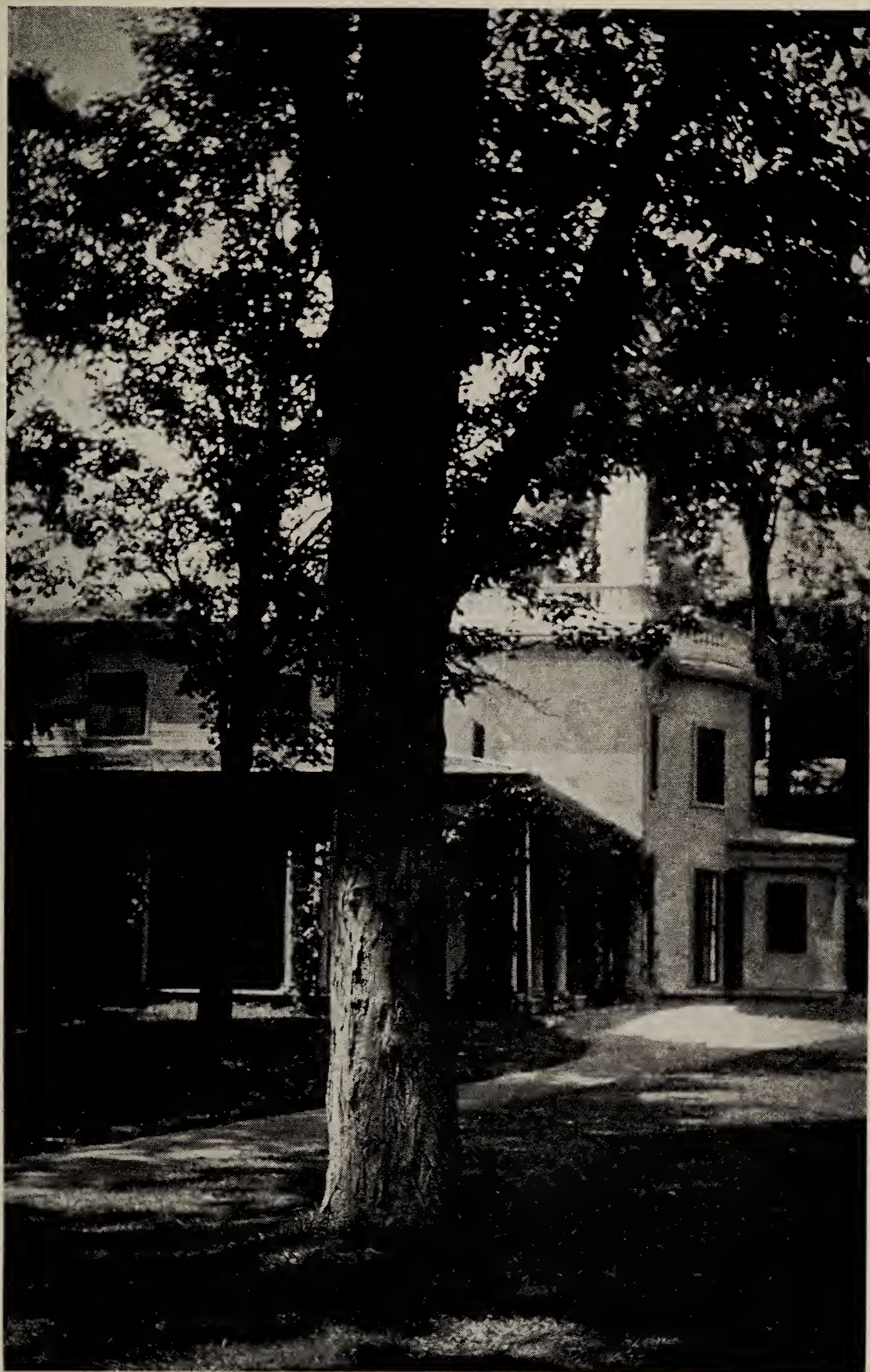
ARTHUR.

Waltham, July 31st, 1857.

I was very sorry, dearest Ella, to disappoint *us* today, for I had fully intended and expected to see you. It breaks my spirits to be away from you, dear Ella, but I am perfectly well and I trust that you are better and more comfortable. I generally intend to read a good deal here, but there are too many things to draw off my thoughts and besides I compose my conscience by persuading it that it is altogether best to take a great deal of exercise in summer that one may be able to work in winter. So half the morning was passed in doing nothing but breathe, and half in sawing branches off of small trees.

I find in this morning's *Sentinel* an article⁶ in which you may perhaps take some interest. The writer's facts are correct,

⁶ Clipping from *Waltham Sentinel*, July 31st, 1857, enclosed was *his* own article, which he gaily pretended was written by someone else.



THE SHAG-BARK HICKORY AT THE VALE

for I have examined the matter, having once had the intention of writing something on the same subject. However "A" has not entirely cut me out, for much more might be said on similar topics.

Dearest, when I look around in various directions and see so many women neglected, distressed, treated without esteem or manifested affection by those who should help, and be helped by, them, who should live with them and for them and love and cherish them with their whole life and heart, I sometime ask why am I so different or superior to all these that I should do differently? God help me that I may not do so! But the fear is nothing but a passing shudder, for when I return to my own feelings and my own will, I am sure that I can never be such towards you. I feel confident that I have analyzed my feelings and motives too deeply and carefully to be mistaken in regard to them. I feel sure that on this matter my principles and will are too strong to be broken or corrupted and my feelings and love too deep and too pure to be diminished or changed, and I am the more glad that this is so because I would give you what I know I have always received and shall receive from you.

Dearest Ella, I assure you that it is not without trouble and distress that I stay away from you, but it will not be long in reality—i.e., in reality as reality is to others.

Truly and sincerely Your own ARTHUR.

Boston, August 8th, 1857.

My dear Ella,—I think you may be interested in learning that the *Waltham Sentinel* was held in sufficient estimation by the *Boston Courier*, as to have inserted in the latter an impertinent and offensive article signed "A" which appeared in the former. The editor of the *Courier* received, I understand, last Monday, a note from an individual, saying that he had found in the *Waltham Sentinel* an article on "American Women" which gave some curious and striking statistics, which by a careful examination he had found to be correct, that he did not know whether the writer (A) gave the true cause or not, but at

all events, the criticisms upon dress were in themselves just and that the whole subject was worthy of further attention.

Boston, August 19th, 1857.

My dearest Ella,—The blessing of being united to you becomes greater and greater every day and gives me comfort and joy even when away from you, and “in truth of all things given me by fortune or nature I have nothing which I can compare with the deep and perfect friendship” of Ella. I translated last night some selections from Cicero’s treatise on Friendship—rather freely and perhaps not exactly, but they will give the spirit and you may like to read them. But don’t do it *late* at night, as that might hurt your eyes and health.

Yesterday did become bright to *many* if not *all*, when I left Beverly. Yesterday afternoon Mother went to Oakley with William and Abby, and I took exercise and amusement by mowing and then took tea alone with Father. The night was quite cool and this morning was delightful.

Good-by, my precious darling, with truest love of ARTHUR.

Boston, August 20th, 1857.

My dearest Ella,—I hope it will not rain when I next go to Beverly but I am glad to have given you all a pleasant day yesterday. But rain as much as it may, it will be bright and joyful for me (and perhaps for *someone* else, darling) for I go back to the sun and light of my life.

Yesterday afternoon I had a visit from a friend and classmate, (the two terms are not always synonymous, though there is always a *certain* kind of interest attaching to those who have been four years in the same class) Kendall; I have hardly seen him since we left Cambridge. He is head teacher in a young ladies’ school (alias seminary) at Meadville, Penna. He showed much interest in Europe and its arts, etc., and so by way of improving and educating the public taste—and for other reasons—I invited him to call at the “Gallery of Art,” No. 6 Joy Street. I am going to show off the Grecian gods and goddesses to him and a Nantucket “gal” whom he married some years

ago, Miss Mitchell, sister of the comet-finding Miss M. of N. I was very glad to see him and though there is someone else with whom I should rather have been, yet, as I could not—

The ship is nearly discharged and next week I shall probably be able to pass some whole day with my dear Ella.

Most affectionately, Your own ARTHUR.

Waltham, August 23rd, 1857.

My dear, dear Ella,—It is just one year since I left Liverpool, joyously enough I assure you, for I was tired of traveling, and tired almost past bearing at times, of being alone. I started joyously to come home, and as it happened, to come to a perfect and blissful union with one whom I had never forgotten, and whose memory had ever been a sweet vision. I have some faint remembrance of a gypsy at Ascot, having told me that there was a young lady waiting for me across the water—whether I thought of you then, or not, I can't remember (but if I thought of anyone then, I feel sure it was of you). I do not know—perhaps there may have been some presentiment of *something* mingled with my joy. I know now whom I should think of.

Waltham, August 24th, 1857.

My dearest Ella,—This forced absence⁷ has given me time to read *Jane Eyre*, which I have now finished. It is certainly written by a person of talent, and of deep feeling I should say—I fear not so pure as deep and strong. There is nothing wrong inculcated, but the same might perhaps be said of *Aurora Leigh*, *Passion Flowers*, *La Dame aux Camélias*, etc., but the tendency of them all is bad and immoral. I can hardly call *Jane Eyre* an immoral book, but I should not say that it was the work of a pure and refined woman. I don't say that Miss Brontë was immoral. I don't suppose she was, outwardly, but her book does not allow me to think that she had a mind quite pure and free from low and morbid passion. It may be that the book intends to reprove vice. More than one author, under this pretence (or

⁷ He had a swollen cheek.

perhaps sincere purpose) has shown his or her want of purity and by making heroines and heroes of immoral men and women, offsetting their vices by some trait that is attractive or lovely, by heroic suffering or by devoted affection, has done much to produce and foster the very feelings and passions they sought to condemn. I think *Jane Eyre* has something of this in it, but it is written with power and enthusiasm, contains good description and shows much knowledge of character. As usual now, it is often badly written, bad grammar, bad English, degenerate and corrupt English. I enjoyed much in it, but I think it is rather thrilling than exalting, exciting than ennobling. It is a bad book for children, old and young.

The day has been very fine and I have been out several times. This afternoon Mother and S. and L. are gone to Oakley, and Father is out, so that I am left alone with "Crib" who is mournfully waiting for Lydia to return. It seems a month since I saw you, but I hope you are well and will try to keep happy. I shall come to my dear Ella, the light and joy of my life, as soon as I can. I know that will be a joy to you and I need not tell you that it will be an inexpressible one to me. We love each other completely and rightly and I am sure we shall be happier and better when we are together.

Tomorrow we are to have a trial exhibition of mowing machines on the land across the pond. I don't feel feeble enough to read Miss Brontë's life or perhaps I should be tempted to investigate the character of Currer Bell.

Most affectionately, ARTHUR.

August 25th, 1857.—I feel a little stiff and hard and puffed up about the cheek, but then many people think these qualities belong to me and others around; but for myself I claim to be *both* this and just the contrary at the same time.

I think I must take occasion to advise and "blow up" the inhabitants of this village as the paper seems rather pushed for entertaining matter. . . . I often had a fancy for teaching a "young ladies" school, only I should have wanted pupils all as well disposed as Sara.

Ella Lowell to Arthur T. Lyman

Beverly, August 24th, 1857.

I thought of you last year on the 23rd.⁸ It seems to me, dearest Arthur, as if it had hardly happened that we were engaged—almost as if it had been guided for us—we were separated so much and it has been so blessed since.

August 26th, 1857.

I am very glad, dearest, that you think of advising the people of Waltham. May I not receive the same advice?

I have been very busy today. In the morning I made cake and mended many rents in my dress and this P.M. Mamma and I have been making visits. . . .

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lowell

Boston, September 1st, 1857.

My dearest Ella,—I have not much time to write to you for the mornings in Boston seem to disappear very fast, when you are fastened to the cars at each end of it, but you will be glad to hear that I am perfectly well. Yesterday Florence and Fred⁹ dined at Waltham and in the afternoon I walked about and rowed on the pond. I *remembered* who was there last year. The ruins of the old summerhouse have been removed and a new one will be in its place the next time you come to Waltham.

Then as usual I spent a very considerable part of the morning with Mr. Sears, talking of various things. Today I was some time at the house putting in order various papers, etc., which have got into sad confusion. This afternoon we are all going to Brookline. Tomorrow I shall have to come to town for I have some things which I want to sell, and various matters of business to arrange which may oblige me to be here Thursday morning. You *know* that I don't stay away because I *am* tired or am afraid of *ever being* so, for you are the most precious blessing of my life and I cannot possibly get weary of what

⁸ The day he sailed from Liverpool to New York.

⁹ Cousin Florence and Fred Lyman, children of Grandpa Lyman's brother Charles.

gives me the greatest comfort and peace and happiness and is dearer to me than all else in life.

Ella Lowell to Arthur T. Lyman

September 1st and 2nd, 1857.

These calm and beautiful evenings fill me, I think, with tranquillity and trust for surely He who made this beautiful world and He who cares for the lilies of the field and the birds of the air, will guard and bless His children. And, Arthur, if we rightly love Him and obey His law and together seek those things which are above, our love for one another will never fade or wane. Separation and death could not change it. The affections which God gives us are immortal. May He save us from forgetting the giver of His gift.

I feel very tranquil and happy in thinking of the past, of the present, and of the future. For the past I am very grateful, in the present very happy, and for the future I feel that if we but offer the sacrifices of righteousness and put our trust in the Lord, all will be well with us.

Beverly, September 8th and 10th, 1857.

I have had so many and such inestimable blessings all my life through, dear Arthur, it seems to me sometimes as if *lives* of gratitude could not express the sense which I should feel of it. My home, my parents, my friends, Mr. Peabody's ministrations, our dear Susan's restoration to us, Augustus raised from his fearful illness, and the infinite happiness given me in my dear Arthur's love. God help me that I may be ever grateful and ever faithful.

P.S. Sara and I dined alone. I'm glad you did not see the piece of lamb which I carved! Read *Dutch Republic* and "Your book on Ethics."

September 18th, 1857.

I feel sure that our hearts will be ever more and more united—joys, sorrows, hopes, memories will deepen and strengthen our affection. It will, with God's blessing, be a union for life and

eternity. May God aid your little Ella to be an earnest and loving Christian wife, friend, and companion to you to the end.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lowell

September 12th, 1857.

East Indian affairs look gloomy enough. The Sepoys have committed the most infernal outrages, for which I doubt not they will receive summary vengeance. . . . These are very stormy times and it is well to be on hand. New York is a pest to civilization and the morality of the world.

On September 24th, 1857, A.T.L. wrote of an agricultural dinner and fair at the Vale:

Allie (our dairywoman) contributed besides butter, some original pictures and frames in relief made by herself—quite works of art—some hair work, and various other things. I believe Sarah and Lydia are to make some cake for the dinner. There is to be a cattle show, horse race, regatta, etc. Waltham looks superbly.

Ella Lowell to Arthur T. Lyman

Beverly, September 24th, 1857.

Your visit, dearest Arthur, gave me great happiness and pleasure. Papa came down last night with more hopeful accounts. We are feeling more brightly.

I received quite a compliment for you yesterday from Lillie. She told her mother that she very seldom changed her mind when she had once made it up, but that she had been obliged to with respect to Mr. Lyman. She had not intended to like him, but she could not help liking him very much, and she did not think that Aunt Ella could have found anyone else so good. (Aunt Ella thinks so too!)

I think that I shall probably go this morning to Uncle Loring's to stay until Friday. I shall like being with Fanny very much, but I shall return early on Friday morning in the hope of seeing again one who is inexpressibly dear to me.

I am glad that the weather is so good today for your fair. I hope that you will have a pleasant time.

Ever most lovingly, ELLA.

Journal of Ella Lowell

February 1863.—Looked over old letters. Read one very precious one from dear Arthur, March 28th, 1858.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lowell

Boston, March 28th, 1858.

I did not know, my own dear Ella, that fifteen months ago I was asking so much for my happiness—what you so kindly, generously, and trustingly gave me, is all I desire to complete the long series of blessings which I have enjoyed—the greatest and best of all.

With good reason I esteemed and loved you, and truly and sincerely I will always love and cherish you more and more. You have given me comfort and pure joy when almost everything else around was dark and dreadful, and have been a bright star to me shining with a pure light through the darkest clouds. I know you will always be a blessing to me, and I trust that I may always be devoted and kind to you.

Fifteen months ago, dear Ella, I loved you as one most lovely, but now we belong to each other, and are one, and love each other, we only know how much.

Accept, dear Ella, this ring, as a token of the truth and purity of my affection and as a feeble symbol of the clear brightness and worth of your own dear self. The diamond came to me from Aunt Elizabeth,¹⁰ to whom this additional tie binds me, that she loved and praised you. May my love for you be as disinterested as hers was for all, and may God bless you in all things. With deepest and sincerest love,

Ever your own ARTHUR.

¹⁰ Aunt Elizabeth Pratt (the sister of Grandmother Lyman), who had lately died.

THE WEDDING

Sarah P. Lyman to Ella Lowell

March 11th, 1858.

My dear Ella,—Very dear now, but still nearer and dearer will you be when bound by the most holy of ties to a brother who was our constant playmate as a child and who has been the true and kind friend ever since. We can send you to commemorate this joyful event but a very trifling gift, but I know that your kind heart will value more the evidence of our affection than much gold or silver, and it is with this assurance that Lydia and I offer you these “salts” accompanied with heartfelt love and fervent prayers for your happiness.

Your attached S. P. LYMAN.

Ella Lowell to Mrs. Samuel Putnam

March 24th, 1858.

Dearest Grandma,—I feel that I have not half told you how much pleasure your beautiful presents have given me. The lovely little pincushion will be invaluable to me, as the work of my dearest Grandmother, from whom I have received so much happiness, and whose presence and kindness have filled my life with sunshine.

The charming little mustard pot is the prettiest I have ever seen, and will be very useful to me; and the beautiful tablecloth is doubly beautiful and valuable because I can think of it as a gift from you. Will you tell Uncle Sam with my best love how delighted I am with the exquisite butter dish.¹¹

I am, ever, dearest Grandma, Your ever loving granddaughter, ELLA LOWELL.

Ella Lowell to James Russell Lowell

My dear Uncle James,—The beautiful book which you have sent me with its exquisite engravings has given me the great-

¹¹ This butter dish is silver with a flower on the cover.

est pleasure—and I cannot tell you how precious to me are your kindness and good wishes.

The blessing of one for whom my heart has ever been filled with the truest love and the deepest reverence seems to me to shed sunlight upon our future life, and I thank you most earnestly for it and for all your many kindnesses throughout my childhood and youth.

I am ever most gratefully and affectionately yours,

ELLA LOWELL.

Ella Lowell to Rebecca Amory Lowell

March 31st, 1858.

My dear Aunt Amory,—We are to be married on Thursday morning the 8th of April at King's Chapel, and we trust that nothing will prevent you and dear Aunt Anna from being with us and praying for us here. It will seem like a blessing upon our future life to have near us those to whom I owe so much and who have filled my childhood and youth with happiness and with good.

The hour is to be twelve o'clock, but we did not wish it mentioned, as we are very anxious to have those only present who would really care for us.

With much love to dear Aunt Anna, I am ever

Very affectionately your ELLA.

We shall have a morning reception from one to half past and we shall depend upon seeing you there, for as everyone will wear their street dress we thought it would not be much trouble to you.

Rebecca Amory Lowell to Ella Lowell

It will give your aunts great pleasure to be present on an occasion which opens so bright a promise of happiness for one whom they so tenderly love. You have ever been a loving child to your heavenly Father and His benediction will surely con-

secrete the union which you are now to form for eternity. How truly will you be able to say,

And evermore beside us on our way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That we may lean upon his arm and say,
Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?
Beside us at the marriage feast shalt be
To make the scene more fair.

We were touched, dear Ella, at your allusion to any good which you think you may have derived from us. We feel that in our intercourse with you the boon has been for us. To me the time when you were my scholar is among the happiest and most satisfactory that my memory records, dimmed only by regret that there were so many shortcomings on my part.

With my best wishes for both of you, I shall ever be
Your loving Aunt, R. A. LOWELL.

Philip H. Sears to Ella Lowell

Mt. Vernon Street, April 5th.

My dear Miss Lowell,—I have great pleasure in accepting your kind invitation to your wedding on Thursday next, and shall not fail to be present.

Allow me to express my sincere good wishes for your happiness in the new relation you are about to form. Having known Mr. Lyman intimately from early years, I know that your anticipations of happiness from his affection and devotion and all that depends on him will not be disappointed. If the most sterling virtues of character and the finest qualities of the heart, united with the resources of a mind most richly endowed both by nature and culture, are able to secure to you happiness, you certainly will not fail of enjoying it.

My acquaintance with you is comparatively short, but yet long enough to give a like assurance and confidence that Mr. Lyman's expectations of happiness will also be fully realized. You are taking my best friend, whose friendship I have thoroughly proved and which I would not lose for any consideration; and I fear I should not be able to avoid a feeling of

jealousy if I did not hope and believe that, instead of losing a friend, I shall have two friends alike valued.

Wishing you most heartily all that happiness which you anticipate and so well deserve, I am, my dear Miss Lowell,

Very sincerely yours, PHILIP H. SEARS.

Arthur T. Lyman to Charles W. Eliot

Boston, April 6th, 1858.

Dear Charles,—To be brief, for I am hurried—1st, I appoint you chief marshal with plenary powers—the principle is that no one is to be admitted except those invited—and all not invited I wish to have excluded except at your discretion. Two things are imperatively necessary and to be secured at all events, viz., the front pews of the broad aisle are to be reserved for the *immediate families*. 2nd. As soon as I have entered, the outer door of the church is to be closed against all comers—it will be best to have only the front door of the porch open.

I don't *want* anyone who is not invited—and no one else has a right to enter,—but first, very many relations exist, near and remote. 2nd, there are many servants and dependents on both sides whom I would on no account have excluded. 3rd, there will be many friends and *acquaintances* come who have not been invited and are not wanted—but then if they are *decent members of genteel society*, there is no objection, I suppose, to their being present, though they would have behaved better and more acceptably if they had stayed at home. i. e., admit—

1st, all persons invited.

2nd, all menials and dependents of either family.

3rd, any members, at your discretion, of genteel society who may have the impertinence to appear.

But exclude all other persons without distinction of age, sex, or color.

With this I must leave you to act for the best at your own discretion—and give you my sincere thanks for your services.

Yours affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Please inform Theodore if you see him.
I expect to go quite punctually at 12 M.

The Duties of a Christian Wife

(Written by Ella Lowell on her wedding day.)

To live as for eternity. In her home here to look forward to her home above, to pray with and for her husband. In loving him so much, with him to love God more and more—to endeavor ever to keep her aims high—in all joy to thank, praise, and bless her Father, in all difficulty to seek direction from Him, in all sorrow surely to trust in Him,—to live with her husband in this life, that in the world to come they may have life everlasting.

She should be her husband's friend. She should sympathize with all her heart and soul in all that interests him, in his occupations, his hopes, his fears, his little troubles and pleasures. He should ever find her ready to feel with him and for him. She should endeavor with him to consider high and right things. She should never flatter him. She should not tell him his faults roughly or disrespectfully—but should he ask her, gently and lovingly. She should never say to him a word but that which is true, and kind. She should be entirely unreserved with him—no secret should be kept from him. She must speak to him freely of her feelings even her deepest, for are we not told that they are heirs together of the grace of life.

She should as far as possible never neglect going to church to the Holy Communion or her hours of prayer. She should ever remember that dearer than all to her are God's blessings upon herself and her husband and their eternal good. She should be his companion, as far as possible entering into his interests and pursuits. He should be her first earthly object—no cares or pleasures of her own should ever interfere with his need of her or with his wishes. She should ever comfort him in all sorrow, trouble, affliction; with him trusting the Merciful Hand who has sent it. She should revere him—never contradict his opinions lightly or thoughtlessly—never speak dis-

respectfully of him or to him. Her will should yield to his when they differ. She should give up her wishes to his. She should endeavor ever to be calm and cheerful, ever ready to greet him pleasantly, brightly, and affectionately. She should endeavor so to arrange her occupations as to be ever ready to join in his and to attend him when he wishes it. When he is vexed she should soothe him, when he is sorrowful she should comfort him, when he is ill she should ever remain with him and take care of him—with him she should endeavor to dedicate her life to God and to His service and to the happiness of others.

She should improve her time—waste none—and trusting in God endeavor to perform all her duties, little and great, faithfully. She should endeavor to overcome procrastination and to decide more quickly. She should pray to God to make and keep her humble. She should never, although married, cease to endeavor to be a loving, grateful, obedient daughter to her dear father and mother or a loving thoughtful sister and aunt, and to her friends affectionate and sympathizing. She must try never to become so engrossed in her own hopes, fears, joys, and anxieties as to become unmindful of those of others. “Rejoice with those who do rejoice and weep with those who weep.” She should love with her husband his family and friends and do all that she is able for them. She should do what she can for God’s poor. She should endeavor to be ever thankful, grateful, and cheerful, remembering that to her Father in heaven all her blessings are owed. And so look forward with him to eternity that when the hour of death comes they may be found of Him in peace.

Oh, our Father, grant that we may ever love and obey Thee. May I be enabled to be a faithful, loving, Christian wife, daughter, sister, and friend. Help us that we may never forget or be ungrateful to Thee, help us that we may so live together in this life that in the world to come we may have life everlasting. ELLA LOWELL.

Thursday morning, April 8th, 1858.

Anna C. Lowell to Ella Lowell

Broomley Side, April 8th, 1858.

Will you accept, my darling Ella, these flowers as our little offering of love on this morning of your bridal? And with it the most heartfelt prayers for your happiness in the new life you are entering upon.

I hardly have a right, dearest E., to take to myself any part of what you said in your note to Aunt Amory of the good you had derived from us in your childhood and youth, and yet I love to think that I too once had you in my Sunday class, and it is sweet to me now to remember the first dawnings of the spiritual life which has so fully developed since. That early intercourse was a blessing to my heart though hardly needed by you. I can go back in memory farther still and recall the day when I first saw you, from your little crib, open your soft, questioning blue eyes which we all thought so wonderfully bright. What a joy now to remember that those eyes have ever beamed with affection and gentleness upon those who have looked to them so fondly!

And now God bless you my darling child today and forever.

Ever your loving AUNT ANNA.

Ella Lowell was married at King's Chapel at noon and had her small wedding reception at 1 P.M. in the house at 7 Pemberton Square, the home of her childhood. Long afterwards, in 1887, when the house was sold she wrote of the dear old pine trees still growing in the Square that she would never see again: "Many happy memories crowded upon me—my childhood, the time of my marriage, my visits there afterwards, the days I used to spend with dear Mamma sewing for my babies."

Miss Fanny Paine, expressing her regret that she could not be at the wedding, wrote to Ella Lowell (April 4th, 1858): "In spirit I shall see you looking, not changed, but still more heavenly than ever. . . . To me you were always my ideal of all

that is lovely." "Her eyes never looked more beautiful than on her wedding day," said Miss Mary Palfrey in the winter of 1912.

Of the wedding itself we have a delightful account:

Elizabeth C. Putnam to the Misses Paine

Boston, April 11th, 1858.

Dear Fanny and Sarah,—Don't be frightened at my large sheet. I know you will like to hear all about the wedding. I wish I knew how to paint in colors or in words, for it was different from anything else, and I feel just now that no weddings could be right that are not just like it.

I went up to see Ella that morning at about half past nine and found her all alone in her little room in that little old yellow shawl (don't you remember it, Sarah?) with no thought of dressing but writing a note to Aunt Anna.¹² So we had quite a cosy little talk while she began to do up her hair and to dress very quietly. She was really trembling all over, but seemed very calm too and *ever so happy*.

When I came again at half past eleven with some beautiful snowdrops that Polly Eastman¹³ had brought for me to carry to her, the whole house was scented with orange flowers that Arthur had just sent in. Aunt Lizzie was putting them into her veil, Lissie all ready in bonnet and shawl helping her. Uncle Lowell drawing on his gloves, first admiring, and then looking ready to cry when he thought he was to "give her away." (He had threatened to run down the aisle when it came to that, and they were so glad to hear him laugh about it. He seems a great deal better lately.) And under her veil Ella, apparently as quiet and composed as possible, entering into every little thing and telling me to thank Polly Eastman and to be sure to have a nice place at church.

Her dress was simple tulle lace, two skirts over white silk,

¹² Aunt Anna had just sent her some orchids from the Lowell greenhouse, with a letter.

¹³ Polly Eastman was a schoolmate who may have found the snowdrops at Roxbury and made a wreath of them.

no trimming except a little lace ruche on a folded cape and a plain tulle lace veil quite long and full, fastened with the orange flowers, then her bouquet. You can a little, but not quite, imagine how lovely she was as I looked in under her veil to bid good-by to "Ella Lowell."

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Charles Eliot and several others acted as marshals at the church and kept away the crowd. There were just enough people to look bright and cheerful. Mr. Hill of Waltham, whom Arthur is very fond of. All the families!!!! etc. Nurse Sharon, Abby, and all those. Olivia and Percy [Lowell, children of four and five years], Grandfather Jackson and Grandmother Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman and the girls, Aunt Lizzie, Lissie and Sara in the two front pews, Sue Sohier (who is splendid, calm, self-possessed doing everything for everybody) and William and the children, etc., close by. Mrs. Eliot took me into the pew with them and I could see the first flutter of the white dress, the cloak taken off, then it seemed an age while Ella walked up leaning on Uncle Lowell's arm, looking down and so like marble that she might have been changed into a statue and no one would have seen the change. Arthur who usually looks down, looking straight before him as white as Ella.

"Wilt thou take this woman for thy wedded wife . . . ?" "I will" sounded clear and distinct, but after that Arthur spoke rather low, though Ella said it seemed to her very loud. But as she repeated the words, her gentle tones were so clear that they could be heard all over the church. Mr. Putnam read the prayer beautifully and then (by Ella's own wish and thought) the choir chanted "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills"—it is an old Gregorian chant—while they were still kneeling there. Uncle Lowell had given her away and Mr. Putnam had joined their hands and prayed that they might be "helpers of each other's joy, consolers of each other's sorrows." Ella said that the music made her feel calm and quiet. It was a favorite of Mr. Peabody's. His beautiful bust had been placed there on Easter Sunday. Then came the exhortation and the benediction. Then they turned to come down, but Arthur

stopped to ask for Ella's cloak, and Uncle Lowell gave it and with it his first bright smile.

The whole was so holy and free from anything sad or worldly. I never knew such a bright wedding, so little sad. I had expected to feel a little bit sorrowful at her being taken away, but that was impossible. Fanny Eliot and Annie Peabody went to see her and went up in her room while she rested. I went there about one o'clock and found her less pale and as merry as possible. She had something to say to everybody and turned round to Annie Peabody once, "Oh dear, I'm calling everybody Smith or Brown."

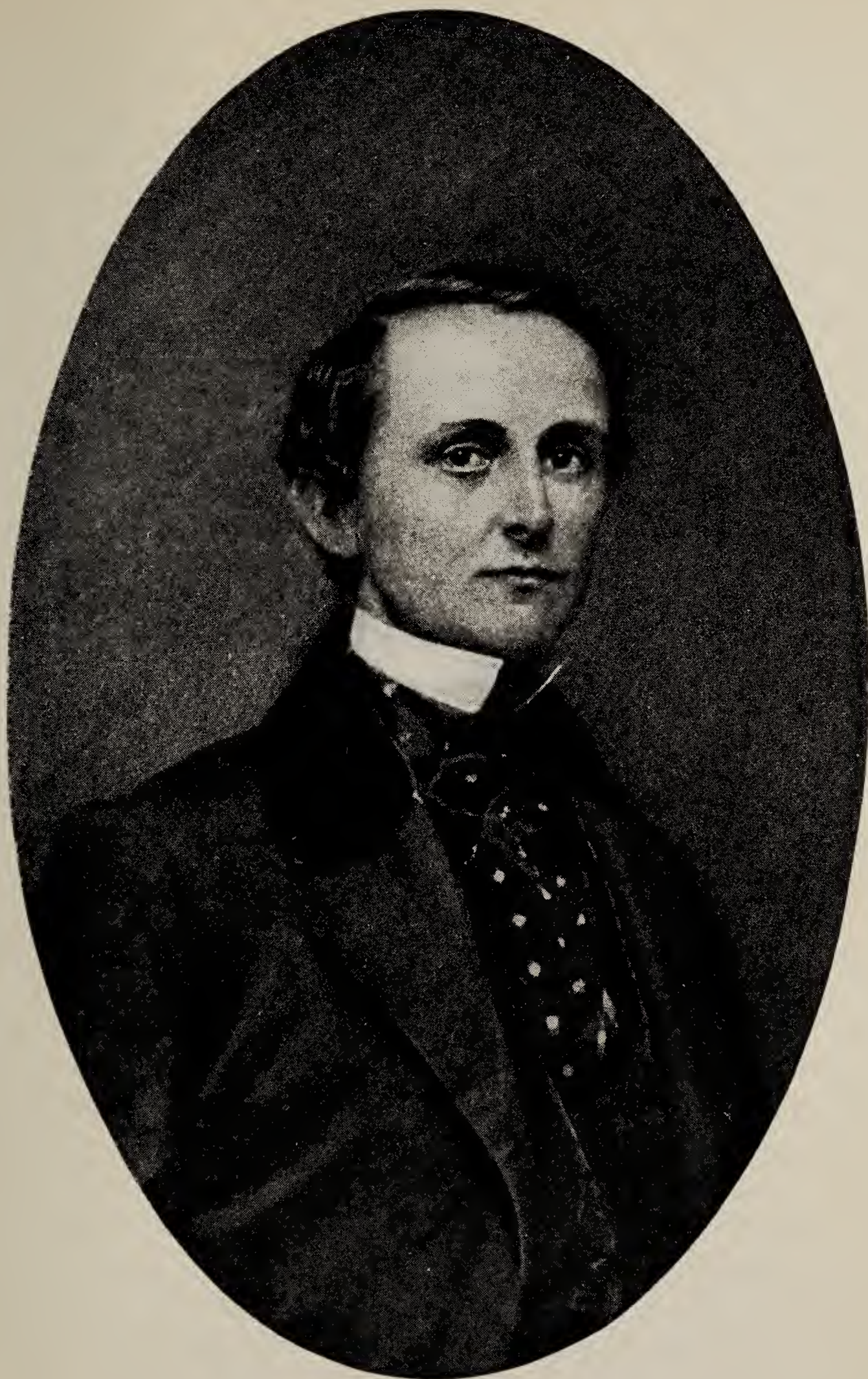
As for Arthur, he has been growing too thin for his coats this winter and looking quite solemn till within a few weeks, but that day he bowed like a Chinese mandarin and smiled too even on strangers, shook hands most cordially with his friends and when no company was by for a minute, you would hear Ella's merry laugh and see him talking to her as cosily as if they were alone. He said he was not going to mind the reception or anything else, now that the time had really come.

We went away about half past three. Everybody said: "What makes it so pleasant?" "The bride does not look worn out like most brides." I never saw anything like her self-possession. Arthur would put in a hairpin to fasten her orange flower and lift up her veil twenty times when she had a chance to sit down. On the whole Uncle Lowell and Aunt Lizzie are not afraid to trust her to his care.

The flowers were all quite exquisite and quantities of them, a little vase made of a shell set in a vine of iron full of flowers from Mr. Agassiz,¹⁴ a basket of all-white flowers from Mrs. Eliot,¹⁵ quantities from Mrs. Pratt and beautiful airplants from Aunt Anna Lowell, from Uncle Lowell's own greenhouse at Roxbury (now let to Mr. Jones!). Sue dined there and they said when at six o'clock the carriage was announced for Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, Ella sat very still a long while. Leaving home was very hard even then.

¹⁴ Prof. Louis Agassiz. This shell of mother-of-pearl, about six inches high, I now have.

¹⁵ Mary Lyman Eliot, Arthur's aunt.



GEORGE THEODORE LYMAN

Yesterday Aunt Lizzie [Mrs. John A. Lowell] went to see them and found them as happy and well as could be—they had been walking around the place, reading, etc., and altogether found Waltham very pleasant.¹⁶ Mr. George Lyman is very busy in town, and since Arthur is a very great farmer, he will not be in a hurry to go out this year. Ella and Arthur will come to stay with Aunt Lizzie in the summer, and in the autumn will go to their own new home, the house where Mr. George Lyman, Jr., has lived. They have gone to live at Chestnut Hill, so the house is wanting a tenant and is very pleasant indeed. I have already sent a note for the fun of directing it to Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman.

Sue made her a beautiful workbasket, large and deep with blue silk bags and everything in them that could be imagined, "even buttons for Arthur's coat," Ella said. Sarah and Lydia were so delighted with Ella's idea of having the chant—the service so often seems hurried—and Mr. Lyman, who did not expect it, was very much pleased with it.

We know a little how beautiful those first days at the Vale were for a letter from Carrie Putnam to Cousin Lizzie Putnam on April 10th tells us how the spring was unveiling itself:

I thought of Ella this morning just as the sun was breaking through the clouds. The grass was all spangled with dew and looking ten shades greener since the rain, the buds were actually turning green on some of the trees and bushes; the violets were in blossom and the birds singing so cheerily.

Elizabeth C. Putnam to Ella Lowell Lyman

Friday evening, 9th April, 1858.

Dear Ella,—I am going to write you a note just for the fun of directing it to "Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman." I thought I was to feel sad and sorrowful yesterday, but I could not possibly, it was all so beautiful and holy and happy and it seemed even beyond all we had wished or *asked* for. Was it not?

¹⁶ A.T.L. and E.L. stayed at the Vale seven weeks from April 8th to May 27th, 1858, and then went to the Lowells'. Grandpa Lyman moved out on May 28th.

You will not feel much separation after you have thought it all over again. Aunt Lizzie seemed to feel much brighter today and though they wished for you often enough, yet did not seem to think you were very far away. Uncle Lowell was sitting there too and we talked it all over. They did not seem to feel *very* miserable but on the contrary quite happy about it and quite willing to trust Arthur to take care of you. They were having great fun about Lissie's near and dear relation and the rosebuds bound for Vienna.

Guess what I have close by me on my bureau? Lissie *so kindly* sent to Carrie, Fanny, Annie, and me some orange flowers which you wore. Lissie was so pleasant today and seemed really to have enjoyed the day, thought it had been so exciting. Lydia spoke of the music of her own accord and said she liked it very much.

Sarah told me about your English copies of Ruskin¹⁷—just what I was wishing for you. Never were wishes so fulfilled as all were that day, both slight and great. Ellen said she couldn't find time to study her Dante, "she had occupied herself thinking about you." She read it however very well indeed.

You see I do not feel as if you were far away for I have written you a very disconnected note just as if you were listening. I wonder when I shall learn to write elegant notes that would sound well in my biography! But if Arthur should sometimes wonder what I can have to write about, tell him not to forget certain long and very interesting notes that used to be carried away into some little seat in the entry quite alone, to be read, between half past three and four last summer in the afternoon, just after the arrival of a certain little omnibus, whose rumbling was heard a very long way off. *Do not you remember?*

It is so hard to come down to common things and tiresome people (self included) after such a day. Mamma says we shall never see its like again. But we must try really to live "in the world"; to see the good when clouded over and to have faith

¹⁷ These were given by Charles W. Eliot.

in it even when we cannot see it. God does not mean all days nor all people to be bright and cloudless as that was. One thing I am sure—that there was a presence there which strangers might not see—which had helped you to be able to make those promises and to trust in God to guard you both. And when the Psalm was chanted it seemed like an echo, for it was so associated with those looks and words, and with his faith and trust.

Tell Arthur that I can say Ella Lyman quite naturally and also Mrs. Arthur Lyman. But the Mrs. Lyman alone, I have not yet learned. And tell him I have never been at all afraid to trust you to him.

Good night, dear Ella. Your loving LIZZIE.

I want to hear all about the housekeeping!

Ella Lyman to Frances A. Eliot

Waltham, April 20th, 1858.

I was so glad to see you on Saturday, dearest Fanny, although it was not nearly long enough, and I want to tell you how glad I was to receive your dear note. Your friendship ever has been and will be a great blessing and comfort to me and I cannot tell you how deeply I prize your affection and sympathy. It is truly delightful to have so many to love and to love them so much, and everyone has been so kind! We are very happy; Thursday seems so peaceful to look back upon, and the words of the chant come back to my mind most soothingly. God is ever good.

We could not have had so delightful a plan as to come to this quiet, beautiful place. We have enjoyed it very much and Arthur is so *at home* in the country and takes pleasure in the opening of every little leaf and bud. I think that we may go to town on Thursday or Friday, if it is pleasant, and pass the day. It will seem strange to be there again. It has been a most happy fortnight and it would be delightful if life were all so peaceful, but it would not be good for one.

Dearest Fanny, tell me all about yourself, what you have

been doing, feeling, and thinking. I want to know all about you and miss our Wednesday talks. Give my love to your mother, Lizzie, and Kate. I feel that I love all my friends more instead of forgetting them. I do not believe that one affection crushes out another. I think that the more one loves, the more one has the power of loving.

God bless you, my own precious Fanny.

Ever most affectionately, ELLA.

Keep well, darling, I have great comfort in the slippers.

*Arthur T. Lyman to Charles W. Eliot*¹⁸

Waltham, April 27th, 1858.

My dear Charles,—I am delighted to hear that you have followed the example of your two cousins and that the fates of the snowballing trio¹⁹ have turned out so pleasantly. It gives also another dignified member to the class of '53 and to the "Club." I had but little idea that you would so soon follow the advice that I once gave you—to make a report true—but I must sincerely congratulate you on what I am sure will give you, and Miss Peabody also, a happiness greater than you have ever known, and can only wish you as much as a similar thing has given me.

It is not always easy with sincerity to congratulate a lady on her engagement (there is not such a plenty of worthy and true young men!) but in this case I could have no hesitation because I know from long friendship and experience from childhood that you are worthy of anyone. Judging from only a slight acquaintance, but with confidence, as her looks are too open and pure to deceive, I am sure that you too are fortunate and that you have become engaged to a *lovely woman*—two words which in their full meaning I think praise enough for the best.

Yours most truly, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

¹⁸ Charles William Eliot had just announced his engagement to Ellen Peabody.

¹⁹ The snowballing trio as boys were the three cousins—Charles W. Eliot, Arthur and Theodore Lyman.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. William Pratt

Waltham, September 29th, 1858.

My dear Grandma,—We needed nothing to remind us of your love and great kindness, or of that of our dear aunts, for to Arthur they have been sunshine ever since his childhood, and to me a constant blessing since I first enjoyed the privilege of knowing and of loving you. But the most superb and beautiful silver speaks to us yet again of that affection and kindness which have been to us a source of so much happiness. We cannot tell you in words how delighted we are with it, or half the pleasure which it has given us. May our lives be enabled to express the love and gratitude to you and to our dear aunts which fill our hearts.

Your very grateful and affectionate granddaughter,

ELLA LYMAN.

CHAPTER II

Early Married Life

BUSINESS ANXIETIES

THE early married life of Arthur Theodore Lyman and Ella Lowell Lyman was so perfect in itself that no outward events could mar it. Only by a word here and there would one know that economic conditions were very bad, that A.T.L. faced total loss and disappointment in three business undertakings, and that to the last of these three there were added unjust imputations and accusations that hung over him for months. After all his hard work in one concern I remember his saying with a tiny smile on his lips, "I came out of it with only a yardstick."

To make clear these business anxieties I will take together the years from 1857 to 1866. Cousin Elizabeth Sohier told me (in 1926) that my father and mother's marriage was postponed on account of the disastrous failure of the Pemberton Mills in 1857. The following is her account of that crisis: "The year 1857 was a year of many failures throughout the United States. My Grandfather Lowell had endorsed notes for his business associates and felt that at any time he might be called on to pay impossible sums. His place at Roxbury with its grounds and greenhouses was rented; and the staff of servants cut down.

Before he went to Europe, my Grandfather Lowell had organized the Pemberton Mills, stipulating with the treasurer, his brother-in-law John Putnam, that the mills should not be operated until all the capital was paid in. Mr. Putnam, however, started them before one group of brokers had paid up. With the over-inflation of business the mills failed and the directors became liable. It happened that the three solvent directors—John Amory Lowell, Samuel Putnam, and Francis C. Lowell—were all in Europe.¹ They came back hurriedly to find them-

¹ The dates do not quite correspond here, for the J. A. Lowells came back from Europe in September, 1855, and were at Beverly in 1856; but probably the harm had been done by 1855, though the complete breakdown of the mills was not till 1857. The Francis Lowells were in Europe in 1855.

selves burdened with the entire loss. John Amory Lowell had seven times as much at stake as the others. If it had not been for that failure you would have twice as much money from the Lowell estate today. Grandfather Lowell had three houses and offered them all for sale. The Beverly House and land at Woodbury Point were sold for very little. They economized in every direction."

There was great bitterness over the betrayal of trust by John Putnam. If he had acted as John Amory Lowell had arranged, there would have been no liability. It was essentially a family quarrel. But it is just like my mother to say when she saw Mrs. John Putnam in the street one day: "I had an instinct to run up to her and kiss her and she seemed much touched."

From the autumn of 1853 (after his graduation) to June 1855, when he went to Europe, Arthur T. Lyman was in the counting rooms of Messrs. Samuel and Edward Austin and engaged in the East India trade. Toward the end of his European year (April 1856) he was thinking seriously of going into politics. He wrote home at least three times about it. To his sister Sarah he wrote from Paris April 30th, 1856, as if to prepare the family: "Mother doesn't seem to fancy politics. I never thought of it till lately, because I suppose there is a sort of idea current that it is not a fit occupation for an honest man, but really I am regarding the matter with serious attention."

It has been interesting to trace through the European letters the different possibilities of a profession that were in A.T.L.'s mind. In a letter to Charles W. Eliot he speaks of science, but rejects it as too isolating a work. He mentions the spreading of a knowledge of art especially Greek art in America; he also thinks of teaching in a girls' school, but the choice of politics is the most accented.

In July he writes more definitely about this choice. But three and a half months after he came home he was engaged, and it seems probable that he felt he must earn money more quickly than could be done honorably in political life. At any rate he

wrote that he would have a part in some of his brother William's Calcutta concerns, and when he returned from Europe in September 1856 he took up business on his own account at 48 State Street, on the same spot as it happened that he had his final office at 50 State Street, for the buildings were made into one. Here he and William imported mostly from Calcutta, and sent hams, etc., to San Francisco and to Australia. It was not profitable and he gave it up in December 1860, when he became treasurer of the Hamilton Company. These four years must have been harassing ones, for he wanted to earn money for his wife and his baby daughter, and much of the time the letters show that there was little doing. For example, in August 1859 Mamma writes from Waltham: "Arthur is well and bright, training his vines and working outdoors all the time."

In 1861 he was made treasurer of the Appleton Company as well as the Hamilton. Their office was on Tremont Street, at the corner of Pemberton Square. In 1862, his family having advised his giving up the treasurership of these mills, he went into J. W. Paige & Company, selling agents for these two mills and others, on Franklin Street.

John Amory Lowell to Arthur T. Lyman

Rome, 3rd December, 1862.

My dear Arthur,—Your letter to Sara brought the, to me, welcome, news that you were about to join the firm of J. W. Paige & Company. I have long thought that the place of treasurer was a dependent and galling one, and the action of the Hamilton Company last spring was very annoying. In addition to this, there was no one in Mr. Paige's firm but himself to inspire any confidence and no hope that after him the business of the Merrimack and Hamilton Companies would be left with them. Now it is different. I believe you to be fully competent to make yourself master of the business and, what is most important, to convince others that you are so. Your present share of the property I deem of minor consequence. Your aim should be to qualify yourself to be at some future day the head of a

new house—and to inspire the requisite confidence in the shareholders.

We are full of anxious forebodings, having as yet only telegraphic rumors of a great disaster in Virginia. Your letters are always most welcome. We derive from them clearer and more hopeful views of the issue of the rebellion and they breathe a most Christian yet resolute spirit.

My love to Ella and the children.

Yours affectionately, J. A. LOWELL.

Written across this letter, at a later date A.T.L. adds:

The continuance of the Civil War and the stoppage of the Merrimack, Hamilton, and Appleton Mills and controversy between the treasurer of the Merrimack Company and the N.Y. members of the firm brought this connection and the firm to an end in a year or more. Some of these mills at least might have continued to run and they lost a great opportunity.

A.T.L.'s position with Paige & Company soon was terminated, as the mills stopped running, cotton being very hard to obtain on account of the war. Nor did the partnership end without harassing accusations against Mr. Paige for underselling goods. A.T.L. was (without any justification) included in the vote of censure.

Journal of Ella Lyman

October 1863.—His father [George W. Lyman] was very indignant and thought an explanation should be demanded. One of the directors, Mr. Henry Saltonstall, called upon Arthur and expressed his regret that the directors had not excluded Mr. Robeson and Arthur, who were not in the firm, from the vote of censure. Dear Arthur is wonderfully patient and cheerful in this great disappointment, and sees both sides as though he were not personally interested.

The trouble was under way as early as July 1863. My mother writes: "Arthur had a conversation with Uncle Frank Crown-

inshield and found him perfectly friendly. He regretted Arthur's entering the business, because he foresaw trouble though not of so serious a nature. He doubted not that things would have been much better if Arthur had been in the firm. He understood Arthur's position perfectly. Arthur was very high-minded and patient about it. He told Mr. C. he had rather let it go than have any ill feeling. 'I have come to the conclusion that your first advice was right; that it would be both pleasanter and better to have as little as possible to do with it.' "

Arthur T. Lyman to John Amory Lowell

August 25th, 1863.

I am glad you are to be here in time for the Merrimack meeting. The Committee has made a miserable, one-sided and superficial report, seemingly dictated more by a feeling of personal malice against Mr. Paige than by any regard for the interest of the Company or the facts and truth of the case.

Much dissatisfaction exists at the condition of the Company, and if any other Committee than a good business board of directors (which is the best and should be the only committee of investigation) is to be appointed, the examination should be thorough. Ever since I was elected, the Lowell treasurers have generally shirked their duties and responsibilities and have shown more disposition to grumble than to correct. For myself I have no desire to have anything to do with the sale of the Merrimack or Boston goods while so little harmony of feeling exists between the selling agents and the stockholders of the one and the treasurer of the other. I am fully convinced that the interests of both these companies have been sacrificed to personal malice and cowardly malice in one case. In the present case of the Company I think the question of who shall be selling agent of comparatively small moment—the question is, shall the Company be efficiently managed or abandoned to anarchy and ruin? Since that absurd contest about Devens (who has just stopped the Hamilton while all of its goods were selling and at good profits, some ahead of contract, because he is afraid—

if no worse motive is at work) the amount of lies and misrepresentations have been astonishing.

The sale of 5/20 6% U.S. stock has been a marvelous success and for some time past must have paid the current expenses. There is a fair business going on in most articles and everywhere there is an appearance of general prosperity.

Yours affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Finally in late October 1863 Arthur T. Lyman went to a critical meeting in which T. Jefferson Coolidge brought up figures against J. W. Paige and Company, showing that their goods had been sold lower than those of other companies at the same time. Whether these comparisons were fairly made could not be told without examination. At last someone asked Mr. Paige to leave the meeting that they might discuss the matter more freely. Mr. Paige came back much dispirited and sitting down by Arthur announced his readiness to resign at once. "It is hard thus to be hastily judged after thirty years of faithful service," my mother writes.

A.T.L. tried to bring matters to a settlement, and on October 23rd, 1863, he brought home a copy of the resignation sent to each treasurer and of the dissolution of partnership. "He is evidently much relieved that matters have progressed thus far and that he will soon be released from them all."

In all this matter A.T.L. showed his beautiful disciplined nature; yet the intensity of his feeling is seen in this extract from my mother's journal. A.T.L. and E.L. were speaking of the death of a little nephew, Roger Lowell, and of the child's exquisite character. Said A.T.L.: "Such things are needed once in a while to teach us that there is something besides Hamilton Mills and business. We are all so busy during the week and hear such dull preaching on Sunday that it is almost impossible to think enough of religious things."²

This was not all Father had to go through in his early business life. Toward the close of 1864 (after nearly a year without work) he was made treasurer of the Glendon Iron Works

² Journal of Ella Lyman.

of Pennsylvania. Mamma's uncle Frank Lowell and Mr. Charles Jackson, who was an old family friend, had a large interest in this concern. Before many weeks they became dissatisfied and practically forced Papa's resignation. There are two accounts of this, both of which may be true.

Julia (writing probably from facts given to her orally by Papa) says that Uncle Frank thought my father showed lack of interest in not going quickly enough to see the factory in Pennsylvania. Cousin Lizzie Putnam very definitely told me that Papa found in the office of the Glendon Iron Company an old clerk who was in the habit of opening even confidential letters. A.T.L. "objected in his mind if not in speech" (as Cousin Lizzie put it) and the clerk was such a favorite that the affair ended in A.T.L.'s being asked to resign. There was great indignation in the family, suggesting even a family break. Shortly afterward Cousin Lizzie received an invitation from her uncle Charles Jackson to meet her friend Arthur Lyman at dinner. "I could not imagine that he would think of going" (she told me in 1919), "but in he came. At first he looked ashy pale, and his brow was furrowed. But he put it all aside and came forward to speak most charmingly to Uncle Charles and all the party. It took tremendous saintliness;" and then she added with rushing enthusiasm: "Oh! what Arthur said about morals and manners could not but count, for he *acted them out*."

In her diary at the end of 1865 and early in 1866 Mamma speaks several times of A.T.L. in words like these:

February 11th, 1866.—We have passed three peaceful and happy months since we came to town, owing in great measure to the loveliness and Christian spirit with which Arthur has met disappointment.

So through all the hard years we see him just, unselfish, high-minded, and deeply Christian—seeking not his own. While he was tangled in the annoying and disheartening controversies about the business concerns with J. W. Paige in 1863, I find on an envelope printed J. W. Paige & Company this quotation from Esdras: "As for the Truth, it endureth, and is always

strong; it liveth and conquereth forevermore. With her there is no accepting of persons or rewards; but she doeth the things that are just and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things." Surely Father's attitude was closely linked to his belief in the victory of Truth. I think it may well be a comfort to anyone who does not early succeed to know that it was almost ten years before Arthur T. Lyman, whose business ability was so great, found a permanent place; for it was not until 1866 that he was elected treasurer of the Hadley Manufacturing Company, of Holyoke, where he remained until 1889.

After this period his career in business was one of distinguished success. In addition to the Hadley Company, he became treasurer of the Lowell Manufacturing Company, in 1881, and remained there till 1900.

From 1881 to 1900 (when it merged with Bigelow) he was also treasurer of the Lowell Carpet Company, of the Boston Manufacturing Company, 1901, of the Waltham Bleachery 1901 to 1904, Tremont and Suffolk (president for a short time in 1886, and of the Merrimack once for a few weeks).

These were trying times. The panic of 1857 was one of the most disastrous in our history. The safeguards to corporate business and private fortunes of more recent times had not been developed. This crisis was quickly followed by the Civil War during which a business man could little more than hope, and the long slow recovery of the later seventies followed violent upward and downward movements in the earlier years.

The story is an inspiring one, for A.T.L. with his great patience, wisdom, and charming humorousness in adversity worked out the problems of these times with great success while his understanding sympathy with other people and their problems gave him in due course a perhaps unequaled position in the textile business of Boston.

The Hadley Company which I have mentioned was sold to the American Thread Company at a substantial profit. The Lowell Manufacturing Company was later combined with the Bigelow Company which proved very profitable, and the Bige-

low in turn was later and very profitably sold to the Bigelow Hartford Carpet Company. A.T.L. was president of the Bigelow Company and Mr. Fairbanks treasurer.

A.T.L. was president of many other companies: Pacific Mills, Merrimack Manufacturing Company, Massachusetts Cotton Mills, Massachusetts Mills in Georgia, Boston Manufacturing Company, Waltham Bleachery & Dye Works, Whittenton Manufacturing Company, Boott Mills, Tremont and Suffolk Mills, Locks & Canals on Merrimack River, and a most valued adviser and friend of the executive treasurers of all these companies. The president of these Boston controlled mills was in the practice of the times an unpaid officer who was consulted freely and confidentially and in emergencies the president took charge if the treasurer was away. In this case also the president was not paid though he should have been. It is an example of the old-fashioned willingness to give services and typical of the best of Boston management of former times. A.T.L.'s knowledge of the mill business and the affection, respect, and confidence of the treasurers towards him made him an ideal president. Mr. Covell (one of the agents) spoke in the highest terms of A.T.L.'s ability to grasp situations and of his unique position as a judge whom all the Lowell treasurers trusted.

Arthur Lyman says: "There was a sudden strike in the Lowell mills and as it happened the treasurers of four or five of his mills were all away. I went to Father's office about noon expecting to find him worried by all this responsibility—for he was no longer young—and hoping that at least it would be of help to have someone to talk the situation over with. I found him standing at his desk joking and laughing with two bulky labor leaders who looked as if they had been fierce when they came in but had lost their planned ferocity against his charm and humor. When they left I found he was thoroughly enjoying it."

In the great I.W.W.³ strike at Lawrence A.T.L. was asked to take part in all the meetings of the executives of the Lawrence

³ This organization was the International Workers of the World. Sometimes however the I.W.W. was sarcastically interpreted to mean I Won't Work.

mills. He was the only one not an executive, and had no connection with any mill except the Pacific. As to A.T.L.'s value as director of the Pacific Mills and as treasurer of the Lowell mills the following later letters testify:

Henry Saltonstall to Arthur T. Lyman

Boston, January 2nd, 1885.

Dear Mr. Lyman,—I have been very sorry to hear of your continued illness, and have often thought of you. I hope when you get out again you will turn over a new leaf and throw off some of the many cares which have taken up your time and strength. Only do not give up your Pacific directorship! for I have depended so much and been so strengthened by your friendly and thorough support that I could not possibly let you go. I want to assure you of the gratitude I feel to you for your constant kindness to me since I took charge of the Pacific. My hard time was made more bearable by your sympathy, and my courage was kept up by your confidence. I shall always remember it with gratitude and pleasure, and thank you sincerely for it.

Please don't answer this, but with my hearty wishes for a very Happy New Year, believe me, most faithfully and cordially yours, HENRY SALTONSTALL.

Charles J. Smith to Arthur T. Lyman

Fair Lawn, Stamford.

August 20th, 1887.

My dear Mr. Lyman,—I am under renewed obligation for your favor of the 16th. I was very glad to receive this letter, not only for the very kind and graceful reference to myself, which I prize, but also because it gives me an opportunity to express my sense of personal obligation to you for the very efficient and delicate service you rendered our firm in the late negotiations with our various corporations as well as the uniform courtesy which has so conspicuously marked all your intercourse

with our firm. I am unable to recall a single incident connected with your administration that I could have wished otherwise. . . .

As to the Lowell, I have frequently said it, that this grand old concern "was on the road to bankruptcy" when you took the reins. I don't know that the stockholders generally know what you have done for them. The credit belongs to you, as I know.

We worked just as hard under previous administrations and without result. Now, my dear Mr. Lyman, will you accept for yourself and kindly convey to Mrs. Lyman and your family my very best wishes for the blessing of God upon all your future life. If I can ever serve you in New York, pray command me. Yours truly, CHAS. J. SMITH.

A.T.L. was director and later president of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, one of the positions of honor in old-time Boston. In 1862 he became secretary to the trustees, in 1868 treasurer, in 1876 trustee, and in 1898 president of the Boston Athenæum, another interesting and honored Boston institution.

HAPPINESS AT HOME

King's Chapel, the Vale, the family—these were three important centres of my mother and father's early married life. King's Chapel, the beloved church of both families, was as much a centre as was any friend. Mamma writes one summer from Waltham: "Everything is green and beautiful out here. If I could transport King's Chapel I should be entirely contented." The beauty of King's Chapel, the rich historic meaning of the service, the long chain of hallowing associations made it the home of her spirit. Many years later she called its altar "the most sacred place to me on earth."

So regular was their attendance morning and afternoon at King's Chapel that when once (in March 1863) A.T.L. and E.L., after going to a morning service at King's Chapel, went to Arlington Street in the afternoon, "considerable anxiety," as she puts it, "was caused by my non-appearance at church. Mrs. Lyman called to know where I was, saying that Mr.

Coolidge stopped her, asking, 'What has happened? Mrs. Arthur Lyman is not at church!' and Uncle George Pratt said he did not expect to see me at Grandma's in the evening since I was not out in the afternoon."

I think sermons in those days were their spiritual and intellectual food in a way that it is difficult for us to realize. Papa read everything, including the more radical books such as Renan's *Life of Christ* and Coquerel's *First Transformations of Christianity*, but Mamma did not want to have the strong light of her faith obscured even for a moment. "We have been reading Coquerel's *First Transformations of Christianity*, but Ella is disgusted with his looseness of doctrine and the coolness with which he rebukes the Apostles," Papa writes.

During several of these early years they both taught Sunday School at King's Chapel. In a gay letter of 1862 to Aunt Sara Lowell, who was only nineteen, Papa replies to her request for *his* Sunday School teaching:

Dear Sara,—If really anyone or ones besides yourself wish to have me teach you, or them, I think I shall not refuse. I shall not be in town next Sunday so please don't go to church on that day. If you are the only one I shall pay no attention to your wishes, as *you* are wise enough to stay at home. . . .

It is an awful outrage upon civilized beings who wish in good Jewish style, on the Old Testament authority at least, to begin the Sabbath at breakfast time as a day of rest, to tear them from their breadcakes and families, but . . . with many pangs I assent, reserving leave to give the rest of the book for a lesson at any time and to close the school.

I know you like strange scrawling, so you will excuse this hasty and mournful epistle. Love to the Dutchman's⁴ friend from his never, Yours ever, ARTHUR.

Mamma has a fascinating way of referring back in her later journals to times long past, and thus we get a picture of the first months at Waltham in 1858 after Grandpa and Grandma

⁴The Dutchman was undoubtedly one of Sara's lovers.

Lyman moved out. When it grew dark Grandpa and Papa sat together by the firelight talking business. Then came supper on the round polished mahogany table, delicious "high tea" with puff-overs, doughnuts, strawberries and thick cream. After supper, the things were cleared away and they all still sat there with their work and reading through the evening. Thus the early months of that first summer were passed at Waltham except for a visit in Boston to the Lowells and a visit to Beverly, which E. L. describes in a note to Cousin Fanny:

Ella Lyman to Frances A. Eliot

Boston, July 11th, 1858.

I was truly glad to receive your note, dearest Fanny. It reached me the afternoon before I left Beverly. I felt almost near you there because you had been there just before us and I imagined what you must have said and thought. We had a delightful visit and the weather was most lovely. The beautiful sky and woods and ocean were indeed soothing and filled with voices telling us of the goodness of our heavenly Father. I think I agree with you in what you said about the ocean—its soundless expanse seems an image of eternity and I like to think of those words in the Psalms, "The waves of the sea are mighty, but yet the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier."

We shall, I think, go to Waltham on Monday or Tuesday. Our King's Chapel has been lent for two Sundays to the Church of the Advent. It was very strange to go there today and to see Bishop Southgate in the pulpit and two other clergymen in the chancel and strange faces in all the pews.

I quite realize what you said, dear, especially about the Communion Service, for it has always been very difficult for me to feel the blessedness as much in any other church or with any other service and if I had not had ours first—the words of which are a great help—it would have been yet more difficult to follow rightly. It is a great help to have sacred associations with places, and although we ought not to depend upon them too much, I do not think it is *wrong* to care for them. Perhaps

we were made to depend upon outward things, so that we might, when they are taken from us, strive the more earnestly to feel as we ought without them. That parable of the good seed being choked by the cares and pleasures of this world, always frightens me. God help us that it may never be so.

I trust you will be at Waltham while I am there. I long to see you, darling. It would be a true pleasure to be with you. I shall think of you this week at Beverly, walking on the cliffs and sketching from Eagle Rock.

My own precious Fanny, you must accept ever more and more love from your very affectionate ELLA.

Waltham, August 8th, 1858.

I must write you a few lines, dearest Fanny, although I am so soon hoping to be with you, which will be far better.

I am having a delightful time here. They are all so kind and the place is so beautiful and I enjoy so much having Arthur in the fresh air—working and enjoying the country to the utmost. He has true love of nature and observes all its beauties, from the sky and clouds and sunsets to the smallest leaf and flower. I think I never realized until I knew him how much the love of nature leads one to all high and right thoughts.

We have been living very quietly, wandering round the place in the morning, then reading aloud, and in the afternoons we have often been to drive. Did you observe the clouds at sunset on Friday evening? There was a most beautiful bank of clouds with that most wonderful flame color in the edges.

We had a very fine sermon from Mr. Hill today. He spoke of the advances of science, said that Christianity was no less surely making men higher and purer—the sons of God—but as the work of Christianity was infinitely more important, so also the progress came much slower.

Your very affectionate ELLA.

Waltham, September 13th, 1858.

Your letter gave me great pleasure, dearest Fanny. Perhaps I may now see you before we go to town, for that is postponed,

I think, until the first of October. We had intended to go at the close of the week, but today Dr. Adams was here and said that he thought it would be best for Arthur to remain here, as he could take exercise so much more freely and pleasantly than in town. He rather advised him to take a little journey of four or five days and he may perhaps go. It will take several weeks after we go to town to finish all our arrangements and to put the house in order,⁵ so that it will be quite late before we are established. I shall hope to be at home (Pemberton Square) for a few weeks first.

The country is looking superbly and this perfect weather ought to be enjoyed here. Arthur is quite well, only a little thin, and not strong as he was before, but I trust that the country air and the being out so much, will quite set him up. We have been busy much as when you were here except that we have the infinite blessing of seeing dear Arthur well again. One never realizes how infinite a blessing health is to those whom we love, until it has been for a time taken from them. We have had many pleasant walks and drives and a very happy peaceful time. I have enjoyed the summer very much except that I long to see more of the dear ones at home. It seems a long time since April. We have been married more than five months.

The last letter speaks of moving in to their Boston house. This was 16 Mt. Vernon Street, built by Grandpa Lyman next door to his house on Joy Street. It was their home in winter till the end of 1886, when they bought 39 Beacon Street. At Waltham they lived, as I have said, first at the Vale, next for the summer in the "cottage" (now the gardener's house), then two summers, 1860 and 1861, in the house on the Searses' hill, then in President Hill's house on Church Street. In 1869, the Forest Street house was built for them by the Lyman parents on the site of what is now the Searses' tennis court. When in 1882 Papa moved to the Vale after Grandpa Lyman's death, the same house traveled by slow stages up the hill to where it is now, and it became

⁵ 16 Mt. Vernon Street.

Arthur's home after his marriage in 1888, and Julia and Mabel's in 1918.

In Boston the families were near together—the Lowells till 1869 at 7 Pemberton Square where the Police Station is now; Grandpa Lyman at 6 Joy Street; the William Lymans on Chestnut Street, and Aunt Lydia and Aunt Sarah, after their marriage, in Mt. Vernon Place. They took supper every Sunday at Grandma Lyman's. On wintry nights she received them in the red parlor on the Joy Street side of the house, with the rich crimson hangings glowing in the firelight. Sometimes Mamma gives bits of their talk on such varied subjects as the Civil War, which Grandpa Lyman compared with the French Revolution; of *secrets* and whether husbands and wives should keep any from each other; of the new war prayer inserted in the King's Chapel Liturgy and how they disliked it.

Little Julia was born January 30th, 1859, in Mt. Vernon Street and christened at King's Chapel on March 27th.

Elizabeth C. Putnam to Carrie Putnam

February 23rd, 1859.

There was dear little Ella looking so prettily and so happy with the tiny dark-haired baby nestling up to her, sound asleep. It seemed to know how safe it was. There was a sort of wonder and thankfulness in everything she said, and all as natural and just the same Ella as ever. She said, "Only think, what a wonderful little thing she is, and how she has a little spirit of her own which *we* did not give her and which we can only guide. Arthur is so happy."

I can say to you what I would not say to many people, because I know you will understand just what I mean. You know what some poet wrote: "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." It came into my mind as I stood there, only it seemed more true than ever before because it seemed as if Ella made a part of baby's heaven, so lovely and all spiritlike she looked and spoke. And it made me thankful that God had made her so

strong and well to keep the spirit world about her little child on earth instead of taking her away from earth, as we all could not help dreading when she was sick.

Ella Lyman to Frances A. Eliot

Boston, March 27th, 1859.

My dearest Fanny,—I was truly sorry that you were not able to be with me today. I longed for the sympathy which I know you would have given me and it was pleasant to remember that you were thinking of us although you were not able to be here. It was very solemn and beautiful—the day so calm and bright, and baby only cried a moment. The promise would be almost too solemn to make were it not for the blessing, “unto Him who is able to keep us from falling and to present us faultless.”

It was the first time that I had been to church and I had so much to be thankful for. It seemed so strange, Fanny, to be standing again at the altar with Arthur not quite a year since we stood there before—now with our blessed little child—restored to one another. God is very good. If we truly realized that His mercy endureth forever we should never fear.

It is so strange to have real responsibilities and duties. At home I was one of the youngest and so little depended on me; here so much—Arthur, and so many thoughts about our little Julia, and the housekeeping, I have had more to do about that lately from having to change. Sometimes I so realize all that I ought and wish to do that it almost frightens me, but God's help is ever promised and I am very, very happy. I wish you knew Arthur well—how good and thoughtful and high-minded he is.

. . . Good-by, dear Fanny. I wish that I could look in upon you—perhaps I shall soon. Baby does not like to spare me for very long, but I shall run away from her for a little while in order to see you.

Mamma was at this time only twenty-one, and both she and Papa looked so young that her friend Sarah Paine wrote later:

"It seemed impossible you could be Julia's mother. I never saw such a young household. You were three babies together."

In the daguerreotypes of 1859 you can see how exquisite with her great, wondering hazel eyes Mamma looked as she took her new treasure (five months old and soon making vigorous efforts to creep) out to the Vale at Waltham to stay with Grandmother Lyman until the gardener's little cottage was ready. Mamma must have worn lovely bright colored dresses in her early married life, for in 1860 she tells how Grandma Lowell's devoted Abby Gates had lengthened her pink and her purple muslin and made a pointed basque out of the green silk. Aunt Lissie, too, sent her from Paris some rose-colored paper with E.B.L. at the top, and the pink-and-gray slippers with which Julia at seven months was amused to play.

On June 20th, 1859, they moved into the Cottage (now the gardener's house). It was so small that any guest had to sleep in the baby's room; but the beauty of the garden was at their gate. And at seven in the morning Ella often went to walk with Arthur or Sarah and Lydia. Grandma Lyman asked them to supper two or three nights every week and told them to get all the milk they needed from the farm. She fitted up the "Villa," as Papa laughingly called it, with her own curtains and carpets and added innumerable little comforts. Lizzie Putnam was one of the very first guests.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. William Sohier

Waltham, June 26th, 1859.

My dearest Sue,—I want to tell you how pleasantly we are situated in our little cottage. It is just large enough for us—parlor, chamber, and kitchen on the lower floor; nursery, woman's room, and dressing room on the upper. It was the gardener's house before, but Mrs. Lyman had it all fitted up nicely for us, with curtains and carpets, and we brought out our own upper chamber furniture, which came from Beverly; and it really looks very pretty and comfortable.

There are a great many trees round the house, and I think

having the chamber on the lower floor will keep us very cool. It is so good for Arthur to be here. He seems so *at home* in the country, and so glad to be employed in working round the place, which certainly is looking superbly. I was so glad to receive your dear little note when Baby was born. She is crowing upstairs and I interpret it into love for Aunt Sue. She is so fat and well, that I feel as if I could not be thankful enough, and she has learned to play with everything that she can find. We think she looks most like Arthur (at least I like to think so), her eyes certainly are bright and observing like his. She is a funny contrast to dear little Willie,⁶ who came to see her before we left town. Willie is very much larger and taller, and very fair, and his beautiful blue eyes contrast very prettily with little Julia's dark ones. Willie is a beautiful child, and a more sunny disposition than any child I almost ever saw. Lillie and Alice dined with us a day or two before we left and were very bright and pleasant. They promised to write to me and I hope will not forget.

I had a visit yesterday afternoon from Papa and Lissie. Papa seems very bright and well. They have not decided whether to go to Nahant or not, but I trust they will. I think the change would do them all good. Grandma Putnam is soon going to Beverly. Mrs. Pratt sent in for her to dine with her yesterday but I believe the rain prevented her going.

I am quite busy now with Baby's second dresses, and your basket, dear Sue, is most useful to me, as indeed it has been always. Arthur sends his best love, and Baby many kisses, and accept, dearest Sue, boundless love from your

Very affectionate sister, ELLA.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

October 23rd, 1859.

Thank you for your note, my darling Lizzie. I wish you could see my sweet little Julia now, warming her little pink feet at the fire, playing with the andirons, and the bright danc-

⁶ William D. Sohier.



ELLA LYMAN
With Julia



JULIA LYMAN
With Mary Adams



JULIA LYMAN
2 Years

ing firelight showing her little face and rounded form. She grows every day more lovely, and I thank God for giving her, and her dear papa to me. We are very happy. Every morning I take her to walk, and every evening Arthur reads aloud to me. We are reading Hamilton's *Metaphysics*, which is quite interesting, with intervals of *The Minister's Wooing*, which we are finishing. I am so glad that Arthur likes to read to me. It is so pleasant to have the same interests, and then too it gives one something to think about, as I sit mending and sewing. If we only realized the shortness of life and its immense importance; so much to be done for others; we should be more untiringly energetic and should long less for repose, which is no part of *life*. I am thinking more now for I shall soon be twenty-two, and that sounds no longer young! I feel much less on the border of life, but actually in it; amidst its joy and its duties. . . .

With love to your mother and Grandma,

Ever your own ELLA.

In this summer of 1859 Ella alone among her friends was married. It was only years later that she spoke to Cousin Fanny of the solitariness she felt in being the only married one, of passing through experiences none of them could then wholly share. Yet her friends came to her and brought their sympathy in her new life and their own abounding interests. These first years of marriage, too, were times of getting to know better the Lyman cousins and friends. They went to supper parties with Cousin Mary Guild, Cousin Kate Storer, Cousin Charles Eliot, and Cousin Theodore Lyman. I see Mamma shy in meeting them, but winning them at once. She takes supper at the Vale and meets Mrs. William Lyman and the old family friends, Mr. William Boott and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks; and says they were "very polite" to her. In August she describes a party she must have enjoyed:

August 19th, 1859.—We went to Brookline on Thursday evening to see Mrs. Cora Shaw.⁷ She received us very pleasantly, welcomed me as a newcomer and said she hoped she should

⁷ Papa's first cousin, daughter of Theodore Lyman, Mayor of Boston.

know me well. I thought her very handsome, graceful, and pleasing. Mimi⁸ asked us to stay to tea, which we did, as did also Mr. Bennett Forbes and Miss Annie Robbins, Aunt Sue Dexter, Mr. Robert Shaw, Mr. Hayward, and William Lyman. When we drove away we found in the carriage a gift for everyone (from Mrs. Shaw). Ours were a very pretty French doll with bells attached to it for Baby, and as a wedding present for me a coral brooch and earrings. The earrings were two balls, the brooch many little balls in a cluster.⁹

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Waltham, June 2nd, 1860.

My dearest Lizzie,—I wish you were here today. Everything is so fresh and bright after the rain—the sky that cloudless peaceful blue—and the distant view so soft and lovely. The views from this hill¹⁰ are exquisite. I never realized how beautiful they were until we came here to live, and at night the stars are so brilliant. Arthur has a telescope through which we can see Jupiter's satellites and Saturn's rings.

Little Julia is as merry as possible. She sings when she goes to ride in her wagon, and plays on the floor and explores the new wonders of the house with great delight. The only melancholy part is to go to church and find no Mr. Hill,¹¹ but a stranger occupying his pulpit. Mr. Parsons, we have not yet seen. He is to be ordained on Wednesday, and we mean to like him as well as we can. He is just married. I rather pity his wife. How she must tremble for him on the first Sunday.

I see Sarah and Lydia every day, unless it rains. It is a great pleasure to have them so near. We are going to read Spenser's *Fairy Queen* together. Arthur and Lydia ride together on horseback often in the afternoons. Arthur and Waltham belong together and ought never to be separated. I have had plenty of sewing within doors, so that the time has passed very quickly,

⁸ Mrs. Theodore Lyman.

⁹ These were Julia's and now mine.

¹⁰ Their house was on the Searses' hill.

¹¹ Thomas Hill, father of Mrs. Alfred Worcester, who had been minister of the Unitarian church.

and Arthur has had *The Vicissitudes of Italy* and a volume of the *Life of Cowper*.

I am very happy, dear Lizzie, and I pray God that I may not forget the Giver in His gifts, and may teach little Julia to love Him. I am obliged to refuse her things already, and she knows quite well what I mean by "no, no," but it is very hard to say to so lovely a little thing. . . . Ever your affectionate ELLA.

Waltham, June 24th, 1860.

I think your letters delightful, darling, and I write only that I may get a reply, for our life is so quiet that I have but little to relate, although we are enjoying every day.

Little Julia is creeping round the parlor now, while I write, for Mary has gone to church, and if my letter is rather incoherent you must not wonder at it, for Little Bird wants "Mamma" almost every minute. I have just been out with her to gather some "posies" with which she is very fond of playing. I think you would be so surprised to see how much the little thing has grown old. She can say almost anything, and begins to put words together, and can walk alone for quite a distance. I have had so much happiness in her, and Arthur I think enjoys her almost as much as I do. He takes her in his arms to see the colt in the pasture near our house, and today let her stand up straight in the field.

Arthur is busy refuting a book on the Trinity, which Lucy Woodbridge lent Sarah. It puts texts together from the Old and New Testament, and from their resemblance argues the doctrine of the Trinity. We have been reading Lamson's *Church of the First Three Centuries*, and have been very much interested in it. It proves, I should think conclusively, that the doctrine of the Trinity was not believed by the Christians of the first three centuries. It struck me so much in reading the book that most of the controversy and trouble arose because men would try to explain what Christ left unexplained; these sermons so different from those of our Lord and his apostles; instead of exhortations to holiness, purity, and a right life, contentions about doctrines here, among theologians, usurped the

place. It gives quite an interesting account of the worship and festivals of the early Christians. . . .

Waltham, November 1st, 1860.

Dearest Lizzie,—Thank you very much for your dear, kind note—it was like yourself, my dear precious friend—very true friend whom I value more and more every day and every year. Dear Lizzie, I think this is the happiest birthday I have ever had, for I am happy about *all* now as well as for myself and I feel as though I could never thank God enough for all my blessings. I had a lovely little note and some books from Sarah and a beautiful brooch from Arthur's aunts. Do you not think I am too old for birthday presents? Sarah says, "Will you accept them as a trifling token of my love, on this day, which I hope will always open upon you as happily as it does now, and may it find us, as it returns year after year, more closely attached to each other and to all surrounding us." May God help me to make all those happy who have made me so. May He bless and guard and keep you all.

Give my best love to your dear mother. You cannot take enough for yourself from ELLA.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lyman

New York, November 9th, 1860.

My dearest Ella,—I hope you will this morning receive my anonymous note of yesterday. I wrote what there was of it while waiting a few minutes in a lawyer's office and had no time to finish it. Yesterday I dined with Mrs. Otis and passed the evening there. This morning I am going to work at China trade and see what I can of the city. . . . If you were here I should like to stay a day or two longer, but I had much rather see you and the precious Julia than New York. But that is not saying much, for it is rather comparing the truth of the spirit with the falseness of matter. I don't admire New York. It is much more Paris-like than Boston, but as far as I can judge, it is but a miserable substitute for Paris. I like London and Boston much



ELIZABETH R. LOWELL
(Mrs. Francis P. Sprague)



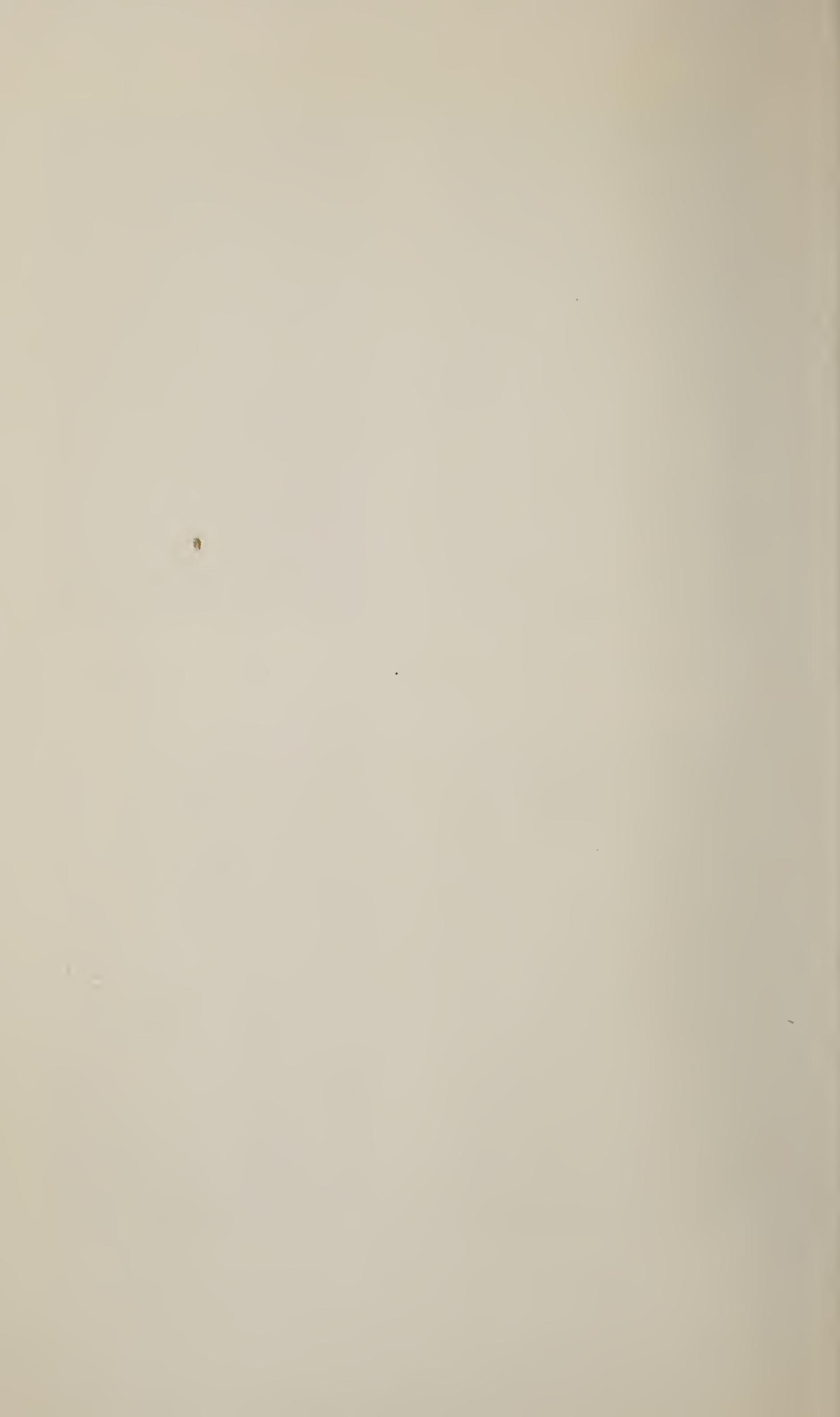
ELLA LYMAN



ELIZABETH C. PUTNAM



FRANCES A. ELIOT
(Mrs. Henry W. Foote)



better than Paris and New York. Naturally enough, many are of a different opinion; for example, my friend Ammidown, whom I saw for half an hour. He is doing a thriving business and is permanently settled here.

I wish I could get to Waltham tonight, so that I might see you sooner, for I don't like to be away from my best treasure and I like doing nothing at home with you so that I dread doing anything away from you. I hope Lizzie Putnam may have thought it her duty to pass last night with you, but if not, I doubt not that you are safe, though I must say I should like to see you and know it. . . . If you get this, it will be a sign that I am in Boston as I shall put it in the post office in Boston tonight. Receive all my love, most lovely Ella, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Ella Lyman to Frances A. Eliot

November 10th, 1860.

We have been watching a little squirrel run up and down the bare trees gathering nuts, his long bushy tail above his head. The woods in front of the house are lovely, the reddish brown leaves on the ground and the bare grey trees above. They look beautifully I think on a bright day like Friday with their delicate outlines clear against the blue sky. I am so thankful to have Arthur at home. He was obliged to go to New York last week, so having lost a week here is desirous to make it up. It is the first separation since our marriage and I much prefer being together. It seems to me that the deep love we bear one another in this world must be a proof of immortality, for such love could not have been given us were it to last but for a day. How wonderfully Mr. Peabody seemed filled with sense of everlasting life. He always felt and spoke and lived as for eternity. Perhaps his uncertain health had partly caused it, but I think it was also the spirituality of his nature. This rainy day you are, I suppose, like me at home. To my great regret Arthur pronounced it impossible to go to church. It is pleasant and impressive sometimes to read at home, but after all there is a church influence which I am always sorry to miss.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lyman

Waltham, November 1st, 1861.

My dearest Ella,—In the many joys and the few troubles of the past five years I have constantly found new reasons for loving you, and I feel now that I have not loved or appreciated you enough. Knowing that I shall love you more still, accept this pledge of my affection. Yours ever, ARTHUR.

In these first summers of their married life, Mamma and Papa read Hildreth's *History of the United States* in seven large volumes, as well as *De Tocqueville and the United Netherlands*. Mamma read Tennyson's new *Idylls of the King* with her sunny fair-haired sister-in-law Sarah Lyman and bright-eyed, quick-witted Lydia. Later they read Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge* and the *Life of Washington Irving*. They lived quietly and yet through the quiet there was romance. As I read through my mother's journals I found a bit that referred back and characterizes the early summers:

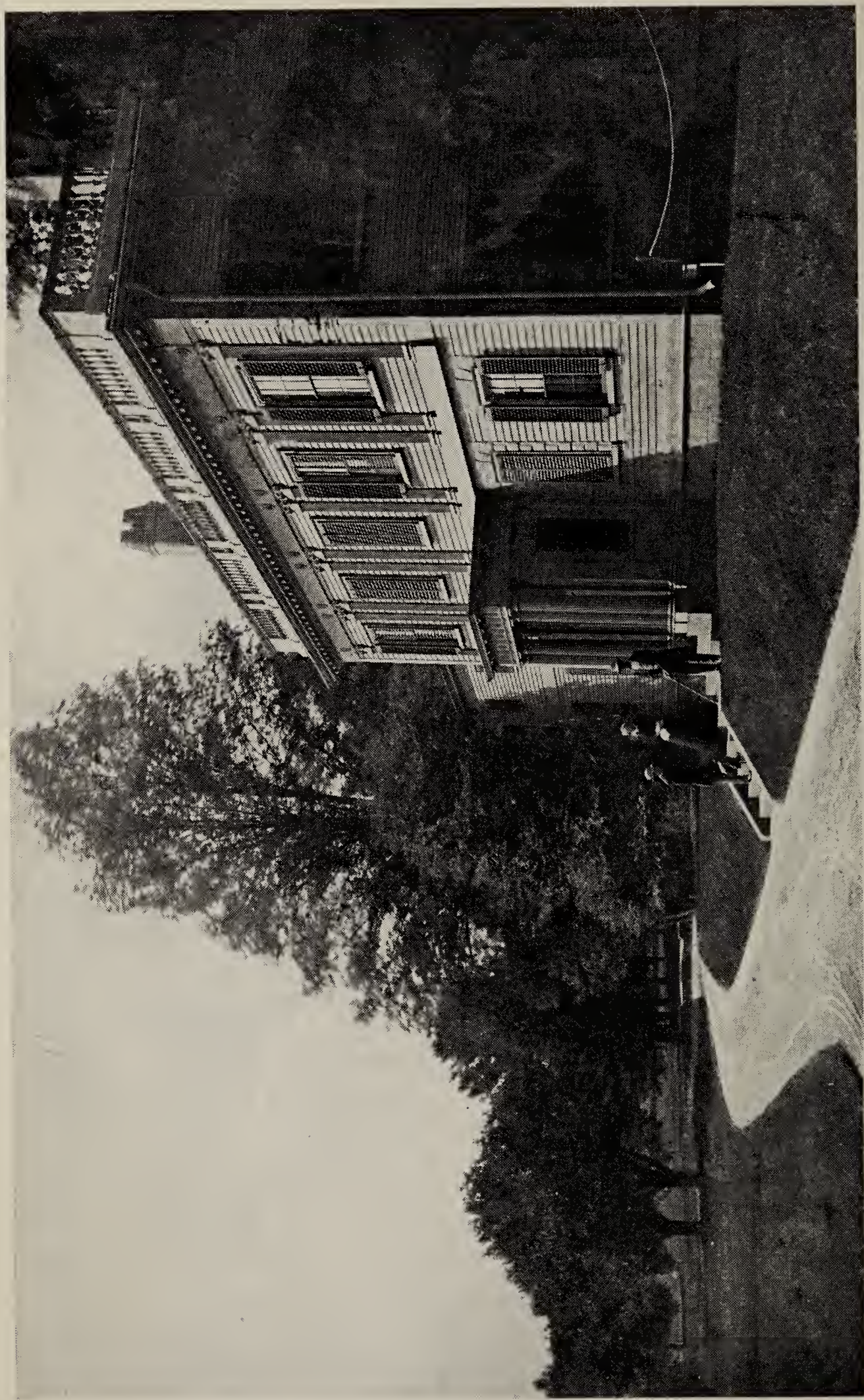
Journal of Ella Lyman

July 13th, 1863.—Walked over to Sarah's. Played with little Annie until Lydia came bringing her splendid daughter in her arms. It seems like one of Aunt Anna's romances in real life to look back year after year as we have read together. First Scott's novels when I alone was married, then the summer in the cottage, when Lydia was in despair, then the memorable *Fairy Queen* summer, the summer of mysterious clearing all away in bright sunshine, then Sarah a bride, then Lydia a bride and now both with their beautiful babies. Surely the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places and great has been the goodness of God towards us.

The sympathy between us (sisters-in-law) grows every year deeper as we have more in common. I think Lydia has lovely ways with Robert. She cheered him and comforted him and upheld him when Sumner died, and she greets him with the loveliest smiles. She has the most delightful combination of tenderness, gentleness, and high feeling, with energy and decision.



LYDIA WILLIAMS LYMAN AND SARAH PRATT LYMAN
(Mrs. Robert Treat Paine and Mrs. Philip H. Sears)



ARTHUR THEODORE LYMAN AND HIS PARENTS AT THE VALE

As I said, A.T.L.'s work must have been irregular during the years when he was in the East India trade, for Mamma tells of his haymaking at Waltham all one month, watering his garden, and occasionally going shooting or fishing accompanied by his young nephew George Appleton, who in 1860 lived for some time on the hill with his mother, our Aunt Mary. After her first husband's death she had married Mr. Arnold. In October, as if it were exceptional, Mamma writes: "Arthur has been unusually busy, and obliged to go to town every day this week." But whether he was anxious about work or not Mamma writes of him as always employed and always happy. He went every day to see his mother at the Vale or 6 Joy Street, and it will not surprise those who knew him years after to have Mamma write: "I don't know where Arthur is. I think he must have gone to his mother's and stayed to read the newspaper."

If business was slack he filled his time with a study of history, philosophy or theology. He read aloud whenever there was a free time, and Cousin Lizzie tells of his reading books on the Oxford movement and such serious topics while all the time the children of different ages were scampering in and out of the room. He could always do two things at once and usually did more, his swift mind leaping and playing in unexpected directions, but always returning to its trail.

In 1859 and 1860 A.T.L. also assisted Philip H. Sears in marking some of the examination books in philosophy at Harvard College.

*A.T.L. to Hon. P. H. Sears, Chairman, Committee
on Moral and Intellectual Philosophy*

Boston, January 23rd, 1860.

Dear Sir,—I have examined with care the thirty books submitted to me and feel called upon to say that they certainly evince careful teaching on the part of Professor Bowen and also a good degree of proficiency on the part of his pupils. I should not, however, rate the papers as highly as Professor Bowen seemed to do in his note to you; i.e., as a total average. Accord-

ing to my estimate nearly one half of the thirty deserve very nearly the highest mark—say 92 %—but the other half average only 65 % making a general average of $78\frac{1}{2}$ %. The examination may certainly be considered as a clear proof of the successful working of the system of written examinations, affording, as it does in a decisive manner, a test of knowledge, and operating also, as I think is indicated, as a stimulus to study.

I think that the general average would be higher if the answers to the questions from Bowen's *Metaphysics and Ethics* were alone regarded, the failures in the answers being chiefly to the questions from Reid. To these (the first four questions) many gave erroneous answers, catching often at the *words* but frequently reversing the truth. Reid's work is not a book to be learned by rote, while Bowen's can hardly be learned otherwise—in the respect Reid's is the most useful as a means of discipline. It is evident from the papers that Reid's must be understood, that the pupil may give correct answers, while, as Bowen's was probably not better understood than Reid's, we may suspect that the memory had more to do with the better answers than the understanding.

One thing seems to have been impressed forcibly on nearly all; viz., that nothing but revelation gives any reasonable presumption even of the truth of the immortality of the soul; and that natural religion is merely negative, if not even futile.

Your obedient servant, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

P.S. I would suggest the question whether too many questions are not often put? If they have very many to answer, the task appears so formidable that they answer all in haste and imperfectly. I think there is evident now, as before, a repugnance at the doctrines of Bowen's *Metaphysics and Ethics* and a disposition to take the wrong side by a revulsion of feeling roused by his pushing his views to extremes, and I should advise by all means that from the defect and from its general unsoundness and excessive tediousness that it be given up. As a more agreeable form it may be said and truly that Hamilton's *Metaphysics* and *Logic* are enough, and these must be retained for they are books of the first class and interesting, and will certainly produce

good effects. I also should again recommend Kant's *Metaphysics of Ethics*, which with Hamilton's *Metaphysics*, will answer all the purposes of Bowen's book. No offense can be taken if the books of such authors are suggested in preference to those of *anyone* else and in point of fact they are not only sound but inspiring, and will produce effects in practice I think.

A.T.L. AND HIS SISTERS-IN-LAW

While my mother was making friends with my father's family, he quickly became intimate with hers. When he was engaged in 1856 he was just twenty-four. Of his new sisters-in-law the elder, Aunt Lissie, was twenty-five, and the younger, Aunt Sara, only fourteen. Between both sisters and Papa there sprang up a friendship blended of gaiety, constancy, and affection whose like I do not know. The gaiety and affection bubble up through the early letters even though held down by a formality of phrasing that we have outgrown. And when I use the word "constancy" I see Papa turning from the agony of his own sorrow after Mamma died, to help and comfort Aunt Sara, and to fulfill to her those ties that made him more than ever her brother, her counselor, her friend. I see again—so vividly that it hurts—Papa's look, exquisite in purity, shining, touched with a smile sad but hallowing, as he sat beside Aunt Sara at that last Christmas dinner in 1899 which despite her desperate illness she carried through in queenly style. He was gay, loving, constant to the end.

The few letters to Aunt Sara that have been kept are written in the early years after his marriage when she was a fascinating young girl "full of books and beaux," and turning to him as her Sunday School teacher.

Aunt Lissie, who was not married till 1868 to our dear Uncle Frank Sprague, and who never had children of her own, gave an unimaginable amount of time to her nieces and nephews at 16 Mt. Vernon Street. With the unconscious ingratitude of children we took it all for granted, but as I look back it seems amazing. She came to the house almost every day; she took us on

delightful trips to Niagara or Brattleboro or the White Mountains for a week at a time. We stayed with her every summer for as far back as I can remember. She shopped for us in Paris bringing home most beautiful Paris gowns for our coming-out parties. She sat watching us at Papanti's dancing-school classes and made sure we had the best of his attention. And as Mamma writes in one of her letters to France, she was almost as "partial" to us as Mamma herself. I remember sitting beside her at the grand Christmas dinners at 7 Park Street, and how ready she was to make a game of eating only what I liked and refusing anything I refused. Even more gratefully I remember how beautifully she embroidered every towel for my wedding trousseau.

As Uncle Frank Sprague once wrote to me:

It is hard to describe or exaggerate the love that was constantly welling up in her heart for you all, and overflowing upon each and every one who belonged to her. Any criticism or marks of disapproval were merely the bubbles on the surface of a great flood. She was of all loyal beings the most loyal, her courage was as you say marvelous, and her resolute cheerfulness, which has so often helped me.

Papa's letters to Aunt Lissie and Aunt Sara in those early days are a series of jokes and enigmatical references often hard to decipher after these years, but usually referring to real or assumed beaux. He delighted in the errors of newspaper reporters as applied to his friends. He once cut out and pasted sideways on his letter to Aunt Lissie a tiny bit of print from "The Old Reliable" (*The Boston Advertiser*) saying that our serious-minded grandfather, J. A. Lowell, was made president of the Fly Away Club! He calls one poor gentleman the Not-Friend of pretty, gay Aunt Sara; he describes the pathetic looks of their beaux during the sisters' absence. He flings in a story like this for their amusement:

"Dan'l Draper (said to have left \$2,000,000), an old but by no means reputable merchant of Boston, has lately died. He was very mean and considered a hard ticket. His wife was a spirit-

ualist, and there is a story that she had a communication from him simply saying (as all she could get out of him) 'Send my summer clothes.' "

A few of these early letters covering the first years of his married life will show how affectionately and how gaily he corresponded with both sisters.

Arthur T. Lyman to Sara P. Lowell

Boston, September 19th, 1857.

Dear Sara,—I perhaps, in general, ought to apologize for sending a young lady of the present times, books on psychology and metaphysics, as these are things not taught much in *the* "schools." But to you I shall not apologize as I understand you like them—which gives me much pleasure—as I like them myself, and so of course am glad to have others like them and more especially to have you join in such liking.

The Stewart, edited by Dr. Walker, is a good safe book and an interesting one. The Cicero¹² is something different. He added to the views derived from Greek philosophy a Roman practical wisdom—his thoughts have a delightful simplicity and freshness—he has from the Greek, repose and dignity—though in the midst of misfortunes he retains the dignity and heroism of the Roman and the joyful and confident spirit in life of the Greek. Harmony, dignity, cheerful confidence, in contrast with the discord and whining, earth-despising, professedly trusting and yet really fearing, trust of these times.

Read them at your leisure or not at all, as you like, but as I like both them and you, unless you object, I shall be pleased by your reading them. Yours truly, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Sara P. Lowell to Arthur T. Lyman

Sunday morning.

My totally unexpected Correspondent,—On receiving your note, I was proceeding to give it unopened to Ella, when seeing

¹² Probably M. T. Cicero on Consolation, which he translated at about that time.

that she had one, I opened and perused it with eagerness. Why did you disguise your hand on the outside? Did you hope to make me believe that one of those "*Chances*" had at length arrived? That was cruel, for that self-possessed "Dear Sara" is anything but what I should expect the inditer of the "*liberal offer*" to write. I am a schoolgirl in nothing but going to school, and so I presume may thank you heartily for lending me books which have given me such true pleasure.

I fully appreciate your kindness of expression, and the best proof I can give is by not grudging you too much, my darling Nellie. You can have no idea of what she is to the family especially to Mamma and myself—ever gentle, ever kind, ever self-sacrificing, always charitable. I do not know how we ever shall be able to get on without her. But Cicero gave me a lesson yesterday which I trust not to forget. "For no one is afflicted on account of a loss, sustained by himself."

Thank you for writing—it was very kind to have thought of me. I hope you will come down soon. Remember I am still only half reconciled to your long absence last time.

SARA P. LOWELL.

Arthur T. Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

16 Mt. Vernon Street, December 24th, 1858.

My dear Lissie,—I should be very glad if I could adequately repay your kindnesses or send some commensurate token of my sincere esteem, gratitude, and affection; but as this is not possible, please accept as a slight token this little work of a poor mechanic, but your affectionate brother, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Two years later he wrote at Christmas:

My dear Lissie,—I am much pleased with your book and much more with the kind giver, and am much gratified in receiving a token of your affection. It has been an easy and delightful lesson for these several years past to learn almost daily to regard you with increasing affection and esteem; and with

many thanks for your unvarying kindness and with joy in having a share of your regard, let me remain

Your affectionate brother, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Waltham, July 15th, 1860.

My dear Lissie,—I suppose you will hardly excuse me from writing to you until you have suffered one or two dull notes. Idleness and occupation must stand forth as my excuses for not writing before. Idleness, you know, has such delight in its own perfection and bliss that it will suffer no employment whatever, and as the sun has shone of late I have been making hay, which again, by means of fatigue, conduces to sleep.

Having thus satisfactorily accounted for day and night I take great credit to myself for having snatched a moment from the soporific grasp of the parson; in which to recall myself to you, and incidentally to Sara, who is supposed to be occupied day and night with books and beaux. Yesterday we went to town and found your father safely arrived, and to our disappointment taken possession of by Augustus,—Sue¹³ in wrath, John¹⁴ too far out on the flats to expect any but amphibious visitors. Boston is very dull from the absence of the distinguished young men whom you mention as fluttering around you. Really I think it would be profitable for Messrs. Q. & Lawden to give free quarters to some of the young lawyers of Boston in order to entertain the ladies. I almost made up my mind to leave for Sharon at once, but the absence of the “treasure” at Fitchburg, and the presence of the “baby” at Waltham must prevent my, or our, departure.

The baby says “ove to Izzie.” “Mishter Sears” she says with much gusto, invariably adding “auntie.” This is to us a very satisfactory affair. He (P.H.S.) is a person of most excellent character and of very remarkable ability and attainments, and to me possesses the added recommendation of being a great friend of mine. . . . Perseverance has had a great reward, in this case I think well deserved—which is not always the case I

¹³ Mamma's sister Mrs. Sohier.

¹⁴ John Lowell, her brother, was at Winthrop.

think; for perseverance as well as charity covers a multitude of sins. However, all praise the successful.

Abby¹⁵ has been making herself very useful for two weeks past and I suppose her relations begin to think we are robbing them of her services. But tomorrow we expect a hard time is in store for Ella as Mary¹⁶ is to return and then doubtless there will be a storm of advice and criticism amusing to behold.

Ella is writing to you at a great rate, so with love to your mother and Sara, never forgetting that much esteemed and loved person, yourself, I am

Very affectionately yours, ARTHUR.

Waltham, September 5th, 1860.

My dear Lissie,—I am glad to have the pleasure of telling you that Lydia is engaged to Robert Paine. On Saturday it will be generally known, so you may tell anyone then. Please tell your own family before. I dare say you may hear it all around, but I doubt not you will be glad to have authentic proof. So many people know such things before they are told. Lydia, however, only wrote to her friends yesterday. The young man is very well liked at Waltham and I certainly have been much pleased with him. He seems to be a fellow of ability and of good character, principle, and feelings. With such things a lady may be esteemed fortunate, I think, and if he considers himself, as I believe he does, the most fortunate fellow in the world, why I know he has as good a right as anyone to think so. And he can't really know yet how much he has got.

We should have gone to town at once to see you but I am still a little stiff, having had my foot rubbed in the gravel last Monday. Horse and myself had a sudden and joint fall on the road, from which I fortunately escaped without any hurt of any consequence whatever, but a scratch on the knee and foot make me rather stiff in walking. However I was out yes-

¹⁵ Abby Gates was a remarkable and devoted maid to Grandma Lowell and during the Lowells' absence in Europe often came in to help Mamma.

¹⁶ Mary Adams was the children's regular nurse for many years, a most refined and lovable woman.

terday walking about and expect to be limber in a day or two. This is the strict truth so don't let your mother be alarmed.

Hoping to see you very soon and to have a long visit from you by and by, I am Yours affectionately, A.

P.S. The baby's lesson will now come in play—" 'Ow do, Robert?"

P.H.S. and R.T.P., Jr., can't imagine how each could prefer the other!!!

A.T.L. to Sara P. Lowell on her 19th birthday

Waltham, June 22nd, 1861.

My dear Sara,—I suppose you must feel that a large part of your life has been passed in the four and a half years since I have known you; but time passed pleasantly, passes quickly, and time at least we may well enough suppose to be only a form of thought, when we consider the ages and the times of those whom we love. Life is perpetual motion, and men and women have no annual rings like a tree; still the 24th of June, 1861, must be regarded with much interest by you and all your friends, and it will serve to remind me how much I owe you for four years of kindness and friendship which I know have not been unappreciated, though perhaps not enough acknowledged. I am sure they have been more valuable than either of us feel, and more needed and acceptable than you can know. Let me earnestly thank you for them in the past and hope for their continuance.

With our best wishes, Ella and myself ask you to accept these earrings as a token of our sincere esteem and love.

Waltham, November 11th, 1867.

My dear Sara,—I hope your weather is and has been as still and mild and delightful as ours is this afternoon, and then no doubt you would be dancing on deck. We have had as fine a summer and autumn as I ever remember, but I have been obliged to pass far too much of it in Boston. Satan still casts his snaky looks upon the pewholders and torments the strangers of

King's Chapel in the form of one Deblois [the Sexton], not yet, alas, descended to the shades. We are in doubt whether we shall continue to frequent the mock orthodoxy of the place (not the shades but K.C.) or go to the new sanctuary of the genuine error on Mulberry Street in the Strand.

We have suffered severely this summer from the Rev. S (purious) B (elief) Flagg who took us all through the "many mansions" (you will remember that he nearly wore out their carpets by going through them so much in detail) as they were in the days of pre-existence. Professor Park we expect to hear next Sunday and I suppose F (ar) D (own) Huntington would soon have been up in our pulpit perhaps before I could get a hymn book bound in calf for him.

Mrs. Cady Stanton addressed the voters at the polls in Kansas but in vain. Women and blacks pulled together and the Republicans have met with general defeat in the late elections. I think they were so much influenced by local issues such as the license and Sunday laws, etc., that they have no very important bearing on the national questions that will come up next year. At the same time they are admitted to indicate a condemnation of the ultra-radical schemes, and I think may be fairly taken as expressions of dissatisfaction with the attempt of Congress to alter the form of government by law instead of by amendments of the Constitution submitted to the people. The elections probably make the nomination of Grant a certainty on the part of the Republicans and no doubt will put a stop to impeachment or any serious attempt at it, which is well as there was no clear ground for it however obstructive Andrew Jackson may have been.

Business is extremely dull, many mills are stopping in part or wholly and the West with a large grain crop at high prices is the only apparently prosperous part of the country. Cotton and wool, however, are very low and with political security and a yellow currency would afford a safe basis for prosperity.

I suppose we have written now more than you will be able to read before passing Nahant so I will spare you further distraction and hope to see you now delightfully soon.

December 8th, 1869.

My dear Sara,—M. Aurelius says, where I first opened your very acceptable book, that he was indebted to the gods for a good sister, and if he had passed a summer with her¹⁷ I am sure he would have thanked the gods all the more fervently, though to be sure such supplementary experiences, though most pleasant, were quite unnecessary for the confirmation of the uniform feeling of years. I am glad we both live on the original land [i.e., not Back Bay *made* land] and hope when my present tenants¹⁸ get tired of my house we shall oftener see you in its devious ways.

I must confess I am disappointed that your volume of poems which I have long been expecting is not ready—it would have been such a charming gift, but I fear we have taken up all your time this summer and prevented it from being ready for Christmas.

Here is a characteristically enigmatical note in relation to an election of Wardens at King's Chapel.

Arthur T. Lyman to Sara P. Lowell

December 26th, 1869. 10 P.M.

Dear Sara,—Whether the Pope¹⁹ succumbs or not, the names should be got all the same unless you wish to keep the sting that it is all for you. He should have at least a hundred hornets to make him understand the position.

In wrath, affectionately, ARTHUR.

I guess Junior Warden after this will spell his name with a Q.²⁰

Lissie is all right now. Don't stroke her down if you see her tomorrow. "*Occasionem cognosce.*" (Sketch) *Sic semper tyrannis.*

¹⁷ At Quincy with Grandmamma Lowell.

¹⁸ i.e., the workmen who were enlarging 16 Mt. Vernon Street.

¹⁹ Samuel E. Russell (nicknamed the Pope) was Junior Warden of King's Chapel from 1866-67 and Senior Warden 1867-70.

²⁰ Mr. Edward Pickering was Junior Warden 1870-80 and was re-elected. Perhaps he had to "mind his P's and Q's" when Mr. Russell was dropped at the Easter meeting of 1870.

CHAPTER III

Julia and Arthur

It is heaven on earth when parents are young and the children are little.
—*Victor Hugo.*

ELLA LYMAN quoted this sentence in one of her early journals, and beautifully her letters and diaries of the years between 1860 and 1864 picture this heaven. Even in their outward form they are such gay little notebooks—blue and green, dotted with gold stars or flowers.

Many of the letters of 1862 and 1863 are written to her sister Elizabeth R. Lowell when she was abroad. The Lowells sailed in June 1862 and got back in October 1863. They were in Paris, Germany, and Italy most of the time and returned laden with marvelous gifts for all the grandchildren. There were soldiers in complete costume for the boys (George Lowell and Arthur Lyman), dolls for all the girls, watches for Percy Lowell, Lillie and Alice Sohier, a gold bracelet for Olivia Lowell, microscopes for Lawrence and Johnnie Lowell, and a lovely scarlet cloak for Julia Lyman. For our mother the Lowells brought Paris dresses, bonnets, cloaks, gloves, notepaper, and a new fashion device—invisible nets made of hair.

Grandfather Lowell also brought home three stained-glass windows copied from Carlo Dolce for King's Chapel, A.T.L. having climbed up to the high church windows and sent very careful measurements of them. The vestry held a special meeting "to thank Mr. Lowell for his munificent gift." Of the Christ figure Mamma wrote: "The figure of our Lord as we looked up at it at the Holy Communion was most touching in its divine purity."

Again and again in the early letters springs up fountainlike the phrase: "Little Julia is more lovely than ever." It is as if they kept seeing her anew—more enchanting. She was quick to learn to speak plainly, made violent efforts to creep at seven months, and in July 1860 at eighteen months could say almost



ELLA LYMAN WITH JULIA

everything, even the last words of each line of many bits of poetry and "I'm astonished" which, Mamma writes, sounded very funnily in her little mouth. The remembrance of Grandpa and Grandma Lowell, devoted Aunt Lissie, and fascinating seventeen-year-old Aunt Sara were kept close to her. She was taught to curtsy and bow with, "How do do, Grandpa," to his picture.

She was well and merry, and, like the children of all the generations, loved to go to the farm, to watch the cows rambling into the barn, and to visit the pigs. But Julia at two and a half evolved a new idea about the pigs. I suppose her neat and orderly nature was offended by the lack of cleanliness in the pig-pen, for she said that "the mamma pigs ought to have hands to wash their babies."

Julia was a shy though talkative little child. Once preparing to go with some other children to the Sunday School Carols, she said wistfully, "I hope you'll stand between." At two and a half years she would shut her eyes whenever looked at by a stranger. But home from a silent drive she recounted all that she had seen with great vivacity. "And Papa I'll tell 'oo. I saw a great dog. He looked like Bruno. I think it was Bruno, only his face was white like a moolie cow's." Nor was Julia limited in her early friendships. One day she showed her bracelet and brooch to the coal-man: "I want him to tell all the other people that I've got them." And when the family was moving to Boston, Julia made the announcement well ahead: "Good-by, Bull, tell all your friends, the moolie cows and bossies that I'm going to town Friday fortnight."

Before she was three her brother Arthur came to be her lifelong friend. He was born in Waltham August 31st, 1861, in what was later the Searses' house. Julia said of him in 1862 what she thought always: "That boy in your arms is precious, Mamie Adams."

Journal of Ella Lyman

July 3rd, 1861.—Julia amuses herself like a little kitten only requiring a word of sympathy now and then. Arthur was read-

ing Mr. Everett's address aloud the other day and like a canary bird Julia sang louder and louder, but after he had gone out, I heard her say to "Billy-boy," "Now, Billy-boy, you mustn't sing or talk for I am going to read."

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Sunday, July 14th, 1861.

My dearest Lizzie,—Mary and I have been very busy dress-making for Julia; and I have enjoyed sitting so much with the dear little thing. I cannot tell you what a comfort and blessing she is to me; and I thank God every day that He gave her to me. I only hope I shall not spoil her, for He *made* her good and she is so winning that it is very hard to resist her little willful ways.

The time passes quietly and pleasantly here. The heat was terrible last week, but now it is delightful again. We breakfast at quarter past six and I never realized until this year how lovely and fresh the early morning is. Often it is the only fresh time in the day. I should often walk at seven, when Arthur goes, if I had a companion, but both Lydia and Julia prefer a later hour. I have had only two little walks with Lydia, but she seems very bright and happy, and practices, takes care of the chickens, and rows on the ponds about as usual. I wish you could hear the birds. I have heard so many. Mary thinks they must have left the South on account of the war. The fireflies have been most brilliant this summer, flying very high. We had one in the house the other evening, it looked very strangely floating about the room. I have not been to church today on account of the rain, but it is not as pleasant, or as well, if you *can* go, I think. I would never contract a habit of staying at home if I could help it. It requires a good deal of self-command to use it quite as one ought without any outward help. The long quiet days are delightful here, and Julia is a dear little companion. She makes pudding; and shoots woodcocks; and reads in her little picture books; and makes trimming for her "Japanese baby" which

Aunt Sarah Sears brought from New York. I think you will find her very amusing.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Waltham, August 1861.

My dearest Mamma,—All is quiet and beautiful around us—nothing but rustling of the wind in the branches—and the hum of the locusts is heard. Julia is asleep in the crib upstairs, after having sung and talked for more than an hour, and Arthur is reading in the window. We have but ten days more to stay in this beautiful place, and sometimes on Arthur's and Julia's account I question the wisdom of my decision to move, but on the whole I think it must be best. Julia is happy anywhere; and Boston will be healthy now, and I can have her out nearly as much. It will be less well for Arthur. Perhaps he will come out and pass the night at his mother's sometimes.

What charming weather we are having. I feel that I have had quite a little autumn; as well as summer. Julia took her old walk to Mr. Clark's and came home with her hat ornamented with feathers. She seems perfectly well again, full of the highest spirits, and her appetite continues very regular. She has learned to dance quite prettily, and never goes into the kitchen without peals of merriment at her performances. Julia says, "I think I must go to Pemberton Square when I get to Boston and see Aunt Lissie."

Ever, dear Mamma, with more love to you than you can ever know! Your ELLA.

The next letters are written nearly a year later, after Arthur was born and during a time when there was great anxiety about the Civil War. But I found so much comment on the war in these letters and diaries to my mother's family abroad that it seemed wise to give a separate chapter to them, even though this involved dividing parts of the letters and not keeping throughout the chronological order.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Waltham, July 13th, 1862.

Dearest Lizzie,—When I saw the enormous, almost fearful vessel leave [referring to the Lowells' going abroad] I felt almost that a part of myself had gone. And yet, dear Lizzie, I am far richer than when I went with them before. Dear Arthur and the sweet little babies whom I found when I came home—they are priceless blessings and I am thankful for them, and thankful that I have had my dear father and mother and sisters near me so long. Today I have written an incoherent illegible letter on thin paper and soon I shall hope to hear.

We seem very patriarchal here—four families besides the parental one—and it is very pleasant. We meet always on Sunday evenings, but I have seen very little of them, for I have been away so much. Sarah is not so strong in walking yet—the distance although not great is greater than from the hill. We like our house very much, it is very comfortable and convenient, and the place is pretty with a view of Prospect Hill and a very pretty one towards Mrs. Lyman's.

Journal of Ella Lyman

July 20th, 1862.—Julia says: "I wonder if Mr. Grandpa Lowell has got *Slovenly Peter* in Paris." She prays for you all and then adds: "I shall 'queez them." Arthur's delight now is creeping everywhere with both his father's red slippers. Julia said yesterday that she must hop all the way to Paris. I have combed her hair back with a round comb and then curled it. We think it quite becoming. Baby is lovely and he enjoys Julia's new generosity very much, and she builds houses for him to upset, which he does with great glee. Julia's love and admiration for Lissie led her to this comparison: "That's a very handsome button, almost like Aunt Lissie's face."

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Waltham, July 20th, 1862.

. . . Julia is bright and merry, still feeling the much loved "*blank*," distinguishing bed blankets as "those blankets that have no sweet feeling in them." She wanted me to tell Grandma Lowell that she tried to make Brother happy. She is now carrying away Arthur's heavy shoes and getting him his slippers—in so doing she let one drop and came running to me to kiss the foot. No wonder! such a weight! Little Arthur raises himself now by all the chairs and one day actually went up two stairs. I fear he will walk too soon but we do not encourage it.¹ We had a very heavy thundershower on Monday night, but the babies both slept through it undisturbed. We have had much cooler weather since you left, with the exception of one or two severe days. You would laugh if you could see the dear babies. I was telling Julia the letters on the blocks one day and came to O. I asked her if she did not know that one. "Oh yes!" she said, "but I thought I would ask you to see what you would say!" Tuesday was Grandma Pratt's birthday—ninety-five years old. We did not go over as usual for she thought she should prefer having no company, but she is finely and lovely as ever. . . . She has pulled some lint for the wounded soldiers most beautifully—every thread straight.

Sunday, September 14th, 1862.

. . . I cannot tell you how often I wish you all could see the children. We think them lovelier than ever. They begin now to play together rather more and Julia is proving very kind to her little brother and lets him have her most sacred playthings and even her blanket. She looks very prettily this afternoon with bright-colored flowers which Arthur has put in her hair. The day the letters last came she said: "I have got some kisses in my mouth, and I mean to take them out in my hand, and put them in Cora's (the dolly's) box, until my Aunt Lissie comes home." I was telling her about the catechism one day,

¹ Papa in fact pulled him down whenever he tried to stand, but unsuccessfully!

and asked her the first question, which, of course, she knew, but to the second she answered, "God made me because my mamma wanted me so much." . . .

Julia has been made very happy by a gray-and-white bunny to match Brother's white.

Julia says her prayers very nicely, and whenever she has done wrong puts in of her own accord "and forgive me," but I do not know how much she understands. I do not mean to tell her much until she is older. I always dread making sacred things too familiar and thereby, before any interest is awakened, destroying their sacredness. It is a great responsibility to bring up children rightly. May God give us wisdom.

My own dearest Lissie, I love you more than you will ever know. You have been a most lovely, loving, devoted sister to me.

Journal of Ella Lyman

When I was cutting out Julia's scarlet dress and little Arthur's nightgown, I had to take away Julia's scissors because she cut my work, whereupon Julia: "Mrs. Lyman, my little girl was very troublesome. I was very much grieved, she cut up all my work and course I had to take away her scissors and put her in the cellar. Mamma, do you know why I look so sober? It is because I pushed my brother down. Brother's a very different child from me. He doesn't seem to care to sew and he seems to be more active. He doesn't seem to know what is strong, now he thinks he can throw that plate down."

Brother was indeed very active. One day he mounted into Julia's chair at the supper table, nearly upset her tumbler of milk, tossed away the bread, pushed away the waiter and turned the plate upside down, finally burning his fingers on the lamp.

When Julia (three) was not kind to her little brother she was told by Mamie Adams that St. Nicholas loved good girls and might bring her no present. "Oh yes, he will for he won't know it, God won't tell him." But on going to bed she felt anxious and asked whether St. Nicholas lived in heaven too (fearing

his omniscience). But St. Nicholas did not get too deeply impressed and Christmas was a gala day. Amory the doll appeared with a new head, each child had a tin pail and Lulu Lowell gave Arthur a barley sugar dog. Afterwards at Aunt Kitty's there was a tree. Arthur was sociable, Julia timid. Whereupon Lawrence Lowell remarked: "Julia cries whenever you touch her, just like the twins" [Bessie and Roger].

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

September 28th, 1862.

My dearest Lizzie,—I wish we were together this rainy Sunday afternoon. I have been thinking again (it is not a very new thought) how thankful I was for my little children to make the house bright and sunny even in darkness. I am almost sorry that I asked you to come out that day, for I am afraid you will think of me as alone and try to come when you cannot easily. Do not, darling, it was only that I should enjoy seeing you. I am very well, and very happy and very busy, and the time passes quickly.

I hope the bad weather does not extend to Washington. Arthur expected to pass Sunday there, I may have a note tomorrow or Tuesday. Did Mr. Foote allude to Wilder Dwight today? Arthur said the funeral was very impressive and quite comforting as they bore him through the quiet country on that beautiful day. If we could only live as believing in immortality, death would not be so strange and life's trials far less hard. Six years ago today Arthur passed Sunday at Beverly with Mr. Coolidge. How long ago it seems, and how many causes for thankfulness since then!

Journal of Ella Lyman

October, 1862.—We went up Prospect Hill on Thursday afternoon. I enjoyed it very much, Sarah and Mr. Sears, Annie² and Mr. Foote and I. Poor Arthur was not well enough

² Annie Peabody (Mrs. Henry P. Bellows).

to go.³ The trees are changing beautifully, the view was superb. We lost our way coming home, which only however made it more amusing.

Julia enjoyed Annie's visit very much and imposed upon her almost as much as upon Aunt Lissie and Aunt Sara. She is growing very old and learning to use very long words, "I think so myself," etc. The other day she had several times made little brother cry and finally stepped purposely on his little hand, and I told her she must breakfast in the nursery that day. I heard her tell Jessie she must help her set the table, and to set her seat in the dining room. I of course forbade this, and she said, "If you had 'vited me to breakfast in the dining room course I should, but as you didn't 'vite me I thought I would breakfast in the kitchen. They'll give me full as many good things in the kitchen as in the dining room." The nursery breakfast however took place without a word of remonstrance and she has been much gentler since. But I heard her say: "Seems to me it's not much good having dinner in the nursery. Not very polite." Today I heard her tell Jessie: "That brother is a blessed brother."

She had my bracelets one afternoon and when I asked her to give them up at first remonstrated, but when she found it inevitable she said: "Well I don't know but it's well enough. I've worn them all the afternoon." Her imagination is as lively as ever. I asked her to carry some message for me. "I'll go," she said, "as soon as I've laid down my needle for fear it might prick my fingers." The needle was only "make-believe." She is delighted to receive any message and little notes from you. Little Arthur too is lovely. He says "Up" quite plainly when he wants to come into my bed in the morning. He can almost say "Aunt" and calls "Jess" whenever she appears in sight. He climbs everywhere and we follow. He stands in awe and admiration of Julia and does not dare knock down her houses when she forbids him, and at any disappointment lays his little head flat on the ground. He is very lovely and winning. Julia asked me the other night whether I supposed God knew

³ He came back ill from the battle-ground trip.

whether her teeth were clean. She is very inquisitive about heaven and wants to know whether people go with their night-gowns on. One day she was playing by herself and I heard her say: "My cook Bessie says I'm abomable, and she's gone to do God's cooking."

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

October 12th, 1862.

Baby went to the baker's to buy Julia a loaf of bread, to her great delight. He picked up my scissors. She said: "Boys are not careful, they cannot have scissors, but little girls are *rather careful*, they can have blunt scissors."

Thank Mamma for the rug and couch, which will be very useful to us. The rug almost overcame me, it reminded me so much of her. With them Abby had put some little cardboard numbers for Julia, with which she played nearly two days, especially delighted because the "spressman" brought them.

. . . I long so much to see you all and hear your dear voices again. We are all perfectly well, I am unusually so. Arthur is bright and hopeful about the war. I suppose you know more of Lucy, Kitty, and Sue than I do. Do not feel more troubled than you can help about all this bad news. We cannot be thankful enough that peace is coming nearer to us, and it is all in God's hands. May He make us thankful and teach us to trust in him forever.

My mother's birthday this year was a specially happy one. Little Julia presented her with a brooch from Papa and a letter. A.T.L. stayed out all day with her or working in the garden. Grandma Lyman sent her a whole wreath of flowers with Hamburg grapes in the centre, and from Oakley Aunt Mary Pratt sent violets and pears.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lyman

Waltham, November 1st, 1862.

My dearest Ella,—Already dearest yet always dearer, I offer you a new brooch with new love. I wish I always returned

the happiness I receive and always bore in mind the feelings and knowledge which I have. As life goes on it rather seems to diminish than to increase the age, for the former years seem to become absorbed into the life of the last six, and so instead of being as we should have been, rather less than thirty, we are rather less than ten. So we are but little older than the children, and begin again with them. I wish you and they had as good companions as I have.

May the year afford you as much happiness as you give. May every blessing attend you. Most affectionately, ARTHUR.

Ella Lyman to Arthur T. Lyman

December 8th, 1862.

Heaven bless you, my own dearest Arthur, and crown each year of your life with joy. My love to you grows ever deeper and stronger—stronger far than our frail bodies—more enduring than the earth. I know that it will last through all eternity purifying and deepening more and more. May God help me and the little ones whom He has given us to render to you that happiness which you daily and hourly give to us, and may He help us in joy and in sorrow to trust in Him and love Him more and more. Ever your own ELLA.

Journal of Ella Lyman

November 9th, 1862.—Julia says: "I would let Brother have my workbox only it's so liable to break." Tell Sara little Arthur amuses himself with putting the chain over the bronze dog's nose, as she used to do. Julia one evening in a sudden access of affection said to him: "Come, Brother, let's get to love each other," and asked me to put him on her lap.

She told me when she came home from Grandma's: "I saw William Pratt and I saw his gold buttons, and I said 'How do you do?' to him. I did not say 'Bon jour' to him because he did not speak French to me. Mamma, there's one word of French I do not know." . . . When Julia heard of the death of Mary's niece she looked very sober and said, "I guess she'll grow up



ELLA LYMAN
With Arthur



ARTHUR T. LYMAN
With Julia

again," and little Arthur seeing she looked grieved, put up his mouth to kiss her.

November 30th, 1862.—Julia: "I love Boston because Aunt Lissie lives there." "I love Brother better than the Stars and Stripes, but I love you best of all."

It was cold so I hurried, dancing Julia across the Common, to try on hats. Julia got a scarlet-and-white hat, and a gray cloak trimmed with scarlet. "I look like a fairy, Brother," she said as she put on her hat.

"Brother takes my workbox and spills all the things on the floor. He thinks that's the place for them, but when he's older I shall teach him to do better."

Julia was able to express even then what many people feel about one another: "I love my brother but I get dreadfully put out with him." One of the times when she got put out with him was in October 1862. Her mother on coming home asked her if she had been in mischief. Julia answered truthfully. "I did a little mischief with that thing on your lap. I shut his little face up in a dipper because he cried a good deal."

Journal of Ella Lyman

December 1862.—Julia (nearly four): "Is God powerful? There's a man in my newspaper who's very powerful. He looks like Mr. Hill. How can we go to heaven all by ourselves? Will God take me up in his arms? How can He when He is in heaven? He'll have to come down to my house. Can God see me? Can He see Aunt Lissie in Paris? How can He see Paris when he lives in heaven? If you were in heaven you could not see Paris."

"But God is not a man."

Julia: "Yes, God is a man, He wears a high hat just like Papa's. All men wear high hats. If God isn't a man He must be a woman. Is He a woman?" Then: "Papa is *wise*. He knows everything and he tells you almost all he knows."

December 1862.—Julia wanted to know what Noah's Ark

meant and when told that all except Noah's family had done wrong, inquired anxiously whether there were any little girls in the Ark and if so whether they were kind to their brothers (evidently fearing a similar fate), so I told her the story of the rainbow.

Julia refused to take oil and cried. I explained that it was inevitable.

Julia: "Well, if you'll put that gold bracelet on the bed and let me have it after I've taken it, I will," opened her mouth and swallowed it at once.

January 21st, 1863.—At dinner Arthur put his little foot on the table. Julia: "Take your foot off the table, Brother. If you don't, I won't marry you. I will marry somebody else. I won't have anybody put their feet on my dinner table."

January 24th, 1863.—Little Arthur on waking thought himself alone. When on looking he saw me still in bed, he threw himself with open arms upon me.

Arthur (1½ years) waked very lively, so desirous to play with Noah's Ark that he could not eat his dinner. When satisfied with playing he drew a chair to the table, mounted into it, and fed himself with broth, meat, macaroni, etc., afterwards carried his little chair to the washstand and made believe brush his teeth.

Julia: "I tried to please Brother and he *got pleased* and laughed a great deal."

January 30th, 1863.—My own little Julia's birthday. She is four years old. I thank God that He gave and preserved her to me, my comfort, my blessing, and my joy.

February 5th, 1863.—Julia pushed Arthur and he fell over. "Julia," said Mary, "God is not pleased when you push your brother." "Did He see me?" asked Julia. "How can He see? Does He ever come down from heaven? I guess He does, for I think I met him one day with a long beard and a long nose."

Julia, looking out at the stars: "Oh, what a beautiful God to make the stars and sky so pretty," and then the next morning, "and to make the snow so pretty."

March 14th, 1863.—Took Julia to see Mr. and Mrs. Tom

Thumb at Tremont Temple. Mrs. Tom Thumb was ill and could not act. Julia bore her disappointment sweetly, only inquiring the particulars of Mrs. Tom Thumb's indisposition.

March 1863.—“Don't you think, Abby, that I got over that little trouble of mine the day I was here before very well?” “What little trouble?” “Why, when that lady came in and you talked all the time to her and not at all to me.”

On April 12th, 1863, my mother lost the new baby she had hoped for. It was a boy and (though tiny) its little chin, she said, looked like A.T.L.'s. In her grief she longed to know that she should see the baby again in heaven. Her diary gives a few notes of a talk with A.T.L. that she evidently meant to write out further.

Journal of Ella Lyman

Even at the moment I said “God's will be done,” and yet I would have given worlds to have it otherwise. . . . Arthur's tenderness. He said: “Spirits hovering around one for that one. . . . It is like the acorn with the oak folded up within it. It is more natural to think this than to believe the soul inserted at any one time.” Longing for the certainty of its immortality. One would hardly know a little baby had a soul until after some months. There can be no waste for God. Eternity as compared to this world makes time here seem as nothing. But He knows best. Lessons to be learned.

Sunday, May 17th, 1863.—Dear Arthur! I said to him, “It was a dear little baby, wasn't it? I wonder if we shall ever see it again!” He said, “Perhaps Abby [the old Lowell family nurse who was dying] will see it—perhaps she will take care of the baby.” I know she would love it for my sake.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lyman

New York, April 22nd, 1863.

My dearest Ella,—I arrived here safely last night about eleven o'clock, dusty, notwithstanding the rains. On my way

down town this morning, I called on Sally,⁴ and as she wished to have me stay there, I shall go to the house tonight. She dines out with James's bride today, but invited me to dine with her mother.

The weather is fine, but then it is good in Boston and there are several other fine things there besides. I hope Julia feels easy in mind about the packing of my trunk. I forgot to thank her for her good wishes and acts.

I am busy this morning arranging the bids to be put in here and in Philadelphia. I don't myself feel any confidence of getting any accepted, but I make them as low as I think it worth while to do the work for. The risk and trouble to the company are serious. However, it was necessary to come here at some time, and though I should have preferred almost any other rather than leave you at this, yet I think you are doing well and I hope the babies will be very attentive to you, especially as the maple sugar is in your closet.

I am grieved to think of the cause which makes you sick and think you have borne with most exemplary cheerfulness this great disappointment and sorrow—a distressing loss. I hope to find you better and shall be delighted to see you all again.

Yours affectionately, ARTHUR.

Julia said she should put a kiss on my pillow every night. Give her one from me.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Waltham, June 14th, 1863.

My dearest Lissie,—I have written a little note to dear Sara telling her how rejoiced I was to receive the little package which Mrs. Upham brought—her most beautiful little dress for Arthur and the dear little book which you sent to Julia, but I must tell you also how delighted Julia was. She danced round and round the room saying, “Oh, I'm pleased in the most happy way! Brother and I both! All the way from Paris, only think, Mamma! Only think Lissie! That precious Auntie Lis!” She

⁴ Mrs. George T. Lyman (Papa's sister-in-law).

said that she “’ferred to have it read in French,” because that was the way it was written in the book. But afterwards she wished to have it read in English and enjoyed hearing the stories very much. She took it to bed with her and had it on the window in the morning. Almost before I was awake, I heard her making believe read it.

Sara’s dress is most beautiful and Arthur looks very prettily in it. He was highly delighted with it himself and turned round and round like a little peacock. How much time it must have taken her to work it. I was so much pleased and delighted that I felt quite rested after the unpacking.

The children are lovely. They are enchanted with the country. Arthur says, “Oh beau’ful Waltham, beau’ful posies!” He talks very nicely now and knows the last word of many of the Mother Goose stories. He is very watchful of Julia and warns her against all dangers. “Dolor fall,” “Dolar tear,” “Don’t touch, Dolor.” He does not grow fat though he has a most excellent appetite, but his eyes are bright and his complexion is clear. Julia is so womanly and old. I really believe she knows more of housekeeping than many people five times her age. Nothing escapes her observation, nothing fails to excite her interest.

Ella Lyman to John Amory Lowell

Waltham, June 28th, 1863.

My dearest Papa,—I am writing to you on a veritable Waltham Sunday, bright and sunny and warm, just hot enough to make all but me, rejoice. We have thus far had a very cool month of June, fires during many of the evenings, and silk dresses have been more comfortable than muslins. The country never looked more beautifully—the foliage very thick and abundant, were it not for the caterpillars and cankerworms, to whom the war is very favorable. The cankerworms flourish because of the high price of tar, and the caterpillars from the high price and scarcity of labor. Thus the war affects even the worms, but the streets are as full as ever, and the shops never better attended, even the fancy dealers in engravings, jewelry,

etc., are very successful, and people pay \$1.50 for gloves as readily as they formerly paid 75 cents. I do not know where to think of you now, but shall hear of you with pleasure as having returned from Russia. The distance seems far greater to me from knowing nothing of the places which you have seen there. Where I have been with you I can imagine you with ease.

I have been quite dissipated this week, for Waltham—having been to Brookline, to Cambridge, to Boston, and once out to drive—quite a list for a Waltham week. The drive was to see Theodore and Mimi, who were so cordial and natural, that one almost forgot the two years of separation. And I was so glad to hear of you from her, and I hope to hear more when I see her again. The baby was brought down—a little Shaw baby, we thought, so round and merry, as to prove that the traveling could have done her no harm. It was good to see them at home again, and made me feel as though you were really coming too. Tell Lissie that the other evening Julia burst out suddenly crying and said “she did wish Aunt Lissie would come home.” She has grown very tall and looks older, but in manners and pronunciation she is decidedly younger from playing with Arthur, whom she imitates quite as much as he imitates her. They are very nice playmates now that he has grown older and can talk. They play out in the garden for hours together and Arthur can scarcely be persuaded to come in. He absolutely refuses to ride in his chaise now that he has once tasted the delight of being upon his own feet. He has discovered the way to the strawberry bed and as he is extravagantly fond of them (always refusing to bite one, fearing he may lose the other half)—it is very hard to keep him away from them. He had been digging the other afternoon and suddenly dropped his little shovel. Mamie asked him where he was going, and he replied: “To make pudding-y,” but darted to the strawberry bed, whence he was rescued with some difficulty.

You would have laughed the other morning had you looked out from my window. Arthur has been mowing round the house for exercise and as he was to be gone all day, asked me if Mamie and the children could not turn the hay for him. (There was

not much.) Poor Mamie fulfilled his request under difficulties, and it was both laughable and melancholy to see her, in a Shaker sunbonnet, turning the hay with a long stick, while she anxiously and fruitlessly called the two children, running each in a different direction. Little Arthur is so winning and beseeching in his little ways, that one can scarcely resist him. What can anyone do when he looks up pitifully and says, "Mamma, take the boy" or "Mamie, lift the boy"? It was very pretty this morning to see Arthur covering him with the hay, the little fellow not the least afraid, only calling "Dolor come!" He is not timid, goes directly up to dogs and animals of all kinds. Poor Julia has not the same boldness. She has tried hard this summer not to be afraid of dogs, but she said one day, "I should think Aunt Lydia Paine's little baby would not like to live at Grandma Lyman's house. Something else lives there, something white which barks." "You are not afraid of Crib now, are you?" "Oh, no!" she said, "but a little baby would be." Someone said on Monday that if it rained the clothes would get another washing. "If it would only rain soapsuds," said Julia.

Journal of Ella Lyman

July 5th, 1863.—In the evening Julia was tired and began to cry. Little Arthur brought her both Billies to console her and then began to sing "Old King Cole was a merry old soul." Julia was delighted with his sympathy, put both arms round his neck, saying, "Arthur is my boy," but unfortunately both rolled over. Arthur about to cry, but when answered that Dolor was only loving him, was quite consoled.

Charlie Putnam came out with a newspaper announcing the death of Sumner Paine only eighteen years old. Charlie, almost overcome, wished to get a commission. Sumner Paine was killed at Gettysburg by the last volley fire that day. . . . Put dear little Arthur to sleep in my arms and remembered that the day might come when he also might be called to scenes of war.

July 1863.—Dear little Arthur waked in the night saying mournfully: "All dark, Brother can't get up. Mamma take

him." Could not resist his little appeal. He played with the flowers at the head of my bed.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Nursery, Waltham, July 19th, 1863.

Dearest Lizzie,—If many are the mistakes and few the comprehensible sentences of my note, the date must excuse them. The two babies in white dresses are building block houses on the floor, every now and then asking Mamma to build one for them, or calling Papa to come and see. Little Arthur talks more and more fluently every day, and his lovely little babyhood seems too precious to be lost for a day. They play together very nicely, one riding on the horse and the other serving as coachman. This morning they played sweetly in my bed, Arthur patting Julia gently on the cheek and saying, "Dear Sistie, precious Dolor!" They are a great and constant pleasure.

I did not mean that so long a time should have slipped away before your dear note was answered, and now I have many adventures to relate to you. On Thursday we went to hear Dr. Walker, with Sarah and Mr. Sears, and tell your dear Mother that I did not linger to talk to her at the carriage door, as I felt tempted to do, because I feared she might ask us to drive in with her and that it might not be perfectly convenient. Why were you not at Cambridge? Dr. Walker's oration was most beautiful—and to me far more encouraging than the sermon before the Legislature—and the touching close, the appeal to what "the children had done," and to "the monument for the sons of Harvard who have died for their country" was truly beautiful.

After the oration, Sarah and I went to Boston—I to see Mrs. Paine, Sarah to do some errands. The Paines were all calm but very sad. They showed me Sumner's photograph taken with several others of his class, and a better one taken some time ago. Mrs. Paine wishes there were no exemption clause in the draft. She thinks it creates ill feeling among the poor, and that no gifts are too great, no lives too precious not to be given to the cause. I had said that I thought gifts such as Mr. Foote has would be wasted as a common soldier—but they all thought that

he could do as much good in the Army as anywhere and that the good to be done there was more important than anywhere else. Yet had there never been single-hearted preaching would our young men have gone forth to their noble sacrifice? Even had these Christianizing influences never affected them,—they have affected their mothers and themselves, thus, indirectly. Then they talked of Sumner, and Mrs. Paine said what a comfort it had been to her to know how much he was beloved by the soldiers. She knew he would be brave! She said to Lydia before that she did not fear death for anyone, and Lydia said “I cannot feel as you do.” She answered, “You cannot now, for you are young and joyous. I was once—I used to dread death—now I dread life.” What an abyss of suffering she must have passed through before she could say that! Suffering in comparison with which death is as a trifle.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Sunday, August 2nd, 1863.

My dearest Lissie,—I trust that you are not as hot in Paris as we are here. During the entire month of July we have had constant rains with a warm southerly wind. The thermometer says “July cooler than the average.” What then must the average be! Every shower clears up warmer than before. It has been that damp, moist heat which we call “August weather” and now August has begun to justify the title. Now having berated the weather, I feel cooler and can turn to something pleasanter. The children are constantly talking about your coming home. Arthur says “Banpa and Banma, Aunt Lissie and Aunt Sara” and Julia forms many imaginary schemes of what she shall do when that delightful time comes. You will be surprised to see how dear little Arthur has grown up. He runs about after Julia and plays with her as prettily as possible. I hear his little voice above me now. He has just waked up from his nap and he is singing to himself in his little crib. It will be delightful to have anyone who is as partial to the children as I am! I am so constantly thinking of them that I may weary others by my little tales about them, but I need never fear wearying you for

your love is almost as great as mine, and it is such a comfort to feel that it is. . . .

Julia's imagination is as lively as ever. Arthur took up the little box of blocks and ran away with it. "My husband," remarked Julia gravely, "has carried away the bookcase." When they play together she invariably addresses him as "Ma" and in that personification he represents a lady.

I always have a frolic with them on Sunday mornings, and today when Arthur heard Julia's little voice he said "Dolor in Mamma's bed," and then after she came they pretended to be putting camphor, or "camp" as Arthur calls it, upon various imaginary mosquito bites. We all dined at Mrs. Lyman's on Thursday except dear little Arthur who was not well that day; and in the afternoon he looked thoughtfully out of the window and said, "Hope Papa and Mamma and Dolor'll come home to see him boy!" This is one of his favorite modes of expression. "See him, Mamma." "See him, Strawbelly bird," etc. Today when he waked he said, "Mamie gone ride a cock horse," the last impression as she drove off in the omnibus remaining the strongest.

Elmira is very kind and gentle with the children, but they do not enjoy having her dress and undress them and we have had many struggles. I had undressed Julia because at first Mamie could not take care of both; and it was far easier for me to undress her, but now that they are both so large it is better that the nurse should do it. The breaking of this old habit has been painful to us both. Last night "Mily" rubbed Julia's back when she had undressed her, as she had seen me do. Julia burst into a flood of tears and besought me to take off her nightgown and rub it again! This appeal I resisted and I hope there will be no further trouble.

Lydia's baby is a very fine one, large and fat and fair; fine blue eyes and a sunny pleasant smile like Robert's. We have just begun to read the third volume of *Irving's Life* together. I often go for a drive with Sarah and Lydia. I am glad to meet them thus for I walk but little now that it is so hot.

Tell Mamma that Ann thought I had gained flesh. I feel really uncomfortable that I have given you all so much shopping to do for me. Do omit anything which is particularly troublesome.

I wonder if the President's Thanksgiving⁵ is to be observed in Paris. King's Chapel is actually to open—opened for Thanksgiving in August. Is not this a triumph? But Mr. Foote of course will not officiate, he will probably not even hear of it.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Waltham, August 2nd, 1863.

My dearest Lizzie,—Many, many thanks for your dear notes which I received on Tuesday. Thank you for them all—and especially for telling me what was most deeply in your heart. Dearest Lizzie, why are our love and sympathy for one another made so deep and ever-abiding if we may not open our hearts to one another? You are indeed, as Aunt Anna says, “a ray of sunshine,” and what more blessed mission could you ask—to bring comfort and cheer and peace even for a few moments to those we love! Is it not a comfort that we may hope for a life where there shall be no overhanging threatening clouds—where we shall know even as we are known.

My precious Lizzie, you are an inexpressible comfort to me. I always have such a lasting peaceful confidence in your love and loving charity for me. Always tell me whatever you are thinking of. Do not fear troubling me—I *must* know what you are thinking and doing—I love you so much. Perhaps I shall come in and call upon you some day—for I have been a good deal troubled with the toothache and fear that I ought to pay Dr. Wilson a visit, and if I do I shall add to it a far more agreeable visit to my Lizzie.

Arthur has been at home most of last week with a slight attack of rheumatism. I rejoiced in the effect though not in the cause. I am sometimes tempted to wish that he were a minister

⁵ Abraham Lincoln's Proclamation for a Thanksgiving service after the Battle of Gettysburg.

so that he might have a vacation too. He employed his four days' leisure in weeding the strawberry bed, and the great heat which this process occasioned cured the rheumatism. How strangely depressing heat and little physical ailments are! How strangely dependent our souls are upon our poor frail bodies, and how will they not rejoice when free! Sometimes I am seized with an indescribable longing for that dear little child which I had hoped soon to welcome, but I know that God saw it to be best that those hopes should not be fulfilled.

The dear children are the greatest happiness. Julia is getting to an age where there are many thoughts of character, as well as of the little body. May God grant us wisdom to meet the responsibility which daily arises. Were it not for the belief in God's overruling care one would often tremble.

Your ever loving Ella, to whom you are even dearer than words can tell.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Waltham, September 1st, 1863.

My dearest Lissie,—All is over. Dear little Roger⁶ breathed his last yesterday morning at four o'clock. How grieved I am for them, for Mamma, for you all, I cannot tell. Dear little Roger, his lovely little face as I saw it last in Beverly, sitting in his high chair at breakfast, is ever present with me. He is gone before and could we but feel as Julia does in her child faith that we all are going to see dear "Oge" soon, we should rejoice that sorrow and suffering are over for him, that whatever comes to the rest of us in this troublous world he at least is safe. I said to Augustus that night that I trusted he would be spared to be a great comfort to him. Perhaps he may be now in a far deeper sense than I meant. He had such a beautiful look in his eyes when I said it. Dear Mamma's coming will be so different now, but God knows better than we, "He whose love exceedeth ours hath taken home his child." May He comfort and uphold them. . . .

⁶ Roger Lowell, son of Augustus Lowell, and twin of Elizabeth Lowell Putnam.

Journal of Ella Lyman

September 2nd, 1863.—Dear Arthur came out at six. He has been so kind and lovely to me since this trouble came. He said he thought more and more, as he then told me, about immortality. He kept thinking of the little baby we lost in the spring and always as if it had been a year old. He was full of grief and sympathy for Augustus and Kitty in the loss of little Roger. Kitty said she saw it, and seemed much gratified. He said: "It is so much pleasanter to be able to express some sympathy, to meet soul to soul and not merely veil to veil—that is what I am always hoping for when I go into general society. That is one of the defects, so to speak, of this world that there is so little real communion between spirits. I generally go in hope, but come back disappointed."

I said I sometimes wished we were all safely in eternity. "We are going pretty fast nowadays," he replied.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

September 6th, 1863.

My dearest Lizzie,—I am so grieved for dear Mamma that the news of dear little Roger should be the last which she can receive—and our meeting cannot be cloudless now, but I wrote to Sara that although dear Abby's voice of welcome we should miss from among the joy, and although dear little Roger's lovely face would be gone from the little flock—yet we are infinitely blessed in the knowledge that they are safe in that better world where shall be no more sorrow neither parting, and infinitely blessed will be the reunion to those of us whom God permits to meet again.

And dearest Lizzie, I thought of my own little baby, whom they would have welcomed too. I long sometimes unspeakably to see his little face, but if God permit me to see him in another world I shall be more than thankful. Dear Arthur said one night that he had thought of it often since. And he also said that after all the only real comfort in this life was in the feeling that it was but a journey to another and enduring one—that

those who are removed there are but fulfilling their natural course.

Mr. Parsons said one thing this afternoon that I liked very much—that when we borrowed trouble we had not God's grace to help us in that, for He gave His grace only as our real need came—for our real troubles we found peace, for it was given for those, but for our imagined ones it came not. Oh, may God help us all to trust in Him! As I go on in life I give up all plans for the future. I never think of my children as they *may be*—I try to be thankful for them as they are, and am infinitely happy in them now, and more and more cling to Mr. Peabody's oft-repeated injunction, "Trust in God." May He make us *truly*, truly thankful for every peaceful day, for every loving word. May He help us to do what little we may for one another upon the road—and when the separation comes may He help us to say Thy will be done; to feel that it not only *must* but *should* be done.

Arthur has gone to Newport to pass Sunday, and I should be ashamed to tell you how much I miss him. I do not think I undervalued him before, but I am more thankful than ever for the dear children to occupy my time and thoughts while he is gone. And when I think of Mrs. Robert G. Shaw with a long, long life before her before she can see him again, all little troubles, little sorrows, little anxieties, little heartburnings sink into nothing—sink into the prayer that God would comfort her.

My dearest Lizzie, the thought of you, of your love and friendship, is always full of peace. You may not always have it yourself but you always give it to others. I fear from the last sentence in your letter that you are troubled now. You must tell me, darling, even as I tell you. I long to see you. I do not want you to come if you ought not or cannot really spare the time; but if you can, do manage it.

With love unspeakable, dearest Lizzie, Your ELLA.

I did not say that the children were well. I am so thankful that they are. In a month from today I hope, if it be God's will, to be reunited with my dear ones in our own church.

Journal of Ella Lyman

September 10th, 1863.—Julia made a nest of Papa's coat, the sofa cushion, the tidies, and two mosquito nets, then sang: "Dear Brother will come down and we'll play side by side. Whatever one does, the other will do. Whatever one picks, the other will pick. We'll do everything together."

Julia is much elated with Brother's performances. "I 'clare he's smart! He's a very smart boy though he is so small! Only think, he lifted Rob Roy [the toy horse] way from the floor to the nursery table. I 'clare he's almost smart enough for a husband. I guess God and Saviour saw him do that." She then adopted Arthur as her husband, saying: "My husband was christened in the Orthodox church and he has always been there and he likes it, but I don't, for I was always 'customed to go to another church, but *course* I must go with him 'cause he's my husband."

"My husband," she added another day, "has gone to his office, but he doesn't tend to his business work at all!"

Arthur's nurse Elmira said that she could always tell when he was looking at any living thing from the tone of his voice. "A little fly lighted on his arrowroot tonight. He instantly handed the cracker to the fly, saying, 'Have cracker, fly.'"

Snow White and Dapple Gray, the toy rabbits, have come down to history by their photographs. In 1863 Snow White had a tragic adventure:

"Mamma," said Julia, "do you know what happened to poor Snow White? His head is almost off and Arthur tried to pull out the hay. Dapple Gray thinks he will never get well, and she thinks he had better go to the hospital. Dapple Gray has to take care of the baby all the time now. Brother made a very funny face when he saw her broken."

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Waltham, September 22nd, 1863.

My dearest Mamma,—It has seemed so strange not to write to you, and has made me feel almost more homesick for you.

And now, you are on the "wide sea," as the children sing. I was so glad that that beautiful Psalm came the evening before you sailed. It comforted me, and I doubt not Lissie and Sara too, as we all read it. "So He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be." I cannot realize your coming. I cannot realize that when you receive this you will be almost here, but of one thing I am very sure—that it will be an infinite unspeakable happiness to be near you all again! I only began to imagine your coming today when I stopped at No. 7 and found Annie in the midst of preparations and the house really looking natural. Annie has been so efficient, and so interested, I think she will be invaluable to you. She is very anxious to have you at home. Mrs. Doroty was there and Michael, all your faithful friends.

Arthur is at the White Mountains. I have just received a note from him on one of the Old Man of the Mountain sheets of paper, written in good spirits in spite of a three days' rain. He said he should write to you, if he could find a pen. The instrument with which my note was written he stigmatized as a *stick*. He will be at home before you come, but I do not know what day. Dear Lizzie Putnam is with me, as devoted and lively as she can be. Arthur bade her "keep about Waltham" till his return.

With love unending to you all, Your ELLA.

Journal of Ella Lyman

October, 1863.—Dear Aunt Lissie arrived with Julia's doll while Julia's hair was being curled. Julia rushed to her at once, looked at her several minutes with rather a sober face as though doubting whether she looked as she remembered her, then kissed her, and laughed and talked as though she never had been away. In a few minutes Julia was seated on Aunt Lissie's lap admiring the beautiful Paris doll,⁷ while I finished curling Julia's hair. The doll is lovely, the hair made of lamb's wool, curls naturally; a little comb or paintbrush wet in water curls

⁷ This doll with her trunk of Parisian dresses was always called Lissie as pronounced in French.

it perfectly. Dear Aunt Lissie made all her dresses most beautifully and dear Grandma the nets.

Julia's dark eyes and hair are set off by the bright yellow binding of her nightgown.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Waltham, October 11th, 1863.

My dearest Lizzie,—Although I hope to see you in a day or two, I cannot resist writing you a line to tell you how rejoiced I was to receive your darling letter from Roxbury—with the lovely little visit to Ida,⁸ and the lines, which were not at all nonsensical but very true and very pretty. I wish I could see Ida. We went to Cambridge one day but she was not there. Such things—such visits, when soul comes really near to soul—are the *real, actual* things in life—things to remember and cling to through the long waste of barren land which sometimes follows. I wonder whether it is wrong to long to come near others, to talk with them of deep high things—is it not rather a want of our nature? I do not believe that the trouble is in desiring real communion of spirits, but in the ability to rest content without it where one has once had it. With you, darling, I am always sure to find it, unless so many persons surround us that we cannot find a word to say, and even then I think we understand each other.

It is indeed delightful to have the family all safe and at home once more, and I am so thankful, so very thankful, that we have been permitted to meet again. It was so beautiful in church on Sunday that it seemed to consecrate it all, as I had hardly dared to hope that we should all be there together again. Oh, why is it that we remember our infinite blessings so much less long than we remember sorrows! Truly, He who hath ever cared for us will guard us to the end even though the way to our eyes seems dark. It is so comforting really to see them in their old familiar places, and when I am away from them I can scarcely believe it yet.

⁸ Ida Agassiz (Mrs. Henry L. Higginson).

I have much to tell you, darling, but must stop, for the children are "riding round town" and need constant watching.

Write again darling, if I do see you soon.

Ever very affectionately, ELLA.

The children are having a grand frolic and their little merry voices are like the sweetest of music in my ears. And yet this sweet music must plead my excuse for the mistakes and ill wording of my note. I am so glad to have them merry again!

Journal of Ella Lyman

October 24th, 1863,—Arthur stayed at home and worked in the garden in spite of the rain. Sewed. Sitting with the dear children.

Little Arthur very sweet and lovely now, saying everything. He wakes very early in the morning and calls for me. Dear Arthur brings him to me and we have a lovely time together, the little darling nestling close to me, asking me to turn my face toward him and singing, laughing, and talking. "Who's that at the door, Betty?" "Thumbiken, thumbiken broke the barn," etc. Then when at length the sunlight appears he jumps on his feet exclaiming, "Good morning, pretty sun, how do you do?" to which Julia awakening responds in her crib. They play together very sweetly now, Julia very kind to him and he worshipping every word that falls from her lips.

November 1st, 1863,—My birthday. Great and infinite have been God's blessings to me, "above all for His inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ"—in my happy childhood home, in my dear Arthur and my precious children, in my dear parents' safe return. Waked early, dear little Arthur in my arms, and his dear father gave to me a most beautiful pearl brooch and earrings with words dearer far than they, and when I came down to breakfast he had gathered little bunches of flowers, snowballs upon hemlock leaves for Julia, and Roxbury waxworks for dear little Arthur, that they might bring them to me—their birthday presents. Dear Julia said this morn-

ing when Arthur gave me his beautiful present, "I thank my dear papa for being so kind to my dear mamma." Dear Mamma gave me a most beautiful lace mantilla, the one in which she had her picture taken last spring. She had her picture taken in it because she knew I should value it more for that. A lovely drive to town to church, the day bright, clear and beautiful, the autumnal tints still brilliant, though softened, the views very lovely.

It is six years since my birthday came on Sunday before—1857. In the church porch met Abby Lyman and Uncle George. Went alone to my own seat where Arthur, Papa, Mamma, and Lissie joined me. The service seemed more beautiful than ever, full of a deeper meaning. The beautiful hymn, "The saints on earth and those above but one communion make," was sung before the sermon. The Holy Communion service so peaceful, solemn and peace-giving. Many thoughts and memories rise before me. Thankfulness that my Arthur is near me in it now; thankfulness for the happiness of so many dear to me, a deep, deep sense of unworthiness, too; the memory of him who first distributed to us the bread and wine now fit partaker of the inheritance of saints in heaven, memories of the many solemn thoughts and promises which have been breathed at this sacred place,—these and such as these made the service doubly sacred.

Stopped at Oakley for tea. The blinds all closed and we almost feared they were not at home, but found a most hospitable welcome as ever. Mr. Pickering, William Lyman, and R. W. Pratt all there and the tea table spread. They were all as affectionate and cordial as ever. Dear Grandma very lovely, asking particularly for the children. Aunt Sarah and Aunt Mary congratulated me upon the day, and mention having been made of Stanley's *Lectures on the Jewish Church*, Aunt Sarah said that she would lend it to us and then when she brought it down, gave it to me—a most valuable gift. This has been a day of infinite happiness. Such days, such thoughts, give to us the best proof of immortality.

November 3rd, 1863.—I wrote my journal, Julia occupied

herself writing imaginary sermons. I did not at first listen to what she was saying as she purported to read over her sermons, but my attention was caught by these words: "And you must be good and kind and gentle and never say anything that might grieve people, and always say 'zactly right (tell the truth) and do 'zactly what the two men that live in heaven tell you to—the two men that you'll never see. You'll see your papa and your mamma and everybody else, but those two men that live in heaven you'll never see till you go to heaven; and they've told you everything 'zactly what they want you to do." I asked her who she meant by the two men that were in heaven and she said, "God and Saviour."

The children had a grand frolic after dinner behind the sofa cushions, which they called their houses, sometimes embracing one another and calling each other by the most endearing names; then again in a moment filled with mutual indignation. Such too must often appear our conduct in the eyes of the angels, quarreling with one another, with to them so slight a cause.

The children in high glee. When Julia bid good night to the two nurses, Elmira and Mamie, she said: "Good night, bold Arthur; good night, skillful and kind Mily; good night, blessed and dear Mary."

Waltham, November 6th, 1863,—While we were at dinner at Grandma Lyman's, dear little Arthur arrived. Grandpa told him to come in and he answered manfully: "I will as soon as I take off mine coat." Grandma let him sit at the table, with which he was highly delighted, and after he had had his dinner, she taught him to feed himself with a fork and little bits of bread and he looked smilingly and triumphantly at Julia across the table. A boiled custard pudding was on the table. He looked frequently at it, but said never a word, but after he came home, when Jessie asked him what he had for dinner he answered, "Macaroni, and no pudding." A little grieved lip accompanied the last words. When he was dressing, Mily [his nurse] came in and he asked her if his dress was pretty. She answered "No," whereupon he retorted, "Clear out!"

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Waltham, November 8th, 1863.

My darling Lizzie,—Thank you for your dear lovely note; and thank you for your ever constant love for me. I do not think that it needed a dream to assure us that it never could change, but would ever grow more and more—but it was a beautiful dream! I showed Arthur your last little note (the one which spoke of him), I thought you would not mind, and he was very much pleased. He is so cheerful about his disappointment,⁹ and it has been very trying in many ways—and worked all day yesterday pruning trees, and clearing up the garden, as cheerfully as possible.

We have had a very quiet, pleasant week, nearly all day round the wood fire, and enough quiet time to think of all the rest and peace which Sunday brought. Was it not beautiful? Such thoughts give one the surest proof of the immortal in our nature. But for the shortcomings? Those must be remembered too, and may God help us that they be remembered not in vain!

I feel now that I can wait here happily as long as Arthur likes, and I do not know how long that will be. I enjoy it, for the days and evenings are so quiet and pleasant, there is enough to do, and I rather dread the bustle of the winter.

Sara came out for a night, and Mamma passed an afternoon with me, and now that I know that they are all safe at home, I feel too satisfied and thankful to have any wishes left. . . .

Ever very lovingly, ELLA.

Journal of Ella Lyman

November 9th, 1863.—This A.M. I wanted Julia to give Arthur her blue Billy, which he was very anxious to play with. She would not and in excuse said: "I don't feel very well. I feel naughty today." So I told her she must try to get over feeling naughty and that if she asked God to help her He would. So she said aloud, "Darling God, help me to feel good,"

⁹ In business.

and told me afterwards that God had helped her and made her feel very good.

After dark I had a fine frolic with the children hiding in my dress and then enacting "Three Wise Men of Gotham" by sitting one at each end of the bathing tub. Then while they ate their supper, returned to my writing, the room bright with the wood fire crackling and sparkling and my heart light with the lovely ways of the children whom God has given me. Dear Arthur came at six, bringing to Julia the joyful news that her dolly's finger was mended. Both little ones clung about his neck. He brought news of a battle in Virginia in which Meade is said to have been victorious. The next afternoon he and Robert took a long walk through the woods and pastures.

November 11th, 1863.—Sewed again in the afternoon. Arthur varnishing leaves. Brought four kittens in a basket to the children's great delight. Little Arthur seizes them about the waist and carries them about everywhere, Julia rather more timid and gentle. Arthur went down to his mother's again and dear little Julia went joyfully to her warm bed. Sewed, Arthur reading Hutchinson in the evening.

November 12th, 1863.—Came back from town very tired after arranging for the cleaning of 16 Mt. Vernon Street and dusting books. As I alighted at Waltham, Thomas very kindly came forward and carried my bag and the dolly Lissie whom I had brought out to Julia arrayed in a lovely scarlet waterproof cloak which Lissie had made for her. Begged him not to go out of his way, but he very kindly accompanied me to the little path. As I walked up saw in my chamber a little figure at the lighted window—dear little Julia just going to bed.

Solitary tea and a long talk after it with Elmira on economy. Dear Arthur did not arrive till eleven, having found it impossible to leave the vestry dinner, and was obliged to walk from Watertown.

November 15th, 1863,—Julia had been looking in my Bible, offering to show Arthur Adam and Eve and the grapes, and when he tried to touch my prayer book, she said: "No, that is Mamma's tender book!"

After dinner little A. waked and we put his little scarlet dress on, in which he looks sweetly, much pleased with it himself with the bright buttons. After Mamie curled his hair he came in repeating three little verses she had taught him. "Suffer little children to come unto Me," "Blessed are the pure in heart," "Blessed are the peacemakers." Then they built houses with the blocks. Dear Arthur reading Renan by the fire. I reading Mr. Greenwood's *Sermons* and Stanley's *Bible in Palestine*.

CHAPTER IV

The Civil War

INTO the peace of their early married life came on April 12th, 1861, the shock of the most terrible kind of war—civil war. For the Lymans it almost meant war against friends, for Southern men often studied at Harvard College, and while there were invited to the Vale. One of my father's special friends, Middleton of South Carolina, was an ardent Southerner and left in 1861 for the South.

During the summers of 1861 to 1863 my father and mother with Julia and Arthur were on the Searses' hill among the locust trees with the Union flag waving. Our devoted sweet-hearted Jessie Tolison was there already as parlor maid, and as nurse Mamie Adams, whose pink cheeks and self-forgetting smile signalized a gentle descendant of the powerful Adams family. Aunt Sarah and Aunt Lydia after their marriages still lived near by, and all met at their daily visits to Grandma and Grandpa Lyman in the Vale. I see Papa wandering down there every afternoon to talk, read the newspaper, and listen to his adoring mother as she told the family news. Yet behind all private happiness was the ache and thrill of war.

On July 14th, 1861, "Arthur saw the Gordon regiment march out exceedingly well, though under heat so terrible that Mr. Curtis, Mr. Savage, and Mr. Higginson all fainted and fell. Wilder Dwight was on horseback and carried a bouquet. They say that Paul Revere has accepted a place as major and Frank Palfrey as captain," Mamma writes. Even little Julia with her attentive ears listened to what was said about the war. She began to shout, "Hurrah for Bell and Everett," and once as she sat playing on the floor by herself her mother heard her say solemnly, "Let slavery alone, let slavery alone."

When her parents were discussing eagerly the dismissal of McClellan as the head of the army, Julia aged three inquired:

"Mamma, did Grandma Lyman turn him out? Well, I guess the President must have thought he was naughty." Even the fall in value of currency seems to have attracted her attention at an early age. In March 1863 she was heard talking to herself thus: "These cents are not half so big as they were before the war. Cents are rising. The Government has got plenty of cents in its bank, but it doesn't let them out."

Julia's conclusions on war, even at the age of four, are unanswerable: "It's an awful naughty thing to kill, isn't it?" "But they have to do it to save the country." "Well, that's not much use, for the country is way out at Waltham. How can they save it when they are killed? Well, it's an awful wicked thing to kill a man, isn't it?"

In 1862 and 1863, as I said in the last chapter, the Lowells were abroad and many of the letters to them were kept, but there are no war letters till July 1861, and so we do not know whether in those first days Papa had a struggle to keep from volunteering. But in September 1862 he wrote to Aunt Lissie: "It is most distressing to see all these men dying and not to bear a part in their labors and sacrifices,—but as I don't think I ought to go, on account of others, I don't mean to be cowardly enough to go from shame."

Why did he think it wrong to go? I believe that he agreed with the general conviction of the time that the unmarried men should volunteer and the married support their families at home. Grandpa Lyman was over seventy and needed Papa's help in business. It is almost apologetically that Mamma speaks of a clergyman, who though married and the father of two little children went to the war because a special group of men who had been in his classes wanted him. The war, too, was on so much smaller a scale that it was not till August 1862 that there was a draft of 300,000 men for nine months and not till July 1863 that any war-time draft was made. The men who went first were enlisted only for a few months, for all thought the rebellion (as the Northerners called it) would soon be put down. So A.T.L. decided, as his letter of July 26th, 1861, expresses it, that "at least 3,000,000 men ought to go" before he

had a right to leave his family, and having decided that he stayed at home.

But the intensity of his feeling about the war comes out again and again in his letters, as in this phrase, strong indeed for his reserved nature: "The sorrows to be borne would be intolerable but for the things to be done." (November 1862.)

As for my mother, she wrote in 1862 in her Journal:

Dr. Walker made in the College chapel a moving appeal for help to the nation. Left the church almost longing to have a greater part in this noble sacrifice, but there will be work for us all to do and they whose lives are spared may perhaps help their country in other ways. Walked slowly away. Saw dear Arthur running through the College grounds; a little talk with him and with Robert Paine who also came up.

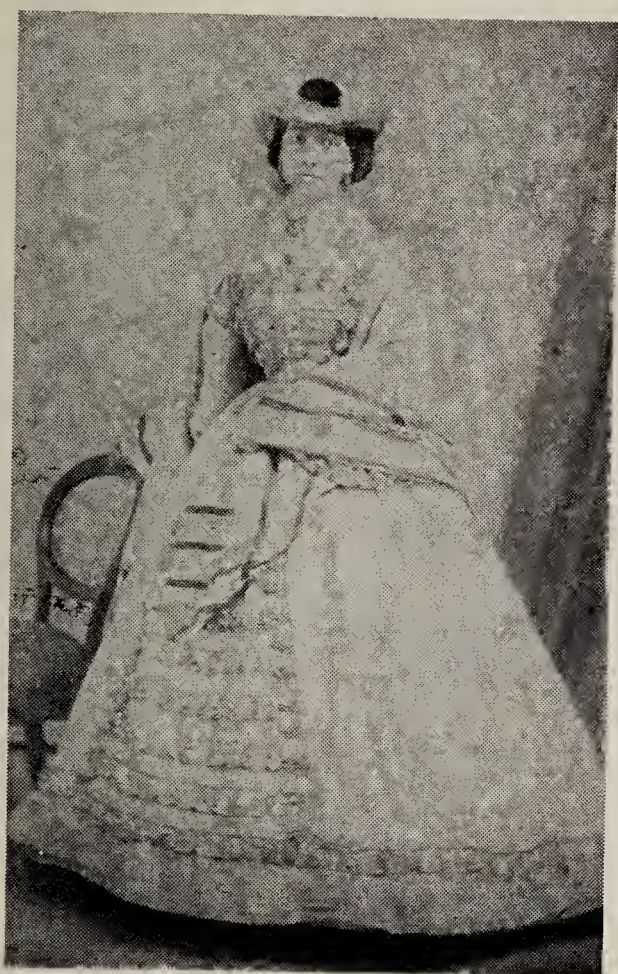
Arthur T. Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Boston, July 26th, 1861.

My dear Lissie,—Much obliged for your note. I think there are about 3,000,000 men who ought to enlist before I do—if they won't I shall—but I don't see any chance of my going yet. War is not a mode of settling disputes which commends itself to me, and I know that there is a much greater chance of being sent to a hospital with a fever or minus a jaw or a leg than of being covered with glory and made President of these United States. I say "united," for as yet there is no split in the soil and the only secession which I would allow is the secession of certain Southerners (black or white) to other more congenial climes—the banks of the Amazon or—lower down. I was rather melancholy on Monday and could hardly sleep, but there is all the greater need of defeating them now. There is some consolation,—two members of Congress have been taken prisoner.

We have suffered a severe reverse¹ with a sad loss of life, but if it teaches the people patience and silence it may still be advantageous. It is strange to have losses of life which we have been accustomed to look upon as confined to the Old World oc-

¹ Battle of Bull Run, July 21st, 1861.



ELLA LYMAN
1862



ARTHUR THEODORE LYMAN
1861

cur to us. It is a disgrace to us as a nation, and has been unnecessarily brought on by folly and wickedness, perhaps on both sides. Indeed there is no doubt that there is fault on our side, and for this we may be obliged to suffer much before we shall conquer. Still we fight for law and liberty, for order and good government, and for human freedom and almost every human right.

They must submit, or we or they must be destroyed before this war ends. I was in hopes for many reasons that it would be short. If it continues long it can hardly fail to involve slavery in some way. However, it is impossible to see the consequences—we must go on.

Lizzie Putnam's horse sat down with her going up Red Hill and hurt her foot, but she jumped about like mad on top of Mt. Washington perfectly cured. They had fine weather and a delightful time.

Ella Lyman to Frances A. Eliot

Waltham, October 20th, 1861.

You were so kind to write to me, dearest Fanny. I had been longing to hear from you and felt as if I must go to you and tell you how constantly I have thought of you all and of Ellen and Charles Eliot in their great affliction.² Their hearts must, I think, be even more united through their sorrow. One treasure on earth and one in heaven,—as their love is for this life and for eternity. And yet however fully we may feel that it is right, that it is best, there must be an unutterable longing to see the little face once more. Oh, why, when we know they are saved all anguish and all sin, do our hearts so yearn to keep them with us. This endless love, so strong, so much stronger than our frail bodies, it surely must be a proof of immortality. God has given it to us because we live forever. May He help us in our joy to remember then to Whom we owe it all, and may we be ever ready to yield our dearest treasures to Him who loves them more even than we do.

² They had just lost a child.

I am very happy, dear Fanny. Little Julia is lovely, my baby grows beautifully, and Arthur is a comfort and blessing, as he always is. I have really enjoyed these seven weeks of rest and quiet. It is pleasant to have time to think and begin afresh. I feel that I have a great deal to do now, with two children, and one a boy! and I only wish I had more wisdom to do it. I have been to drive several times lately. The country is looking beautifully and the walnut trees in front of the house are as brilliant as sunlight. We shall go to town and then I hope I shall see you.

I feel like you about the soldiers,—longing to do something, but I fear I shall do but little, for my babies will occupy a good deal of my time. I suppose that you, like us, are anxiously awaiting Mr. Foote's answer.³ May he prove what we so much need.

The month of August 1862 was a tragic one, and a time of tremendous anxiety. At the battle of Culpeper Courthouse many of the Lymans' friends were wounded or killed. General Pope was badly defeated in his campaign in Virginia. Stonewall Jackson—light-armed, rationed only with cattle and boasting that he took "salt to put on the enemy's corn"—marched rapidly with 25,000 men north through White Plains and Gainesville and severed Pope's communications with Washington. After the second battle of Bull Run, August 30th, 1862, there was a retreat that became a rout. Washington was terrified, and Lincoln recognizing the ability of McClellan to organize though not to fight, gave him full command of the forces at the Capital and soon afterwards of the combined army of the Potomac and Virginia. General Pope was dismissed September 5th, 1862, from his command of the army of Virginia, and was "despatched to the Northwest to watch the Indian tribes."⁴

On September 22nd, 1862, was held the famous cabinet meeting where Lincoln read Artemus Ward and told of the Emancipation Proclamation to be issued January 1st, 1863.

³ Henry W. Foote, who afterwards married Frances Eliot, had just been asked to become minister of King's Chapel.

⁴ Rhodes, *History of the United States*, IV, 138.

Encouraged by the success of the army of the Confederacy, General Lee made a proclamation to the people of Maryland declaring that the invasion by General Jackson would give them an opportunity to liberate themselves. Lee was disappointed at the result, for there was no rising. Perhaps the paper money of the Confederates did not appeal to the loyal and canny people of Frederick. Only six days after Stonewall Jackson marched through Frederick (on September 12th) McClellan entered and was received with an uproar of joy.

Two weeks later, September 28th, A.T.L. entered Frederick. I wonder whether Barbara Frietchie waved the flag to welcome him. Why did he go? Was it that he wanted to be nearer to the war or to see the place where his friend Wilder Dwight fell at Antietam? We only know that he, his brother William and his brothers-in-law, had letters to General Burnside and General Banks,⁵ and that on the dread battlefield of Antietam he, characteristically, found a four-leafed clover, and characteristically brought it home to give to Wilder Dwight's mother, who was much touched by its symbolism. Antietam, though an uncertain victory, was in many ways the turning battle of the war, the battle that brought forth the Emancipation Proclamation and gave the nation new hope. I like to think of that four-leafed clover coming up on the bloodstained field, and of him whose quick eyes and hands saw and held it.

Some of the following letters describe this troublous time.

Ella Lyman to Frances A. Eliot

Waltham, August 10th, 1862.

My dearest Fanny,—I thirst to hear from you. It seems to me as though you had disappeared into some unattainable place and I knew nothing of you. You, dearest, who do not dislike writing as much as I do, must write me a long note and tell me what you have been doing and thinking about since the 15th

⁵ E. L. to John Amory Lowell, September 28th, 1862: "Arthur has gone to Washington with William Lyman, Mr. Sears, and Robert Paine. Mr. Sears knows General Banks well and hoped to obtain from him a pass to visit the army. Mr. Lyman knows Burnside also, and they may have a chance of visiting the late battlefields and seeing the army."

of June, for I know almost nothing since then. My dislike of writing, I fear, grows upon me and my long weekly letter on this paper to Europe, exhausts my courage. I have been quite busy, too. First, I was a great deal in town before dear Mamma left, then since, with the necessary little home duties which I had neglected, and now Mary, the children's nurse, is away on a fortnight's visit, so that I am fully occupied with them. They are sweet and lovely as possible and I enjoy my new vocation very much. Julia is so sensible, gentle, and companionable, and Arthur full of sweetness and constant high activity. I am very thankful for my great blessings. God grant it may be not in word only but in deed.

Lydia and I try to go to the Sanitary⁶ once a week; Lydia does go and works splendidly and I go when I can. I feel as if those of us who keep our loved ones yet with us could not do enough, and I wish the days were longer so that I could do something at home. I have been lately almost ardent enough to agree with you. I cannot bear the thought that Richmond should be abandoned now and all that precious blood spilled in vain. I trust that it will not be so. Is it not fine that so many volunteers are coming forward that the draft may be avoided? We have good reason to be proud of our good New England men. Did you see Mr. Bartol's sermon upon James Lowell?⁷ It was a most beautiful tribute. How strange that those two cousins, so pure, lofty, and peerlessly lovely in their character, should alone, of all we have known, be killed. God help his poor mother and father. He will never be forgotten among those who knew and loved him.

We sometimes almost forget the war in this quiet peaceful Waltham. We find Mr. Hill's house⁸ very pleasant and comfortable. I do hope for a visit from you in the autumn. It is very pleasant for us being all together here. Lydia, on the hill, is bright, and finely, keeping house most energetically and keeping the place in beautiful order. Sarah has gained very much

⁶ The Sanitary Commission for making hospital supplies for the soldiers.

⁷ James Lowell was the son of Rev. Charles Lowell. The other cousin mentioned was William Lowell Putnam, son of Grandmamma Lowell's brother Samuel Putnam.

⁸ Mr. Hill's (the minister's) house was on Church Street, Waltham.



WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM

and her baby is finely. She is lovely with her, and seems very happy after her great tribulation, for such it certainly was.

. . . I love you dearest more than you can tell, more almost than I know. Your ever affectionate ELLA.

Arthur T. Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Boston, August 12th, 1862.

My dear Lissie,—Ella has written nearly all the news, so she leaves me pretty dry. One or two little items however have turned up since she wrote on Sunday, which, however, she felt rather inclined to keep for next week's supply. All were well this morning, Julia as usual asleep when I left. The germs of the wicked habit of *standing*, implanted [in Arthur, Jr.] last winter, are fast developing in spite of our persistent tripping up. We seem to suffer from this habit however more than he does. He is very strong and incessantly on the move. The heat has been great for some time past, but little relieved by the almost daily showers. I hope Sara received my hair. Her request came so unexpectedly that I did not have time to get it cut—trust she will excuse the length.

All is better throughout the country with the recruiting which goes on finely. The conscription is universally approved of, though of course some people fell sick suddenly and others are unexpectedly called to Canada. Probably there will be no draft in Boston, for the Cadets, 2nd and 4th batteries, propose to expand to regiments and serve for three months. This would fill Boston's quota.

We have been reading the *Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans*, and see therein complimentary notices of Pa, Esq., and R.O. or Run Off Orleans as she habitually calls him.

What I say about Culpeper is all that is known of it definitely. Don't believe any rumors. The rebels have been idle six weeks. This was not from politeness merely.

Give my love to your mother and father and Sara. You know you must keep a large share yourself from

Yours affectionately, ARTHUR.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Waltham, August 17th, 1862.

My dearest Lizzie,—I am so sorry that you could not come out today, and I am sorry for the cause. You must take good care of yourself, dearest, and make haste to get well, for you are altogether too precious to be spared to be ill. How sad and fearful have been the tidings of the week! But I am thankful Major Savage is spared. On Monday night I felt almost tempted to ask: Is it worth it, worth the agony, the misery, the loneliness of breaking hearts at home? But today Mr. Hill's beautiful sermon has made me feel again what I knew and but for a moment could not say, that out of evil God will surely bring forth good. Why have we not more faith, Lizzie? I know, I believe, I acknowledge, that we are in God's hands, that He will do for us better far than we could choose for ourselves—and yet my heart trembles at the thought of pain for my dear ones, at the thought of separation from them. May God help us to put our whole trust in Him, asking only strength and direction for the day.

My little Julia is well again, only a little pale. My heart grew light as she grew well. Little Arthur is lovely. What shall I say to tempt you to us again? Only that I love you dearly and long to see you, and that quiet Waltham would be the best place possible to get well in. Mary Coolidge's baby was christened today—a lovely little service, and tomorrow Dr. Coolidge goes back. He looks really worn in the service, but it must be a comfort to have done something.

Arthur T. Lyman to Hon. J. G. Abbott

August 18th, 1862.

My dear Sir,—I can appreciate the loss of a child at least so far as to feel that it would be vain for me to attempt to offer any consolation to one who has met with the loss. Those who make the sacrifice, even with their lives, I esteem comparatively happy, and in a good cause. Surely altogether so, there being no greater pleasure than that of doing good.

But allow me, if I can do nothing more, to express my sympathy with you, and since I cannot now thank your son for his services for us all, let me express my gratitude to you for sending him forth in a war which I feel he could not rightly have refused. He has gone with others whom I have deeply mourned over, and I believe he will see with them, the end of the good work in which he has borne his part.

If those who for a fact of science or a mere love of adventure bear hardship bravely, and lose their lives in Arctic voyages, excite others by their example to noble virtues, surely those who fall in this conflict of everything right against everything wrong, however early or however much regretted, will not have died in vain. Very truly yours, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

(After the battle at Culpeper Courthouse)

Waltham, August 18th, 1862.

My dearest Lissie,—I was thankful to receive Sara's Edinburgh letter and to hear of your safe arrival there. It seems to me almost strange that I am not with you, and I can hardly believe that I am not. The news last Monday that Savage, Cary, Goodwin, Williams, Stephen Perkins, young Abbott and Captain Shurtleff were killed, that Quincy, Harry Russell, and Lieutenant Miller were missing, was overwhelming. Even now we have no definite accounts of Major Savage. Mr. Rogers telegraphed on the 15th, "Safe and within our lines," while on the contrary the Colonel's report says, "Wounded and a prisoner," and there is a story that Harry Russell was captured while taking care of him. Poor Harry Russell has arrived at Richmond, with General Prince, to be treated, the papers say, as felons, owing to what the Richmond papers call the barbarous edicts of General Pope. Richard Cary's funeral took place today at Trinity Church. The coffin was draped with the flag. Poor Helen was with her father. The Carys were peculiarly dependent on him, Mimi said, and feel it terribly, poor Helen entirely overcome. He lived from six in the afternoon until 2 P.M. on the following day. The regiment was obliged to retire

and leave him and he lay in a wood to which he had crawled. A sergeant of his company lay wounded near him and said that he did not appear to suffer much. A rebel passed by and gave him water, but after he died he took everything from him. He afterwards returned to the sergeant a ring and a locket with his wife's miniature. Someone who went on to the field the next day said that he lay with his head on a piece of wood, looking calm and peaceful, as if asleep. His face was beautiful. Both he and Goodwin, Choate, and Williams were ill the day of the battle and Goodwin had to be aided in walking. He had scarcely reached the front when he was shot down. The others probably died almost instantly. Of the four who were ill Choate only returned alive. Judge Abbott's son was only twenty-one. God grant that much good may come from so much agony! Wilder Dwight is exchanged and has gone to join. What a change will greet him.

The battle seems to have been considered a gain rather than a loss, and today we have good news. McClellan has accomplished his retreat in safety and good order, probably to join Pope at Fredericksburg. Burnside has advanced and the new reinforcements are beginning to come in. The ram Arkansas is said to have been sunk and we have had a successful encounter at Baton Rouge.

The enlistments go on finely, nearly all the towns have filled their three years' quota and the nine months' enlistments are progressing well. Some men too old to be drafted have volunteered. Charlie Storrow is going in the 4th Battalion (I believe). He has already nineteen Harvard men in his company and among them six of his own classmates. The Cadets are not nearly all going. Russell Sturgis and Charles Codman are going, Charles Codman as Colonel if he obtains his commission, Russell Sturgis as Captain. Pelham Curtis, George Blagden, and Henry Bowditch are all promoted to be 1st Lieutenants, Charles Adams is placed upon General Pope's staff. . .

I wish you could all have heard Mr. Hill's sermon yesterday. It seemed just what we needed in these terrible times. He went to Nahant on the day when they heard of Richard Cary's

death, and it was partly suggested by that. "The Eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms." He spoke of immortality, our very longing for it being a proof that our nation was in the care of God, that His mercies had not waxed old nor His patience exhausted. The hero who dies on the field is after all only wounded, his *work goes on* and in heaven he will see the conclusion of the glorious work in which he has borne his part. He who upholds the universe upholds it by His care of each atom. I can give you no idea of his fervor and earnestness, of his calm, beautiful faith and trust. Would that we all could feel it now and ever. Was it not touching to see him there, his place now occupied by another, the undertaking to which he went forth in hope unsuccessful and this bitter disappointment beside, yet so calm and trusting in God that all was rightly ordered for a right end.

Arthur T. Lyman to John Amory Lowell

August 19th, 1862. 1.30 P.M.

My dear Mr. Lowell,—I send today's *Post* which may contain some items of interest in addition to the accounts of the severe fight at Baton Rouge. In military matters the two great things perhaps are the approach of autumn and the southward movement of 300,000 new men. In Massachusetts, these 300,000 volunteers (I mean our quota) are I think nearly ready. All have not yet been actually mustered into service but they stand ready in most towns. In Boston, and wherever else an organized militia company exists, the quota for the draft will without doubt be raised voluntarily. Everything is astir now and the men enlisting are generally excellent, mostly American—the Irish are a little sick of the fun. Of course you will understand how the people feel about the draft. It meets with universal approval. It is very different from a French conscription for carrying on a war which the people don't take any interest in. Here it is really a voluntarily assumed conscription as a means for carrying on a work in which the people take a vital interest. We have some sneaks of course, and one or two have killed themselves to avoid the *chance* of being killed.

There are small riots in the Western border states but of no consequence. Things in general look well and a new confidence exists since Halleck has been put at the head of the army. Under the call for 300,000 drafted men, stocks did not fall—lately they have risen nearly 3%, which shows the general confidence which exists in the success of the Union armies in the autumn.

Arthur T. Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

September 2nd, 1862.

My dear Lissie,—I meant fully to have written a letter but must stop at the end of these few lines for want of time. Please tell Sara that her charming letter is not forgotten and will be answered by and by.

“Saddened but not discouraged,” as your Aunt Anna writes, is the true state of our feelings at the end of this awful week [2nd Battle of Bull Run]. I send a *Journal* of yesterday which gives a brief summary. Nothing new today except the welcome news that Burnside is safe. Pope has had no fight since Saturday so far as we know and is near Centreville. The rebels are apparently foiled in this desperate attack, which I believe will be their ruin. The rebels’ movements in Kentucky and Tennessee will only arouse the people of Kentucky to take care of themselves.⁹ So feel the Western people who have so far defended alone these states. No doubt there has been a fearful loss of life on both sides, but as a paper says, with the rebels it is now or never; with us, now or by and by. They have lost their nerve. But my time is up. Good-by—keep up your spirits. We are still kicking and shall hit somebody soon. ARTHUR.

Ella Lyman to Frances A. Eliot

Waltham, September 8th, 1862.

My dearest Fanny,—What weeks these have been! Straining every nerve in the effort to trust that all will be right. I

⁹ Cf. Rhodes, *History of the United States*, IV, 177: “The Confederate campaign into Kentucky, like that into Maryland, had failed, and mainly for the same reason. Kentucky preferred the Union to the Southern Confederacy.”

do feel actual relief now that McClellan is again reinstated. . . . I must tell you what Arthur said in a letter to my sister Sara, I like it so much. "Thinking merely of the loss and sorrow, it seems too much to endure, and last Sunday's news made one almost wish he had been killed too when so many had fallen. But some who have died have lived more in these few months than they would have in years otherwise. How many have died who were before living, who *would* have lived ingloriously—if not worse—and those whose lives we feel sure would have been pure and good, have they not done that which is not only most noble but most full of the highest pleasure,—that is in the doing of good for others, for so I must regard this work (the two sides being most clearly in my mind as personification of the good and evil spirit). And surely they have not ceased to live, but gone away in goodly company. How many there are in the other world whom we may well long to see again. To see so many die gives a more vivid realization of immortality. The Union army of heaven is filling fast with new souls released from this terrible contest, but it cannot but be better for them and their example, at least, will prevent the sacrifice from being unavailing.

I know how powerless all such reflections are to console those who have lost what nothing can replace. Still they are valid alleviations. But whatever may be the loss and sorrow, we must go on. The issues are Law and Liberty and Civilization. It is to us a contest of principles. We cannot yield, we must not despair. God will defend the right and strengthen and care for the afflicted and we must learn to trust it all to Him."

Was it not noble and inspiring, the eleven carloads of New England men—landed early in New York on Monday morning? Such a demonstration as that must make the poor men feel that they are not alone, that others are working with and caring for them. We are living on very quietly. The children are well and growing fast. Your very affectionate ELLA.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Waltham, September 15th, 1862.

My dearest Lizzie,—I suppose you will think me very unreasonable that with a dear husband and children and kind friends around, I cannot be content, but I want *you* and no one can take my Lizzie's place for me. Is it partly because you always make excuses for me and judge me charitably? I think not altogether; I believe we were created to understand and fulfill each other.

It has been a strange summer, so crowded with events. I wish someone with the power to do it had kept a journal through this war. How soul-stirring it would be in future days. It is harder to be patient with dull books and not altogether necessary work, since these great terrible realities surround us. I dread the draft, it will come so hardly upon many, and yet I suppose it must be. God help us and direct the right. These doubts of the government are terrible for they unsettle one's confidence, but the joy of the army in being once more under McClellan is very reassuring and I try to have blind faith that all will be well.

Arthur T. Lyman to John Amory Lowell

Boston, September 15th and 16th, 1862.

My dear Mr. Lowell,—I am rejoiced that at last the steamer will take better news. McClellan too will thus silence much of the vile abuse which was coming out of many mouths. It is evident enough that his failure on the Peninsula was caused by Washington interference. The rebels seem to have signally failed either in raising a rebellion in Maryland or carrying the war into the North. The effect must be very depressing to them. We know but very little certainly about this incursion, how many men they brought or with what purpose and we are ignorant of the strength of this whole Virginia army. One thing seems almost to have been forgotten lately, i.e., that it cannot be larger than their whole able-bodied male population. To be sure we have not turned out our whole population as they

have, but this is more annoying and exhausting to them. Our accounts are today decidedly good. The tide, I hope, has turned, and I trust now we shall see the difference between the effects produced by a rising tide and a wave that but breaks itself against the rocks.

Friday, September 19th, 1862, 1:45 P.M.

My dear Mr. Lowell,—As you are dependent upon hostile sources for your intelligence I thought I would send a line to say what appears to us to be really behind the terrible cloud of suspense which yet hangs over the mountains of Maryland. I think the general feeling is that though the resistance will be desperate the result will be disastrous to the rebel army in Maryland. The last telegram says fighting was begun again this morning, 19th. So far as we have reliable accounts of the previous battles the success belongs decidedly to us. So far as we *know* I say emphatically *things look well for us*.

I don't pretend to see the issue of these battles but I have great confidence in the arrangements of McClellan and believe fully we are now giving the rebels a great blow. McClellan is close to the immense number of new men in Pennsylvania.

Government stocks up, cotton down—these are hints at least.

Ella Lyman to Frances A. Eliot

September 22nd, 1862.

What a strange life we are living, great bewildering events almost every day. I grieve for Wilder Dwight, or rather for his poor mother. He was so full of energy, zeal, and interest in all things and so strong that I cannot feel that we shall see him on earth no more. The few sorrows we know seem almost too great to be borne, and oh! the numberless sorrows that we know not of. And yet it must not stop, it cannot stop, come what may we must save for our children, for the world, those liberties and that knowledge and trust in the right which God has given us.

Arthur T. Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Waltham, September 22nd, 1862.

My dear Lissie,—I see by your letter of September 2nd just received that I did write to you. I knew I had meant to do it but in the excitement of the times one's leisure hours get sadly wasted. The hopes of success with which your last letter closed were destined to gloomy disappointment and you must have passed through the same terrible days that have kept us so long in suspense. Absence and distance must have added to the uncertainty, but may have concealed much of the awful realities. But with Pope's defeated and dispirited army McClellan in a brilliant campaign has driven the rebels summarily out of Maryland. The desperate fight of last Wednesday at Antietam was in his own words a "complete victory."

This implies, I have not much doubt, a great deal more than is to be gathered from the newspaper accounts of the battle. But alas it has inflicted for me the most grievous blow of the war in the loss of Dwight. His successful life seemed destined still to go on and he seemed to be too useful to the army and the country to be spared. I have always been on good terms with him since we first met, and I never had occasion to rub against certain roughnesses which made him disliked by those who had to give way before him. But he was kind and generous and though I think inferior to others who have fallen in the Christian graces, he was full of merit and a true and constant friend. It is one of those losses which seem irreparable and is terrible. He is gone (it seems inconceivable), gone in a goodly company and in a good cause, in a contest forced upon us by the evil demons of ambition, slavery, ignorance, and a barbarous civilization not under the control of moral Christian principles. Would that some other less loathsome way of settling the dispute had been possible, that the sacrifice of what is best and noblest could have been spared. Someone said it seemed strange that God should not have directed the fatal bullet at some meaner life, but of what avail would be such a sacrifice? As well might Barabbas have died in the place of Christ. It is

most distressing to see all the men dying and not to bear a part in their labors and sacrifices, but as on account of others I don't think I ought to go, I don't mean to be cowardly enough to go from shame.

We have as yet no later news from McClellan. I don't think it clear that he is ready yet to advance. These battles of late the rebels have forced upon us, to their cost. It may be for our interest to wait for the immense numbers of new troops, which ought to sweep away all the possible forces of the rebels. The invasion of Kentucky seems to be failing but Virginia is the heart of the rebellion. It is generally supposed that Halleck and McClellan are to be left by the President and Secretary of War, free to carry on the war as a war. If this is so then it is under competent management and that is all that is necessary for success. Most affectionately yours, ARTHUR.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lyman

Washington, September 28th, 1862.

My dearest Ella,—We arrived here safely yesterday, but very dusty, after a tedious ride from N. Y. Today Robert and I have been across the river to see some of the forts and camps and the country. If it is like this all the way to Richmond, it is very easy to see why McClellan went to the Peninsula. Mr. Sears and William having been to Virginia yesterday, spent today in trying to see the President and General Halleck at church, but they did not go. They also went to several hospitals. The state of things across the river is painfully like that at Kamiech and Balaklava. At noon the sun was very hot—the nights, they said, are cold. Tomorrow we are to start for Frederick. How we shall move from there will depend upon circumstances which we cannot ascertain here. This writing accurately represents the ink and pens of Washington, therefore, and it being also late, I shall be brief.

I hope you are well and that the babies have not troubled you by being sick. Lizzie Putnam, *of course*, is with you. Give my love to dear Julia—a kiss to both of them. If you did not

have all my love, I would send it, yet I have much to send and shall still have more to bring back.

May God protect the three precious treasures, whom I expect to see again before long. Most affectionately, ARTHUR.

I have been too dusty and busy to think of that business. I rather dread the entanglement of it, though it seems foolish to refuse it.

Arthur T. Lyman to John Amory Lowell

Waltham, October 13th, 1862.

My dear Mr. Lowell,—I thought some description of the battlefield, etc., might be of interest, so I send herewith a long account of a short trip I returned from week before last. I was as you will see, much struck with the strength of the rebel position, of which Bunker and Breed's Hills (if their sides were less steep and their tops were avoided) might not inaptly represent a section—one of many—indeed the whole country from Frederick was a very strong one to hold and I consider McClellan's brief campaign in Maryland as most brilliant.

In Kentucky there has been a series of fights which seem to have resulted decidedly in our favor—though the accounts are obscure. In Virginia I suppose we are pushing a large new army southward but we have no definite information from that quarter.

Gold and stock have been rising together—which I do not understand. I don't see the reason. As gold rises it seems to me the paper dividend stock should decline—but a mad speculation has carried everything up—many absurdly,—however, so far as the rise of gold tends to check importations, very well. The army seemed to be in good condition. The men are enthusiastic for McClellan and I hope the Government will support him. If they do I feel the greatest confidence that he will strangle the rebellion.

I was quite sick last week but have got entirely well though not quite strong yet.

Journal sent to John Amory Lowell in Europe

September 26th, 1862.

Left Boston for New York and Washington with Robert Paine—William and P.H.S. having started the day before; reached New York after the usual dust and weariness and left the next day early for Washington, the country looking dry and dull, especially where the crops have been chiefly of grain. The cars were full, dirty, and dusty. Between Baltimore and Washington the road was guarded by small squads of soldiers encamped at very frequent intervals, almost within sight or call of each other. At various places there were larger bodies of men and several regiments were encamped along the line.

The Capitol appears to advantage, its mass and proportions seem fine and the new (incomplete) dome is conspicuous from all parts, but apart from the public buildings nothing could well be worse than Washington as a national capital, a straggling, slovenly Southern town with the filth, but without the picturesqueness of a small town of Italy. At Willard's were many officers of the army, Generals Hunt, McDowell, and many subordinates—on the whole I think the officers generally would in appearance compare favorably with those of the English or French armies. I mean their physical and mental appearances.

Washington I should, when the war is over, be glad to see destroyed by accident or some convulsion of nature, provided the capital could be established in some commercial city, say Philadelphia. All the clerks under the secretaries and heads of departments seemed to belong (by the merest subserviency and echo) to the most ultra and anti-McClellan faction. The city is a wretched little place in a wilderness where cliques are all-powerful and the pressure of any rational public opinion seems to be unfelt.

Last night we heard some speeches from General Wadsworth, the new candidate for Governor of N.Y. and apparently a very ordinary man, Governor Bliss of Michigan (who wished to have the army fight today, tomorrow, and the day after, whereupon a soldier remarked he knew as much about it as a pig

did about snipe shooting), and Boutwell. All the speeches were of the most radical character and thoroughly abolition, but they in a marked manner favored the unity of the nation. To my great relief the idea of "lick them and let them go" had no place in their discourses.

The progress of the war has shown that the restoration of things as they were is impossible (so I think and I cannot regret it) and the prevailing ideas now, I believe, not quite clearly defined or realized, are subjugation and the abolition of slavery. If we are not interfered with, these things will I think be accomplished substantially; and agreeing with the *London Daily News* that if established, the Confederacy would be the most barbarous of Anglo-Saxon nations, with the one doubtful merit that they will fight, I cannot mourn at the prospect of their subjugation. It seems sometimes as if the losses and sacrifices were not to be atoned for by the offering up of all the South, but I don't know how life can be better employed than in putting down this rebellion which seems animated by the very *spirit of evil*. However, to return to a narrative of fact, everyone will be for abolition by the autumn of '63.

Monday we started in the crowded cars for Frederick City. The road passes through narrow passes between high hills and after a hot and tedious ride, we came out into open country and soon crossed the Monocacy River on a temporary wooden bridge, supplying the place of a heavy one lately destroyed by the rebels. The bottom of the shallow stream was strewn with broken and twisted fragments of the bridge. The train kept on to Harper's Ferry and after a long delay we got into a car which took us up to Frederick (several miles). Here along the road, at Frederick and then at Boonsboro and Sharpsburg, along the road by which had recently passed immense armies, I was surprised at the almost total absence of devastation and destruction. Of course we did not see the inside of the stores which, according to all accounts, were well cleared of their contents, Confederate money almost entirely being given in exchange. There were horses and cattle, chickens, vegetable gardens undisturbed, houses etc., uninjured. From the piles of wheat straw, some-

thing had generally been taken, I think. Now and then the fences were pulled up and burned for fuel for cooking, where the trampled stubble fields showed that the armies had encamped. This, of course, was simply a matter of military necessity. At intervals were the heads of cattle that had been killed by one army or the other, now and then a dead horse and occasionally the mark of a shell in a barn by the wayside. Still both armies have the credit of having committed amazingly little of wanton destruction.

Passing through Middletown we were stopped by a long train of ambulances carrying towards the hospitals in Frederick or Washington nearly three hundred wounded able to bear moving. The sun was hot, the road dusty, and the poor fellows must have had a painful ride, but I did not hear a sound except from one of these. Perhaps these were not more than 1/40th part of the Union wounded alone. We went on by the church—it was full of wounded men. Soon we began to move up the road, which passing through open fields bordered by thick woods, gradually closing in upon it as we reached the summit, wound along peacefully enough where two weeks before had been a severe battle. A dead horse here and there, a grave by the roadside, many graves on the edges of the woods, a few marks of shells and bullets were all the traces left upon the broad face of nature. Passing across the ridge upon which stood a tavern, we descended through wild woods of oak and beech and soon came to the village of Boonsboro. Boonsboro is a village chiefly of brick houses (perhaps a thousand people) slow and slovenly, the people apparently living in the nasty shanty style. We slept in the parlor of the Capitol Hotel, on mattresses put on the floor. This I would not complain of or criticize at such a time, but all decent habits of cleanliness were evidently at all times utter strangers to the place.

To the rebels there can be no doubt the invasion of Maryland was a great disappointment. Evidently the feeling of the people was decidedly for remaining in the Union. It seems to me as if they looked on the Southerners as personal friends engaged in a quarrel which they very much disapproved. One

old fellow we overheard say, "They say they were invited—but I did not invite 'em." "Nor I," said another, "but I know who did." And they seemed to point to one person in town as about the only one who invited the rebels. At the same time, they are not to be relied upon to act against the rebels, nor are the Kentuckians either, in my opinion. They want to stay in the Union but they don't wish to fight for it.

I don't remember that we heard any discussion at all about the [Emancipation] Proclamation. It has excited but little interest anywhere. It has alarmed and enraged some who seem to think themselves bound to defend the "institution." But generally people care but little for any mishap which may befall slavery. I have said before that I consider Emancipation as a Western measure more than an Eastern one. However this is what we are fighting about so the time for discussion is past.

We hired a wagon to take us next day, Tuesday 30th, to the battlefield, etc., and to Hagerstown. Turning off nearly at right angles to the Hagerstown turnpike, we took the road followed by the greater part of both armies leading directly through Sharpsburg to Shepherdstown. The churches in Boonsboro, as in other places, were filled with wounded—some with Union, some with rebel. The road to Keedysville—you will find a rough plan of the position of these places on the back of the sketch of the battlefield—showed signs of the march of immense bodies of men in the trampled state of the fields all along the road, the burned fences and sometimes the rails so placed as to allow of putting on them a tent cloth or blanket for shelter. The rebels marched without tents or knapsacks but with a good train of ammunition wagons, etc. On the right a road led off towards Antietam (called Anteetam by the natives) by which, or at least in which direction, our right passed across the river. The sketch I have drawn represents pretty accurately the general disposition of the ground on our right (which was the battle). The centre was opposite Sharpsburg, the left was two miles below at a bridge which late in the day Burnside bravely carried. I suppose, however, that this was chiefly a diversion, as the

ground was very contracted and rough in that place and I think he (B) was merely to hold the left and make a feigned attack. However this may have been, the fight was on the right.

East of the Antietam the ground rises pretty rapidly by heavy swells and waves, to the wooded heights of Elk Ridge, and the spurs and sides of South Mountain. Along the swelling hills covered with stubble fields, about a mile from the river opposite Sharpsburg and gradually more distinct as the valley opened northwards, were Union batteries which I think must have played upon the fatal cornfield across the stream, and the woods where great masses of rebels were placed and where after the battle great numbers were buried. From the place where Hooker crossed on Tuesday the land gradually rises (not very differently from what I have tried to represent by the dotted line across the plan X to Y, meaning thereby to show the elevation and rise above the plain line to represent a vertical section). Through the woods A, across the open space through the woods B and up the stubble and cornfield to the road and woods D, occupied by the rebels,—these latter woods occupy the top of one of these swelling hills and the ground falls behind it—behind towards the River Potomac. This conformation is repeated and heavy swells with stubble fields on their sides and woods on their crests, afforded many strong lines and positions to which the rebels might fall back. The woods about the battlefields were all groves of large (chiefly oak) trees, not standing closely, and without underbrush. The shape of the grounds behind afforded reason enough why it would not have been well to attack the next day and also was such that if the rebels had a force nearly equal to McClellan (and they probably had more) it was impossible to rout the rebel army, which as a New Hampshire soldier said fought as well as any man could. One of the rebel accounts (stopping its narration at an early hour when there was a favorable turn of affairs for them), says it was impossible to rout McClellan's army from the nature of the ground. I don't think this was true of our ground at all but it certainly was of theirs. Again it is not to be forgotten

that a few weeks ago the despondents were howling with fear lest Washington could not be defended. These battles, since the retreat from Richmond, have been forced upon us.

If McClellan with a defeated and weary army drove the rebels summarily out of Maryland, as he did, and with a decisive defeat at Antietam—as it is clear he gave them, and as every soldier to whom we spoke on the field felt perfectly sure—was it not enough? Must he follow headlong into the Potomac and risk the remains of his veteran army for which he had well-planned work yet amid the hills and woods where Lee had chosen his position? The more I saw of the field the more decided did I consider the success. In that day's fight the rebels were clearly worsted. It would be absurd to deny this. When time was called for the next round they did not come up to the scratch. In a prize fight the case would be clear.

The road from Sharpsburg to Hagerstown for the distance represented on the plan runs along the top of a broad-backed ridge. On the right or east side the land was cleared and about E was rather higher than to the north of it. Down to the right ran a deep hollow with sloping sides to Roulet's house, up which I think (from some accounts of the battle) Franklin's division came at the end and where the rebels had made a desperate effort to break through the left of our right wing. At one time we had a battery at F which must have made terrible work with the rebels behind the rail fence on the bridge. The little church on the road by the rebel woods was well riddled. The trees along the edge of the wood D had many large branches cut off by the shells. In this wood were many graves. There were also many in the woods B along the corn and stubble field. Many were marked with head boards. Generally, however, the field bore almost no trace of the terrible conflict concentrated in this small space of perhaps not more than thirty or forty acres. I did not see a bullet or fragment of shell, hardly a shred of clothing, a few—very few—old caps and knapsacks. The trees in the woods were marked by bullets and the corn was mostly trodden down, but so thoroughly bare was the field that I could not find anything whatever to bring away, and finally I picked



BATTLEFIELD OF ANTIETAM
 Sketch by A.T.L., September 1862

up a four-leafed clover which I happened to see. No doubt the natives of Sharpsburg have many relics which they will bring out one day. I heard one say that he had fifteen muskets and a horse, etc., besides the field was only a few hours distant from Harrisburg and only a day's travel from Philadelphia.

In the woods C were Union batteries having a clear command of the cornfield. Behind and near P's house were batteries in reserve which were needed and effectively used. We did not advance our line very greatly—perhaps $1/3$ to $1/2$ a mile. The rebels were not driven back greatly—perhaps they would say not at all, if they called the road their line—but in and around the cornfield was a desperate contest and one of the fairest and most open fights of the war and the result cannot be disputed. They were beaten severely on their own chosen ground. While we were on the field, McClellan rode across. I was much pleased with his looks, gentlemanly and intelligent. I think he has shown a better comprehension of the war than anyone in the army or in the Cabinet and if they will let him alone I have no doubt he will strangle the rebellion, as I believe he was doing.

Along the ride back to Sharpsburg were camps and tents in immense numbers, the men generally looking well and in good condition. Hence to Hagerstown, passing and meeting long trains of army wagons. Next day we went to Harrisburg and so back to New York. Hagerstown bore no marks of rebel occupation except on its hotel register, though a good deal of rebel scrip had been exchanged for goods of various kinds. It seemed strange to be where the rebel army had so lately been, unmolested.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Waltham, October 12th, 1862.

My dear Lissie,—We were delighted to receive your nice letters from Antwerp. It seems far less natural to think of you there than in Paris where every name is familiar, and when you are in Russia I fear you will seem very far off. Next March

however we can think soon of the return home, a delightful event of which I hardly dare to think now. There is little more war news of importance this week, no more from the army under McClellan, but there has been a rebel raid into Pennsylvania, consisting, as far as we have yet heard, of a small body of cavalry said by the rebels to be followed by a large force. Fifteen armed men rode through Chambersburg, the inhabitants being unarmed and fearful of the large force which they asserted they possessed, made no resistance. We shall learn the results before the steamer sails; no one now seems at all alarmed. We have had a victory at Corinth and there has been some fighting in Kentucky. The people's meeting at Faneuil Hall took place this week and was very successful. They are all very zealous at Mr. Lyman's for the defeat of Andrew and Sumner, as you would doubtless be were you here.

Papa will be rejoiced, as we were, at the news of Mr. Hill's elevation, which Arthur's postscript told you. We were in the greatest excitement Monday afternoon. We walked up to Lydia's, where we met Lydia and Sarah just setting out to meet Robert and hear the result of the meeting. We joined them and waited, first in the house, and then in the road, in great excitement. At length he appeared in sight and gave three cheers for Mr. Hill. He was elected, fifteen against eight. Annie and I went round to tell the Adamses who received the news with great delight. Mrs. Adams wept for joy and said she was not afraid now, he would prove himself. She longed to see him coming in like a great boy and then saying something so wise.

Poor Arthur has been quite ill. They were all made ill by the bad food and bad air in Maryland and Virginia.

Mr. Foote stayed at Mrs. Lyman's from Tuesday afternoon to Friday morning. He inquired particularly about you all, and when I one evening was speaking of the new meaning now in many portions of the Service (meaning the Litany, "war, pestilence, and famine," "prisoners and captives," "privy conspiracy and rebellion," etc.), he said, "And in 'travelers by land and by water,' I always think of your travelers then." Arthur gave him a four-leaved clover from the battlefield at Antietam, where

Wilder Dwight received his death wound, to give Mrs. Dwight, and he came one morning and told us all about it. It was a most heroic and beautiful death. It was true that Wilder rode up and down before the ranks holding aloft a rebel flag when his regiment were beginning to waver, but it was not then that he was killed. Later in the day he was speaking to the Colonel asking for a change of order, his left hand upon his hip while with the right he held the horse. A ball entered the left arm and passed into the hip, shattering the bone. He was borne to the rear and when the Chaplain who was already there came to him he said, "Chaplain, I am done for but I do not flinch a hair." His wound was too painful to allow him to be moved. Our men for a time retreated and he was left alone upon the field. In the morning he had begun in the saddle a pencil note to his mother; this he now finished, written evidently in great pain and it was stained with his blood. He sent love to all and said, "God bless you all, God bless you, my dear mother." On another page in yet feebler handwriting he added, "It is easy to die when one has faith." At midnight an ambulance came and twelve men alternately bore him to Boonsboro. He was often under the influence of opiates but whenever conscious was perfectly cheerful and resigned. "It is all right," he said. "It is just as it should be, it is God's will." He telegraphed to his father, mother, and brother, not so much for his sake as for theirs. His brother arrived one hour too late. A sudden change came over him, the Chaplain was summoned in haste and he said, "I am going, if you have anything to say to me, say it soon." Mr. Grant said, "You trust in God?" "I do." "And in Jesus Christ as your Saviour?" "I do." He then offered a prayer. Wilder's eyes were seen to move as in articulate prayer. Mr. Grant then asked him if he had any message to send. He said, "Tell them I love my mother," repeating the words slowly, "My dear mother." These were his last words. Surely we ought to live worthy of so beautiful a death. He wore the sword which the Club gave him. It is stained with his blood and will hang always unsheathed as he left it.

I forgot to mention that a private at risk of his life crept to

him as he lay on the field, asking if there were anything that he could do for him. It was to him that Wilder first gave the letter to his mother. This man he had defended for manslaughter and being unsuccessful had not rested until he had obtained his pardon. He then found a place for him in his father's mills and finally the man enlisted under him. Was it not touching? Before he went he felt that he was giving up his life and he died as he would most have wished.

The New England guard regiment is to start next week probably for New Bern. The Cadets are not yet ready. They have elected their officers: Charles Codman, Colonel; Russell Sturgis, Major; Oliver Peabody, Lt. Col. Many Harvard men have gone as privates.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Waltham, November 9th, 1862.

. . . You will be rejoiced to hear that the elections in most states have proved Democratic (or rather Conservative People's Party) and will probably hear with regret that in Massachusetts Governor Andrew and Hooper are again elected. Very many Republicans voted against them, Arthur amongst the number. On the other hand, Dr. Jacob Bigelow (Republican candidate) lost his election and Peter Harvey was elected in his stead. It is hoped that this change in the House of Representatives will relieve the President from the Radical pressure and enable him to act more independently. The Cadets (45th) with several other regiments went off on Wednesday. Kitty saw them from Sue's and said that they marched beautifully. The officers were on horseback. Lucy Codman, Susie Sturgis, and their children were at Lucy's window and Charles Codman waved his sword to them, while Russell Sturgis looked back until he could see them no more. Mr. Russell Sturgis of London has written telling them that it is all nonsense for them to go.

You will have been, as we have been, grieved to hear of James Savage's death after nearly three months of suffering. His end was peaceful and beautiful and they have the comfort of know-

ing that although so far away he had every care. Lizzie Putnam said that Mrs. Rogers had her own sweet smile although she could hardly speak. Poor fated 2nd Regiment, it is sad indeed to remember the day when in their health and strength they went forth. Yet who among them would have wished it otherwise? They have fought a good fight, they have finished their course, and there will be a crown of glory laid up for them on high.

One week ago we were almost in the midst of summer, the trees many of them retaining their beautiful foliage, and the air almost too warm. Now we are surrounded by snow. On Friday a violent snowstorm came on, much to little Arthur's amusement, who stood at the window exclaiming with astonishment. It continued all day and all night blowing violently and I fear the 45th had a rough passage to New Bern. It was so cold that the babies had to be arrayed in woolen coats and we kept as close as possible to the fire. Last evening Arthur shoveled the path out and today I traveled to church in a rain through the *slosh* in my waterproof cloak, dropping my hymn book on the way. Grandma Pratt fortunately moved to town before the storm came on. Jessie is going to help clean our house on Tuesday, so that we can go after next week, as soon as we like, but I don't think we shall until after Thanksgiving for we are perfectly comfortable here. The children are nicely and equally contented in rain and sunshine. Little Arthur is gaining flesh I think. His admiration of Julia continues unabated, and he imitates everything which she does. Julia dined last Sunday at Grandma Lyman's and in going over lost her shoe. Grandma asked her whether she would rather have that or a new one, and she answered, "I would rather have that one, because Mamma bought it, and she's a dear."

When Julia is washed it is little Arthur's delight to paddle in her water. He is lovely with his sweet little face. When she comes down in the morning he is so glad to see her that he lays his little head down on her shoulder and tries to squeeze her. I shall end with Julia's new song, "How glad we shall be when dear Grandpa comes home, How glad we shall be when dear

Grandma comes home, How glad we shall be when Aunt Lissie comes home, How glad we shall be when Aunt Sara comes home." With love to all our dear ones, ever my own sister,
Your affectionate ELLA.

Toward the end of 1862 McClellan's delays and his complaints of tired horses drove the President to his sarcastic telegram: "I have just read your despatch about sore-tongued and fatigued horses. Will you pardon me for asking what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?" On November 5th he removed McClellan and put in Burnside. Burnside, unequal, as he himself had repeatedly said, to the tremendous task, failed disastrously at Fredericksburg on December 13th, 1862. So intense was the loss of confidence in Burnside that officers resigned and great numbers of men deserted. The correspondent of the *London Times* wrote from Lee's headquarters: "December 13th will be a memorable day to the historian of the Decline and Fall of the American Republic."⁹

On January 23rd, 1863, Lincoln removed Burnside and put Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac. For months the outlook was tragic. One can see the indecision and tragedy of the North reflected in Papa's letters to the Lowells, though Papa himself stands firm in his prediction of success, or as his beautiful phrase puts it: "I feel a strong revival of a constant confidence." His confidence was constant because of his faith in the victory of the right, but it revived as moss revives under refreshing rain.

As he wrote in an earlier letter: "Some ask if you can see what is coming. I say, Who can at any time? There is a present work and duty, the conquest of the South, that is enough—it must and shall be done. How? By any and every right means."

⁹ Rhodes, *History of the United States*, IV, 200.

Arthur T. Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Boston, November 11th, 1862.

Pope's defeats seem to haunt you still, to us they are only a bitter memory with many intervening horrors. Indeed I suppose they never were so distressing to us because we very soon learned that they were not quite so bad as at first reported, though they were bad enough.

The four months which have passed since you left have been months of anxiety and distress aggravated by distrust. The sorrows to be borne would have been intolerable but for the things to be done. I bear in mind constantly that the war has been forced upon us by a doomed people, if the laws of nature fail not, if there be any reality in the moral sentiment of mankind or any justice in heaven. The contest seems to me to be like that with sin and the powers of evil. We cannot say whether we shall conquer, but to fight is a necessity, to strive to obey the law is imperative, the result is in the hands of God, but the duty is upon us. Of the result however I cannot but feel hopeful considering the cause to be good.

The result clearly is not to be reached without terrible trials on both sides. Looking at these merely as affecting the nation I think they will be beneficial, but as they fall upon individuals one almost feels as if nothing could compensate for them—the sufferings in camp and field fall far short of those which come upon the families and friends at home. To act and suffer, to fight and die are nothing to the distress of mind caused by years of grief for irreparable losses. It is painful too to see one's friends and acquaintances wounded and killed, and yet to live on quietly. We came to town the first Sunday in November and there was a sad change in five months, some absent who would never return: Revere, Quincy wounded, Mason crippled with fever. However, we must look on the bright side.

By this mail you will get the astonishing intelligence that McClellan is removed and that Burnside takes his place. General Halleck's letter does not explain the cause, yet he seems to be dissatisfied and very likely has quarreled with McClellan. Still

all he really says is that McClellan was ordered to advance and that he does not think the delay was necessary from lack of supplies. I do not change my opinion about McC., but the lack of results and the hostile statements have had a great effect in producing distrust among the people. The elections were a rebuke to the Government for its inefficiency and the Government says McC. is the cause and so turns him out, whereas in my opinion the Cabinet should rather have been dismissed. Abolition has control of the President through Secretary Chase, I suppose, and I think the country is strongly abolition. The elections do not indicate opposition to the war but dissatisfaction with the mode and result, and not I think to any great extent with its policy. So many officers and civilians hated McC. that perhaps it was impossible that the Government should co-operate with them though of course if he was the right man the President ought to have removed his opponents.

Still in the midst of rumors and political contests I do not see but that military matters stand well. Burnside has done well in what he has had to do. To be sure he has not been tried on a great scale. He is very much liked by the army, he has under him Hooker and other able and tried generals, and at the head of affairs is Halleck, who succeeded splendidly in the West and who is without doubt a talented officer. I persist in hoping for success in spite of all obstacles real and apparent. General Foster has left New Bern with about 8,000 men including the 21st and 5th Massachusetts. We have as yet no definite account from him. In the West the rebels have signally failed.

Dr. Huntington has been invited to go to New York to Dr. Hawkes's church, salary \$7,500. He is to baptize the twins on Thursday unless I assassinate him before the ceremony. Julia seems not at all likely to forget you. She is quite wild about your return and seems to have most vivid recollections of frolics and indulgences. The baby can walk several steps alone and is constantly rising up about the room. They are both in excellent health.

The 45th (Cadet) regiment finally left yesterday afternoon for New Bern, having been detained below by the severe storm

of last week. They must have had a most uncomfortable time, but I was quite relieved to find that they had got through it in safety. I should like to pass the winter and spring with you, but I should not like to leave the country now even if I could. Excuse the lack of news. Ella monopolizes that stuff, so I have to do the sentiment.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Boston, December 8th, 1862.

My dearest Lissie,—I have been as you will see obliged to change my day of writing, somewhat, I fear, to the detriment of my letters. It is more difficult to collect one's thoughts on week days because of the many little "cares of this world" which press in and occupy so much of one's thoughts and time. Alas for tigers' skins! Did I ever tell you my theory that were we clothed in such, the greater part of earth's labors would in consequence be dispensed with; we would indeed take no thought for the morrow, no washing and ironing, no making and unmaking, no mending, no trimming, fancy what an Elysium! Instead, bonnets, hats, cloaks, dresses, feathers—to say nothing of washing and ironing and consequently neglected and dusty rooms. Fortunately Sundays come once in a while for rest and pleasure and to bring us back to better things.

This week we had Mr. Foote's Bible Class too. It was very interesting. There were about twenty there. Miss Foote, without her bonnet, very bright and pleasant, which made it easier and pleasanter for us all. Miss Wilde, Miss Lizzie Parkman, Helen Gardner, Annie Peabody, several of Mr. Wm. Gray's daughters, Minnie Curtis, Annie Sargent, Emily Gray, Lizzie and Annie Putnam, and several others. He began with a little prayer, and then translated a chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke from the Greek, we following in the English version. He then asked questions about the different accounts of the teaching of St. John the Baptist. Would that you and Sara had been there! I did not know some of the questions. Many I knew and did not dare to answer in the awful silence; some I timidly answered,

while the others were as timidly answered around the room. I miss you at King's Chapel inexpressibly. Were it not for Dr. Bethune I should feel utterly forlorn. The services were most beautiful yesterday. It was Communion Sunday, and many were the words and prayers which followed you, my dear absent ones. It is a year ago today since our little Arthur's christening. What cause of thankfulness have we not that he has been preserved to us, and that precious little Julia daily more lovely, and that the dear Arthur whose birthday it is, is well and happy and giving happiness to all around him. God make us truly thankful. It seems almost strange that our family has been preserved intact in the midst of this terrible war, its traces all around us.

We went to a party on Thursday to Mary Whitwell's Nahant Sewing Circle, which Arthur calls an excuse for a party. Imagine a room filled with ladies for the most part handsomely dressed, sewing on soldiers' slippers, hemming pocket handkerchiefs, and knitting soldiers' socks as busily as possible. In the evening later came many gentlemen, some pretended to sew, more dispensed with the pretense. Dr. B. J. Jeffries went into the room with Sarah Sears, where she said he was more handy in sewing than she was. The modern style of dressing the hair is very peculiar—puffs on the top of the head. Some persons have curls between the puffs, some small curls all over the head. Those who dress their hair in the old-fashioned way are called "Gray-beards," they say. Mrs. Jack Gardner looked almost handsome and Mary Silsbee altogether so, while to others it was unbecoming.

Dear Dr. Jackson called with Lizzie to see us. Julia sat on his lap and replied to his inquiries for little Arthur. She told me at breakfast at full length an account of Betty's iniquities. That evening as I was dressing for Mary Whitwell's she suddenly called out from her bed, "Mrs. Lyman, don't '*peat* that about Betty—don't '*peat* it even to yourself for it would grieve you." She asked me this morning why God sent Aunt Lucy a little boy. I told her because He thought it best. "Yes," said she, "He's the wonderful one. He saw me at Augustus Loring's with my fine dress on and He saw my scarfs though they were in the drawer, and He saw Minnie Lyman too."

I heard from Fanny Eliot that Captain Swift had seen McClellan. He was in excellent spirits, relieved, he said, to be freed with honor from the responsibility. He asked Captain Swift to come to him privately that he might show him some military papers, and showed him the famous order to advance on October 1st, and his, McClellan's answer nearly in these words, "I wish to know the President's exact orders and they shall be obeyed. If he requires immediate advance I will advance, possible or impossible, horses or no horses, shoes or no shoes." The answer was, "The President requires no impossibilities," thus apparently giving permission to delay if in McClellan's opinion indispensable. Yet these two letters have in Halleck's report been suppressed and the first order only given. You will have seen it now that you take the papers. Everything shows McClellan's character in a yet nobler light.

My truest, dearest love to all. I hardly dare to think that in a year you will be here, I desire it so much, but with endless love, my dearest, kindest sister, Your own ELLA.

Arthur T. Lyman to Henry W. Foote

December 24th, 1862.

In the severe trials which beset us, many sneer at the follies and frailties of a democracy, and in a spirit as foolish as cowardly, sigh for a despotism or at least a monarchy. I believe with de Tocqueville that democracy is inevitable and with Mill that though still defective it is on the right path and capable of improvement. It seems to me that Mr. Mill's book is a most excellent defense of representative government and now is the time for us to defend and improve it. If we may attribute to democracy the most eminent merits of the noble men who compose our armies it may claim something more than sufficient to atone for its defects and follies. Before another Christmas I hope and believe that a happier state of affairs will come and if we cannot go back to what is past, I think we shall have reason to rejoice if Union is changed for unity and the United States becomes a nation.

"Though much is taken, much abides," and if we remain "strong in will to strive and not to yield,"¹⁰ I feel fully assured that the country will succeed and will be better and stronger. If the sufferings and sorrows of individuals shall cause us ever to abstain from fighting for points of "honor" and from all which it would not be wrong *not* to undertake (which it seems to me constitutes really the only justifiable cause for war), then there will be a new compensation for losses which (in this life) are irremediable.

"Those who have lived well have lived long enough"—but only for themselves. While those who have gone have gained a life, those who remain here have indeed lost one—at least for a time.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

January 5th, 1863.

Many, very many Happy New Years, my dearest sister. Dear Mamma's letter has just come to me—a most precious gift for the opening year. How thankful I am that amid so much of change and sorrow and anxiety which the year which has gone has brought, we and our nearest and dearest have been spared. And yet sometimes thankfulness for the exemption seems almost selfishness. The New Year opened with the President's Emancipation Proclamation—a cause of real rejoicing to many—to me it seems far wiser to wait until something is accomplished before rejoicing. Arthur says that McClellan is the greatest *Abolitionist* because he would succeed and put the thing *through*, while the others, by their blunders, make it impossible. Butler in his farewell proclamation at New Orleans declares that "Slavery is incompatible with the Union," a sentiment which some persons attribute to policy, others to real change of opinion. May the New Year bring forth good! The chief thing which I now dread is the Peace Democrats' theory, those persons who would sacrifice everything for the sake of peace. Better never to have fought at all! I cannot bear that so many inexpressibly precious lives

¹⁰ These lines are from Tennyson's "Ulysses" which A.T.L. liked. Many years later he gave it to me to learn by heart.

should be wasted without a worthy result. A noble peace, even if we cannot have a restored Union. Yet the loss of life is dreadful.

Strange to say, in spite of war and sorrow, parties (in a quiet way) abound. Edward Brown passed Friday evening here—was invited—and said that he had not had a disengaged evening for a long time. The Nahant Sewing Circles are excuses for gaiety. The ladies go handsomely attired, their hair most elaborately dressed. They sew until ten, and then have an ice-cream and oyster supper and sometimes end with a dance.

Tonight Kitty¹¹ has a party for Emily Eliot, and tell Mamma I am going to have my hair dressed by a hairdresser for the first time, for the modern puffs. Whether I shall look respectably thus I do not know, but I found Lydia was to have hers dressed in this fashion and I thought that I could not be the only one with braided hair. Dear Grandmother Putnam has sent me a beautiful gilt comb for a New Year's present which will be very pretty for this occasion. I groan over the parties and tell Arthur I wish I had not been seen at the first. It is no doubt much better to keep up one's intercourse with the world, but I think this is no time for gaiety and it would be far better to make the soldiers' slippers quietly, without gentlemen, suppers, and germans!¹² Another enjoyment in which I anticipate far more pleasure is hearing Dr. Walker preach his election sermon before the Governor on Wednesday at the Old South Church. It will be a great treat for I have not heard him since that one Sunday last winter.

Arthur T. Lyman to John Amory Lowell

January 6th, 10 P.M., 1863.

My dear Mr. Lowell,—Ella is writing a lot of private good news so I may as well refer briefly to public affairs. About ten days ago I found I was quite revived and recovered from the state of at least having nothing to say into which we all fell after the unfortunate fight, the horrid loss, the waste of life at Fredericksburg. In itself I never thought it of serious moment,

¹¹ Mrs. Augustus Lowell, her sister-in-law.

¹² The german was a special dance.

but it destroyed confidence in the leaders. The campaigns in Virginia—it is becoming to be but too apparent—have been cursed and blighted by the unfeeling, vacillating, cowardly, mean, weak, malicious, wicked, dishonest conduct of the head fool and devil—who this being is no one here knows.¹³ But I think it tolerably clear that the main assault was not meant to be against Richmond, which must be perfectly fortified and only to be reduced by a siege unless cut off in rear, but in the West.

And in the West things begin I think to look well. I have always stood up for Halleck (excepting his bad letter about McClellan, which however he may have been forced to write, though perhaps he should not have been so fierce) and I believe in him still. The last news from the West tonight is decidedly good. I feel a strong revival of a constant confidence, perhaps unreasonable, perhaps to be cut down, but still strong. Again the Western rivers are rising. This of course helps us greatly. The Monitor has been lost but we don't mind such trifles now. There is quite a prevalent feeling that the end is not far off. People differ as to the kind of end, but I trust it will be the right kind—it will not take many things to decide the fate of the South now, and if we can only have a few good things the whole aspect will brighten like the earth at the passing away of a cloud.

In February there came a chance to meet General McClellan. My mother, dressed in her purple ball-dress, went over to 6 Joy Street to show it to her mother-in-law who had given it, then “pushed across the street through the crowd to Mrs. Gray's on Mt. Vernon Street.”

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Boston, February 3rd, 1863.

I have not told you that I have seen McClellan. It was, I think, the only invitation which I ever *coveted*, but I did hope that Mrs. Gray would ask me, and she fortunately did. One

¹³ He later writes that he believed it to be Secretary Chase.

thousand invitations were issued; but not more than half that number could have been present, for the rooms, although very full, were but for a short time really uncomfortably crowded. Tell dear Mamma that I wore Mrs. Lyman's purple ball-dress, a little differently trimmed. The wreath of lilacs I took to pieces by the hairdresser's directions, and she arranged a bunch for the top of the head and the rest arranged very tastefully among the puffs. Arthur's Aunt Mary [Pratt] lent me her diamond earrings, which I was very glad to return safely to her the next morning.

It was a most beautiful party. We were upon entering introduced, immediately after speaking to Mrs. Gray, to General McClellan, who stood by her side and shook everyone by the hand, calling the individual by the name under which he had just been introduced to him. A little further on stood Mrs. McClellan with Mr. Gray, and we were also introduced to her. The General looks very much like his photographs; his hair (to my surprise) is very heavy and *dark*, his mustache of a lighter brown, his eyes I think blue. He is rather below the common height but exceedingly broad, his throat very large, his whole frame very powerful, his manners very easy and pleasant. He is not handsome, and yet there is something about him showing that he is fitted to command, and I could easily imagine the enthusiasm of the men which Powell Mason described when, waving his hat, he rode through the ranks, with a gaze which told the men that he knew them and was known by them.

Mrs. McClellan is very pretty, perhaps not in the daytime, but pretty, certainly, in the evening, most easy, ladylike manners, something to say to everyone. She had seen Mr. Lyman¹⁴ the previous evening at Mr. Eldredge's, at a gentleman's reception, and she recognized him at once and called him by name. I had no opportunity of speaking with either of them, for we were passed immediately on into the next room, but later in the evening Arthur talked a little with General McClellan, and they returned to the Constantinople days when he had known him before. I had a very pleasant time for George Gard-

¹⁴ George W. Lyman.

ner was very kind to me, carried me about through the dense crowd back into the room where I could see McClellan, and then into the supper room, which we found almost empty and quite cool and we had a fine chance of seeing him as he came down to supper with Mrs. Gray. We were then on our way up. Finally Mr. Gardner deposited me on a sofa by Mrs. Silsbee, where I was very glad to be after standing so long. Mrs. Silsbee was more patriotic than anyone there. She took off her glove from her right hand, saying that no one else should ever touch that glove. Mary Whitwell imitated her example. My glove had touched too many hands since, to say nothing of *spoons*, to be any longer sacred.

February 5th, 1863.¹⁵—Much pleased with General McClellan's full face, his eyes honest, honorable and Scotch expression, his smile very pleasant. I told him I hoped he would not be so fatigued by his many engagements in Boston as to return with an unpleasant impression of us. He said that he was not at all tired and should always remember Boston with pleasure, but he feared many gentlemen would be greatly relieved when he was gone. He had never been through such hard work of *this kind* before, but he was getting accustomed to it.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Boston, March 3rd, 1863.

We dined with your friend Miss Annie Frothingham and Mr. Hubbard at Mrs. Franklin Story Jr.'s on Friday. It was the first dinner party to which I had been asked since our marriage. Everything was in the most *recherché* style, all manner of wines, salmon, green peas, rhubarb, and even strawberries, very large and with full flavor. Mr. Peter Brooks took me in and also inquired for you. All the ladies except Mrs. Story and myself wore low-neck ball-dresses. I wore (this is for Mamma) my pink silk that I believe I told you is now altered into a high neck, the waist and sleeves trimmed with white ar-

¹⁵ Grandpa Lyman had taken Mamma with Aunt Sarah Sears to Mr. Edward Everett's to meet General McClellan again.

ranged in circles. We have not had many invitations lately, to my relief, for I am thankful to stay at home. Tomorrow we are going to Mr. Hill's inauguration¹⁶ in which, as you will imagine, I feel much interest, and on Thursday we dine at Sarah Sears's with Fanny and Mr. Foote.

The services were beautiful on Sunday. There were very few there, owing to the snowstorm with which the first day of spring opened. I thought of all my dear absent ones and had many prayers for them. I sat in dear Mamma's seat for the first time, I believe, since you left. The *Te Deum* was read instead of being sung—this I trust was not an innovation to shorten the service, which to me is never long enough.

March 4th. Mr. Hill's inauguration went off finely. The collegians tumbled merrily in and then to the music of the band came the venerable procession. Arthur was marshal and looked very handsome with his blue rosette, but was obliged to stand the whole time.

She must have looked often at him standing there motionless, his eyes watching the speaker and yet his lighted look turned to her so slightly that, if she had not known he always saw without looking directly, she would not have realized that he saw her and all around her.

Arthur T. Lowell to John Amory Lowell

Boston, March 6th, 1863.

My dear Mr. Lowell,—I send herewith exchange on London for £100 which, if I rightly remember the figures, will nearly if not quite cover Ella's order for miscellaneous dry goods sent by last steamer.

I enclosed in Ella's last letter some extracts from Southern papers showing the desperate way in which the rebels are pushed on all sides. I cannot but think that they must ere long break at one or more points and any serious break will insure their speedy death I believe. Tell Lissie she would be delighted by

¹⁶ As President of Harvard College.

the harmonious blending of the blue and brown in the 54th Massachusetts, into which Shaw, Cabot Russel and others are going.

I meant to have written a full issue of anathema against the rebels this afternoon but am obliged to go to Lowell.

Ella Lyman to John Amory Lowell

Boston, March 17th, 1863.

My dearest Father,—I was delighted to receive your interesting letter from Bordeaux and very glad to read the account it contained of the favorable speech of Comte Le Mercier. I cannot help hoping that the tide has turned in our favor and that England and France will become less blind as to the right of the case, which to us seems so indisputably clear. One or two good victories would make a strong current in our favor—and those I hope and believe will soon come. I do not see that the courage and perseverance of the people fail in the least. They are disheartened at times of course, and the brilliant successes of last spring made us perhaps unduly hopeful, but no one alludes to the possibility even of “giving it up,” not even the Peace Democrats, since their delightful rejection by the South. The Conscription Act is published, and I suppose will soon be carried into effect. The negro regiment at Readville has now 300 recruits, and they really look very noble in their blue cloaks. (Arthur says the colors harmonize!) Both the sons of Mr. Hallowell of Philadelphia are officers, and Cabot Russel, from the 44th. Sarah Paine told me that her brother Charles, who was formerly a Democrat, told her that he had seen much of the negro regiments at New Orleans and thought they might be made very useful. No one would dream of war who walked through Boston. Never have the shops been filled with handsomer foreign goods. All the theatres filled, the confectioners, jewelers, etc., all supported. I suppose a change may come, but we have as yet only felt the war in that saddest of all ways, the loss of our noblest and bravest, and in this Boston has surely borne her part. Marshall has finished a beautiful picture of Wil-

lie Putnam, taken from the photograph, and is now painting one of James Lowell, which I have not yet seen. Charles Lowell's engagement seems to have given great satisfaction. The young officers are all arranging for their future homes should they be permitted to return to them.

Mr. Foote had this autumn added a beautiful clause, "for all those who are sick or wounded for our sakes," and for "all those from whom Thou hast taken the dearly loved object of their affections." Both Arthur and I, however, regretted the change; in the first place because we thought the present prayer more confused, and mixed, retaining some portions of the former prayer with alterations, and also because in the other the force of association was so strong. It has thrilled through us when it first was read, and come out like a *De Profundis* in the time when our young men were led into captivity, when our wounded were brought home, and the lifeless forms of those who had died for us were borne through our streets; and it will be months or years before this can be the same.

Robert Bancroft passed Saturday evening here and says that Mr. Hill is very much liked among the students. He went himself to carry his matriculation paper to a student who, already in his senior year, had not obtained it, congratulating him very kindly. "Fellows feel those things," said Robert.

Your ever affectionate daughter ELLA.

Arthur T. Lyman to John Amory Lowell

Boston, March 17th, 1863.

My dear Mr. Lowell,—It is quite a long time since I have written more than a few lines, partly because I have been busy and chiefly because nothing decisive or sure was happening. We have given up prediction and can only wait and keep at work. I think that there exists, whether rightly or not I will not pretend to say, a very general impression that the rebellion cannot last much longer. At least, people will not buy goods ahead, nor cotton. Confident speculation seems to have vanished, and various indications seem to show that the rebels are in great

straits. At all events there is no confidence felt now in the rebellion. The South is severely pressed. At Charleston is a fleet and an army, which ought to do something, but which may only succeed in detaining a large force of rebels and exhausting them. In Virginia is a large army which before long now must move. In Tennessee Rosecrans seems to be waiting only till the mud dries up, and others with whom he is to act are ready. And on the Mississippi the rebels must contend as best they may with fire and water. Here are four points—four vital points where the South is menaced. The chances are surely in our favor at one or more. I must say I fully expect to see the death blow given to the rebellion this spring and summer. They will very likely struggle and linger, but I think they will receive a mortal wound. These opinions are perhaps little more than hopes without knowledge, one may say and I do not pretend to predict—still I can't see the matter otherwise.

The Democratic opposition has provoked a reaction and though of course in such a civil war we must struggle through difficulties constantly till it is over, yet I think there can be no doubt that if more men are needed, as they will be, they will be forthcoming. Matters have gone too far for the war to stop, it seems to me, on financial issues. No matter what the price of gold may be (and its holders now are shaking in their shoes) we have food and material of all kinds—and as long as we choose to carry on the war we can. To be sure it might come to this that a U.S. bill in one's pocket would only show what a man had *given* to the State—but we should still have men and means.

I hope Ella has sent you an extract from a Charleston paper which took a most gloomy view of their affairs—because such things are at least pleasing and soothing to read.

Ella Lyman to Ida Agassiz (Mrs. Henry L. Higginson)

[Winter of 1863.]

I do indeed, my dearest, I do give you my deepest love and sympathy. I thank you for writing me of your great happiness, and I thank you for numbering my love for you among the

pleasant memories of the past. That love, and the delightful hours which I have passed with you, seem like rays of bright sunlight thrown across my path. I can tell how that full sunshine will lighten and gladden your home.

Tell Major Higginson that I know he will guard and tenderly care for the treasure he has won, and I could not wish him greater happiness than that which has already been given him. And that God would ever bless you, dearest Ida, and grant you joy unspeakable in one another, is the prayer of

Your affectionate friend, ELLA LYMAN.

There was one dinner party given by Mamma and Papa on April 1st, 1863, that we as children were told about because it was a memorable one. It was for her cousin Charles Russell Lowell and his fiancée Josephine Shaw. That night of great happiness and consecrated sorrow (for he was soon to leave again for the army) must have been one of shining faces. Cousin Ida Agassiz (not yet married), Cousin Henry Higginson, Cousin Nina Lowell, Mr. John Ropes, the distinguished historian, and Mr. John Bancroft came. Mamma ordered her ices and had a little hairdresser arrange her hair. The dining table was covered with beautiful flowers from Oakley sent by Grandmother Pratt, and Grandmother Lyman from next door at 6 Joy Street came in to help arrange them.

After dinner they looked eagerly at the accurate detailed map that A.T.L. had drawn at Antietam. I give a few quotations from letters of the talk that evening:

Charles Lowell told Arthur that he carried the message from McClellan to Burnside at the battle of Antietam. McClellan said in answer to Burnside's demand for fresh troops that he could send very few. Burnside at the moment exclaimed with a slight impatience, "Why could he not send them earlier!" A shot then fell among the group of officers; the aides of Burnside fell back. Burnside stood still and then said with emotion—he is a man very easily moved to tears: "I take that all back, Lowell, I did wrong to say it. I believe he would have sent them if he could."

The men in Lowell's regiment are almost all aliens, either unnaturalized Irishmen or men from the Provinces. The black regiment is filling up. When the other soldiers swore at them, Charles Loring bade them go outside the tent, and see where his nigger and another one were studying their spelling (at 10 P.M.) by the light of a dim tallow candle.

On May 2nd and 3rd, 1863, came the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville, in which, however, Stonewall Jackson was accidentally wounded by his own troops and died ten days later. Early in June Lee invaded Pennsylvania. On June 27, 1863, Hooker was relieved and the command given to General George G. Meade, and with long and rapid marches in the hot sun of the end of June, the tremendous battle of Gettysburg was prepared for. On July 4th the President announced that the victory of the army of the Potomac meant success to the cause of the Union. He specially desired that on this day, "He whose will, not ours, should ever be done, be everywhere remembered and revered with profoundest gratitude." He at once urged Meade to pursue and capture or destroy Lee's army, but Meade wavered and Lee escaped. Lincoln felt that the war might and should have been ended at this time.

In February 1863, Robert Gould Shaw left his friends in the 2nd Massachusetts to become Colonel of the 54th Massachusetts, the first colored regiment to take part in the war. Robert Shaw assaulted Fort Wagner, which was one of the defenses of Charleston, on July 18th, 1863.

The following letter refers to the invasion of Pennsylvania by Gen. Robert E. Lee. It shows A.T.L. writing fast, almost as if speaking in fragmentary sentences.

Arthur T. Lyman to John Amory Lowell

Boston, June 30th, 1863, 5 P.M.

My dear Mr. Lowell,—The situation looks badly enough here and worse abroad I suppose. Everybody is indignant with the Government for its imbecility. No one pities the bawling



COL. AND MRS. CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL
(Josephine Shaw)

Pennsylvanians and it is quite strongly hoped that Lee will get the worse of this invasion—if indeed his main army is over the river and thoroughly into Maryland and Pennsylvania, which seems hardly the case. I see no satisfactory evidence that the rebels have done more than send about large detached parties and squads of cavalry. It may be otherwise but we know nothing about it almost. The most absurd exaggerations come from fugitives. General Meade, most highly spoken of, known by persons here, as a soldier, a gentleman, a modest but resolute man, and withal temperate in his drink—has taken the place of Hooker, who has lost the confidence of the country and army. It is reported also that McClellan takes Halleck's place. This is not confirmed yet—may arise from the fact that Meade is liked by McClellan. The invasion of Pennsylvania is nothing if Lee's army can be beaten the better, or if ours is not beaten. Rosecrans has moved forward. Grant seems to be doing well. The position is disgraceful to the Government but perhaps an excellent thing for the people and the war.

Mr. Devens was elected treasurer of the Hamilton today without opposition. Directors Abbott, Upham, and G. A. Gardner declined re-election. George W. L. declined to serve after seeing the ticket and being re-elected. Mr. T. J. Coolidge elected in his place—his satellite Burnham, also Wm. B. Bacon, Jos. B. Glover, H. Horsford re-elected. It is a queer set, and I don't know what it means exactly. Gold 147, cotton absurdly 75¢.

July 8th, 1863.

My dear Mr. Lowell,—The news you may think too good to believe, but it seems to be *really true*—and the last *report*, not confirmed I think, is that Lee has surrendered.¹⁷ This is not improbable but hardly to be credited yet. Nevertheless the most tremendous and I think fatal blow has fallen on the rebellion. Sumner Paine and Henry Ropes were killed, Revere badly wounded. I have heard that he has died, but I do not think this is true. The losses of officers and men terrible—but the result is inexpressibly important—gold down 15% already. If Lincoln

¹⁷ This of course was not true.

was a *man* peace might be made, unless the rebels are very devils—but if they are desperate and mad, we go on with splendid prospects. It looks as if Lee's army would be destroyed or captured—but we must wait—perhaps too much to hope for.

Most affectionately, ARTHUR.

On July 11th the drafts were drawn in New York and the conscripts from the 9th Congressional district (mainly Irish, foreign mechanics and laborers) rebelled. They hurled brickbats and paving stones, attacked and burned hotels and houses and cruelly maltreated the negroes, crying out indignantly against the right to buy oneself off for \$300, "Down with the rich men." The riot increased and lasted four days, "with an estimated loss in killed and wounded of 1,000, most of whom were in the mob, and a probable damage to private property of \$1,500,000."

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Sunday, July 12th, 1863.

My dearest Lissie,—How many events in one short week. The victory at Gettysburg, the surrender of Vicksburg, the deaths and wounds of so many whom we know, the draft of so many more. It is a comfort that amid the sorrow for grievous losses there can be the blessing that it has not been all in vain. The rebels are decidedly defeated, but they are apparently rallying again near Shepherdstown. Another battle seems imminent. Ben¹⁸ was not in the last battle but he narrowly escaped danger. He was ordered to conduct 200 convalescents to the main army, when they were surrounded by Stuart's cavalry. They resisted and made a feint of strength, which deceived Stuart and enabled them to escape. When they last heard of him he was conducting 2,000 stragglers and convalescents to join Meade. So we have one cause of great thankfulness, that he thus far is safe. But Charlie Mudge, young Robeson, Sumner Paine, Henry Ropes, and Paul Revere are all gone, and Frank Crowninshield and

¹⁸ Benjamin Crowninshield, her cousin.

Herbert Mason wounded, the latter badly, in the thigh. Almost the saddest case of all is that of Paul Revere. There has been a lovely little notice of him in the *Advertiser*, of which I enclose a copy. He has truly been a martyr to the cause, noble in life, noble in death. He was wounded on Thursday so there was some delay about the telegraphic dispatch, "Come on quickly." They went as quickly as possible but arrived too late. He died on Saturday and they came on Sunday morning. May God help them all. He was brought home and the funeral we have heard took place on Friday, entirely private. I was sorry that it should have been so, for one to whom his country owes so much should surely have been remembered by it in return. I wrote a little note to Josephine Revere. I have seen her a great deal at the Sanitary Rooms and I never pitied anyone more. They have all been terribly anxious and now the worst has come—the worst for them, the best for him, for his young and noble life could have been given to no better end. Mr. Raymond Lee said that he had never in his life seen anyone so brave in battle as Paul Revere.

They have heard a little more of Sumner Paine. Henry Ropes had written to his brother John, speaking most highly of Sumner's bravery and endurance before the battle, and many similar tributes generous because never imagined to reach the parents' ears have come. They had a very difficult forced march which he bore splendidly. On Thursday he was wounded in the face but still continued all day in the field without even taking time to wash the wound. On Friday early in the day he was shot in the leg, how seriously they do not know, but he did not leave his post, and at 4 P.M., just as the last volley was fired, he fell, shot through the head. Paul Revere sent an ambulance for him, ordering him to be brought to the same place where he himself was. But the order was not understood and he was taken to the hospital. There then remained no means of transportation so they were unable to bring him home. The surgeon went out upon the field and did all that could be done, marking the place where he was, so that he can be brought home if they wish. Many of the family would rather have him there, feeling that he died in victory and that it would be pleasanter that he should

rest on the field which his valor had helped to win. Mr. Paine is to go on tomorrow and then they will decide.

Henry Ropes was brought home and the funeral took place on Wednesday, and there were funeral services yesterday for Sumner Paine at Mr. Ellis's church. I am going in to see them soon. Robert said that his mother was calm but very much troubled. The separation is dreadful now, and they have yet another son for whom to fear.

Arthur T. Lyman to John Amory Lowell

Boston, July 14th, 1863.

My dear Mr. Lowell,—I do not send Ella's letter fearing that the mail may be disturbed as we have received none from N.Y. today. In the absence of the militia regiments, the foreign mob are making serious disturbance in N.Y. It will be quelled as soon as a few troops can be brought to bear. The army of Lee we fear may escape, but perhaps not. The general military position is most encouraging.

All well—will send Ella's long letter which I thought too valuable to you to risk till next steamer.

About forty of my acquaintances have been drafted. A small row at the North End this A.M., quiet now.

Arthur T. Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Boston, July 21st, 1863.

My dear Lissie,—I have been in your debt for letters for a long time, but with nothing new to write I have not felt much like discoursing on the present or future of the United States. Matters have been in such a horrible state that grim and silent endurance has seemed the only course to pursue. Nothing cheerful was to be said or seen, though I have never hesitated about pursuing the object we have in view. We can promise no more. You must come home and wait patiently or impatiently for the facts.

A most splendid change, however, has come over military affairs and we look eagerly for the results to be developed out of the new state of things. The N.Y. riot has been quelled and

I think now is in subjection, though threats are made that it will break out again when the attempt is made to renew the conscription. A regiment has been under arms in Lowell and measures have been taken to defend the mills in Manchester against apprehended violence. The riot is probably directed and incited by traitorous Americans, but is composed of Irish and other foreigners. Very many Americans will evade the draft but it is not natural for them to offer forcible resistance to law.

In N. Carolina there seems to be evident discontent with the Confederate Government and a party in favor of the Union. This will come to nothing till the rebels leave Virginia, which they will never do till their cause is lost,—at least they will surely hold on there as long as possible, and the loss of Virginia more than anything else is the fatal blow to the rebellion.

Charleston is being approached in a sensible way by a skillful officer, the same who reduced Pulaski. It will not be taken in a day, but I think there is a good chance that it will be reduced. I don't think that the war is over by any means, but I do not believe that it can last much beyond March 1865. The probability is that the Democrats will come into power then and though I feel quite confident that they will not consent to any terms of peace (if war should then be going on) which do not start with the unity of the country, they will undoubtedly be willing to make the way back as easy as possible for the States in rebellion. If the military operations are conducted successfully during the rest of the year I see no good reason (except it be in the incompetency of those in office) why at least some substantial movement towards peace should not be made next year.

Some of the radical wish no doubt to keep on with the war till slavery is abolished everywhere and the States perhaps reduced to territories, but this theory will not hold its ground against or beyond a new election. Those knaves and (or) fools the Vallandigham Peace Democrats say, "Withdraw your armies and then the South will discuss this matter." Some of the same snakes gave similar advice in N.Y. the other day—"Withdraw the soldiers and the mob will disperse in peace!" This is traitorous and absurd and will not be generally accepted.

I think the President has the plan, viz., that any State wishing to return shall pass some law (made a part of their constitution) gradually emancipating the slaves, as in the case of Western Virginia. Missouri has passed such laws. If this course could be applied to Louisiana and Texas and Arkansas we should have gained that most desirable point, the turning of the old Missouri Compromise line north and south instead of its very bad course east and west. Something partial in its effects of this kind may possibly be accomplished, but I think if the rebel military force was broken that there would be a very general acquiescence in the return of the Southern States on the old footing. These questions of terms of settlement are beginning to arise and though still premature, I think, they indicate perhaps the feeling that some settlement is likely to come before *very* long. Meanwhile the clearest duty is to press on the war with vigor.

There was a very pleasant meeting of the Harvard College alumni the past week, the anti-slavery tune of which did not please your friend Silsbee and fairly ground the teeth of my friend James Peirce. Dr. Walker gave a very fine address. I was much pleased at the enthusiastic reception of two Englishmen, from Cambridge, Eng. Notwithstanding our differences about the rebellion, the cause of liberty, humanity, and civilization demands that these two nations should contend only in peace. Their union should be maintained.

Among the saddest of the deaths from the war is that of Paul Revere. With Ropes and Paine and a host of others he fell at that point where the rebel army was broken as against a rock—the 20th Massachusetts and the brigade and corps to which it belonged stood the brunt of one of the fiercest and most effective battles of the war.¹⁹ They fell in useful victorious service. It is a consolation but does not fill the void.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Monday evening, [July 1863]

Dearest Lizzie,—I long to hear again from you. I long to talk with you again. Alas, that Colonel Shaw should have fal-

¹⁹ Battle of Gettysburg, July 4th, 1863.

len! So young, so full of hope and purity and promise. May God have mercy upon his wife! No wonder that she clung to him tremblingly when he left. No wonder that her heart sank within her at the camp—but two short months since she saw him ride forth at the head of his troops—and she shall look upon his face no more! It seems a moment since I saw him riding among his black soldiers at Readville the day the banners were presented. He looked so fair and young—one thought with his light hair and blue eyes, contrasted with the dusky faces of his men, he was a fit type of the Anglo-Saxon race guiding and leading the poor African. I was reminded of some pictures of an angel warrior going to trample down Satan (our picture of Michael you remember). He had a sad look mingled with his resolute manly one, till catching your eye he gave such a sweet open smile. And then again, I can see him looking up to Aunt Mary's balcony and taking off his cap with the same delightful expression. Was it not touching to hear of the poor black soldiers forgetting their own wounds and thinking only of their Colonel! And his stopping to send his papers to his father just before he went to battle that night. How nobly his regiment fought. I am sure they have redeemed the honor of their race. Surely there must be in human nature a strong undying faith in immortality, else men could not go forth never to return, and wives and mothers could not live, waiting that dread struggle which surely comes at last. Heaven help us all, and may the end be worthy of their lives! May it be such as they who gave them would have joyed to see!

I must go now, for Arthur is not very well and wants me to come up. With love unspeakable, Your own ELLA.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

August 2nd, 1863.

Colonel Shaw's death seems to be certain—certain and very sad. There has been a very interesting letter published from Mr. Pierce, describing the attack on Fort Wagner, the long march and fast which preceded it. Colonel Shaw gave to Mr. Pierce his private papers to send to his father, with a premoni-

tion, perhaps, of the sad fate which awaited him. He was killed on the parapet of Fort Wagner. He shouted, "Onward, boys!" waved his sword, and fell. So passed away that pure and noble and beautiful spirit, so short a time ago riding forth at the head of his troops. The regiment is said to have fought splendidly and had it not been for Colonel Shaw's death, which caused some confusion, they would probably have been successful. How they must long to hear of Cabot Russel. I confess to a great uneasiness as to his fate, but gentlemen say that the rebels will fear retaliation. Theodore goes tomorrow and I am grieved not to see him again.

This is the last of the letters to the Lowells about the Civil War. There are no Lyman war letters to be found in 1864. The Lowells were at home, the year was filled with illness. There must have been little time to write.

Elizabeth C. Putnam to Ella Lyman

[On the funeral service for Charles Russell Lowell]

Boston, October 28th, 1864.

Dear Ella,—It was so beautiful raising our thoughts from earth beneath to heaven above. The yellow leaves against the sky just as on the 28th three years ago, and falling lightly on the hillside, and the sun broke through the clouds over the drops. Henry Higginson and John Bancroft standing so still after they had lifted the flowers from the bier which was wrapped in the same flag that was over Willie's and the two graves close by—only a few steps between them.

Nor were those two classmates forgotten—one laid to rest on the field near Cedar Mountain, the other in far-away Virginia. And think, Ella, of their being together again in that world of light. Dr. Walker's chosen verses were grand and Mr. Bartol's prayer without exception beautiful and a real uplifting prayer. Then Dr. Putnam (a few moments before he had covered his face with his hands he felt so much) spoke, his voice deep with feeling, and by degrees his words rose like a song of triumph and you felt no more doubt "Is it too soon?"

He answered it gloriously. The classmates and friends walked behind the bier and in front went the cadets and the "funeral march" and then as we stood, under the trees and they lifted it from the hearse—Henry, John Bancroft, and the rest—they broke out so gently and richly in Pleyel's Hymn—more beautifully than when sung by voices. Mr. Lowell and Cousin Anna on his arm; he so pale and she so worn and yet over all the faces a rapt expression, as of thoughts all out of themselves and above or through even their sorrows, for it had been said "He is not here, he is arisen." And then Susie and Nellie Shaw reminding one so of Effie and Mr. Shaw so pale and sad and looking like her too. Mrs. Howland Shaw came in in the cars with me and told me about Effie, how she said that whenever she bid him good-by she thought she might never see him again, but this time they had begun to feel easier because his name was not mentioned in Sheridan's order. She says she cries a great deal and that relieves her and she talks about him a great deal but that her face looks so thin and pale it is sad to see her. She talks too about what may be and that comforts her a little. And is not it strong and beautiful that she does not cling at all to the earthly part of it—seems to have put it away entirely from her thoughts and only to realize him as he is now. She only said she wished he might have been buried where he fell for he wished it too, but she never asked to have the funeral there or to come on to the funeral but left it all to Mr. Lowell. If only she could have borne the fatigue it might have been a comfort to her but she could not and is not it beautiful to feel as she does? She will be twenty-one soon and their wedding day was about the 30th, Mrs. Shaw said.

Good-night, Your loving LIZZIE.

Journal of Ella Lyman

April 10th, 1865.—This is a day ever to be noted and remembered, a glorious, blessed day, for today the news has come that Lee has surrendered! The war must surely soon be over now. We all, children and servants and all, went about the house singing, and too thankful for work.

About twelve Mr. Foote came. He was wanting to find Arthur and wanting to have the church open for thanksgiving and praise this afternoon. He said it was the way it *ought* to be kept, and if he could find but twenty persons to lift up their hearts with him he wanted to have it. It was good to go into the church with Mr. Deblois [the sexton] whom he found at work there. I told him it was what we longed for and I was sure that others would feel so too. He went to see Mr. Bulfinch and then came again to say that all was arranged, the notices printed, and the service was to be at five o'clock. Michael went to carry some of his notices and one to the soprano in Roxbury. Sara came in (the rain pouring down but everyone joyous nevertheless), and was delighted to have the service, and called on her way home at Mrs. Goodwin's, the Putnams', Crowninshields', etc. I wished to take Julia, for I thought she would remember it always. Augustus and Lucy and Lissie went too. As we drove along we met many of our people walking in the rain, some from far on the Back Bay, all with smiling faces and glad hearts. The church was nearly full, many, very many men, and it was beautiful to see them all. Strong men and women and children felt the need of thanksgiving, the need of consecrating their joy by prayer. It was mysterious in the church in the deepening twilight, the music was most appropriate and beautiful. "Let us sing unto the Lord a new song for He hath gotten Himself the victory" came out with new meaning, and the *Te Deum Laudamus*. Many have joined the noble army of martyrs. Mr. Foote's selections from the Scriptures were most beautiful, the first lesson ending with "Bless the Lord, O my soul," which he read with the deepest feeling. The second lesson from Hebrews, "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," and from Revelations, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

We read alternately the Psalms for a Day of Thanksgiving and then Mr. Foote made a beautiful uplifting prayer. Many who had lost their dearest ones in this war were there—Mrs. Paul Revere, Mrs. Storrow, Lucy Russell, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Stevenson, and their need was not forgotten. And he prayed

that their noble deeds, their dying for us, might stimulate us to renewed consecration of ourselves to God and to His loving service. Few if any left the church without tears of thankfulness to God. In the evening there were many illuminated houses, and Arthur illuminated ours very prettily with candles in the windows. Dear little Julia sat up to see and was highly delighted.

Arthur T. Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

[Giving his views on the war]

December 22nd, 1865.

Suppose myself placed where no protection or assistance was attainable. 1st: If a man snatches away my coat or purse, I should decidedly not kill him. 2nd: If he put my life in danger I should kill him, if it were impossible to escape otherwise. 3rd: If the attack was such that he would kill Julia unless I killed him, I should not only kill him but consider it my duty to do so. In the first place, I should clearly have a right to waive my own rights whatever they might be in such a case. In the second case, perhaps I might do the same, though the man being wholly in the wrong and other persons' interests and rights depending more or less upon me, a fair question I think might be raised whether I could go so far. In the third case, the man acts wholly in the wrong and I consider that my duty requires me to protect Julia, and in the case supposed the only efficient way of doing this duty would be to kill the man. I say in this case it would be wrong for me to allow Julia to be killed.

I looked on the war as an example under the third case. I should regret the necessity of killing the man, in the extreme. I hate war as a method of settling anything. The late war was therefore and of course, bothersome to me—but at the same time I considered it a *duty* to carry it on, without malice, but with determination.

Now, it seems to me that in the third case supposed, the course of action is not incompatible with Christianity—that if the action be not in accordance with any precept of Christianity,

but derived from human reason and sense of right, yet it is not forbidden by it, on any principle of interpretation broad enough to be reasonable. I believe of course that no Christian should make such an attack, and then no such action would be needed.

If we go to war with England because she has directly or indirectly destroyed our property or touched harshly upon what before the war the Southern chivalry (chiefly of Irish extraction, at the best, you know) would have called our "honor," I should think we were *wrong* in so *retaliating* for an infringement of our rights; it is not wrong to give up *our own rights*, but I think it is wrong in certain cases not to defend what is not only our own *right* and the right of *others*, but also *right* in itself. In such things it may be wrong not to do right, and I should say unchristian—right and Christianity, rightly understood, being so clearly the same, in my view, not, perhaps, that Christianity includes in express terms everything that is right, but that it does not forbid anything that is so. A. T. L.

Arthur T. Lyman to Mr. Middleton

[Mr. Middleton was a college friend of my father's, an ardent Southerner. I cannot trace his first name.]

Boston, December 20th, 1865.

My dear Middleton,—I was much pleased to get your letter of the 14th inst., this moment received. It has been a great satisfaction to me to find you disposed to drop the past, about which of course you knew my feelings and determinations without concealment, and to look at matters in a practical way as they are,—to live together again in peace, and I hope and think, after a time, in better good will and with more understanding of and respect for each other than before.

Of course, at first, there must be many things to annoy you. It would be strange if there were not. Among these seems to be the Freedmen's Bureau. Now in this whole matter I think there was good sense and the true suggestion of a practical solution of the perplexing questions connected with the freedom, in what was

said some time since by General Butler (not that I admire or respect him, he was a pest here years before the war). He said substantially he did not believe the black to be equal to the white (some white races, by nature, apparently, by culture and experience, certainly are inferior to others, and in every community some white individuals are inferior to others). But you give them the same laws and the same chance and rights in the law—still a law will not make him equal to the white if the white is his superior by nature (and of course exerts himself equally), and therefore the white man need have no fear of black equality. If the white is superior to the black, give them both the same chance and the white can come out ahead if he chooses to do so.

If you make separate laws for one class of the population of a State, you create or perpetuate an inferior caste, a discontented class, what in Europe they call the dangerous class of society. And moreover in the present case you probably will prolong the existence of a special protection on the part of the Government over the freedmen, a thing desirable to avoid both for you and for me. If we had special laws for the Irish or the Germans we should be in hot water all the time.

I do not think Congress will insist upon universal black suffrage. It is clear from the nature of the case that the mass of the blacks are not yet fit for this, but social equality in law does not necessarily imply the right to vote. I think however Congress will be pretty strenuous for equal law for all classes. I think it is the clear way out of the Freedmen's Bureau and many other troubles. Such a course, too, it seems to me would greatly facilitate the work of getting the negroes to steady labor for hire. I have heard of a number of Northern men who have bought land in the South and the universal statement of this class of persons, so far as I have heard, is that they find no trouble in procuring labor.

I will enclose if I can find it, the President's message to Congress about the state of the Southern States and General Grant's letter on the same subject, both of which I think you will like. I suppose you will be disappointed that the Southern members have not yet been admitted to Congress. Perhaps it

was hardly to be expected so early while many very important matters resulting from the war (as a single example, the state of the currency) are to be settled. It seems to me, however, that everything indicates that in due time the President's plan substantially will be adopted. But I believe that unequal laws, class legislation, codes for freedmen, are the great stumbling-blocks in the way of a speedy recognition of the reorganized States.

General Grant and the President, who are both plain sensible men, with both the good sense and the good feeling to see that if the Southern people are to come back, the sooner they come (after certain preliminaries essential to the general opinion for the maintenance in the future of peace and harmony of interest and feeling) the better, that they will come in better temper if received early. These men have a great influence and it seems to me they are to prevail, provided, as I have always said, the laws and doings of the Southern States and people are such as to give favorable assurance to the people and Congress. For they of course feel it necessary now to have nothing left of such a nature as to cause further disturbance in the future. We hate war as a means of settling a point of law and don't wish to leave any splinters in the world. Grant makes an excellent suggestion as to the mixing of the people in different parts of the country. It is the only way people can understand each other.

I hope you will endure this long discourse with equanimity. As you have seen and talked with me you will understand its intent and spirit. You can strengthen the reasonable people of the North by equal laws, etc., which will not only do you no harm, so far as I can see, but save endless trouble and do you all sorts of good.

We shall expect with interest your account of Mrs. Arnold's house after a personal examination. As yet we have had very little snow (none on the ground now) and the weather not cold.

With best wishes for your success and regards from Mrs. Lyman, Yours truly, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Write me again unless you dread getting such a long dose as this.

CHAPTER V

Friendship and Teaching

IN JANUARY 1863 A.T.L.'s cousin and E.L.'s friend, Frances Eliot, became engaged to the new minister of King's Chapel, Henry Wilder Foote. The lifelong intimacy which quickly sprang up with Mr. Foote and his sister, Mary Foote Tileston, was so important to them all that I have made some extracts about it from my mother's diary of 1863. The first gives bits of a talk with Cousin Fanny when Mamma saw her shortly before her marriage:

June 26th, 1863.—Oh, it is a most solemn thing to be married. How can anyone think of it who is not united on the highest grounds, who has not real love. I saw Fanny today. She said: "Dear Ella, you are lovely to me. You are just as blessed to me as you can be." I knelt on the floor beside her and told her that I felt that whether we saw much of each other or not, whether our lives were thrown together or not, I should always feel that we had in her and Mr. Foote eternal friends, friends forevermore.

Ella Lyman to Rev. Henry W. Foote

My dear Mr. Foote,—You must let me tell you how rejoiced I am in your great happiness. You have won a treasure but you will guard and keep it well. I have known and loved our dear Fanny almost before I can recollect and I well know how great and deep and ever increasing will be the joy to you both. And thank God it is joy which can never end. This mighty, ever-living love was surely not given us only for time. You will be blessed in her and she in you, and may the blessing of God be with you both. Ever your sincere friend, ELLA LYMAN.

Journal of Ella Lyman

July 12th, 1863.—The wedding was beautiful as could be. On Wednesday night the long drought, unfortunately for the

wedding, ended in a most violent rain and on Thursday the rain continued at intervals. We had intended going in the carriage but the weather looked so uncertain that Mrs. Lyman decided to go in the 1:57 train. We had but a few minutes to dress, eat our dinner, and set forth, and then waited two hours and a half in town. I took my knitting, however, for I was much too interested in this wedding to wait patiently without. We walked down early with Arthur, who was one of the marshals, and were placed on the right side of the broad aisle about half-way up. Arthur ordered me to keep the outside seat, and although I felt rather selfish in so doing, I rejoiced in the good view which was the consequence. There were two beautiful vases of flowers upon the communion table and a lovely basket full of white flowers too. The windows on the chancel were opened, which shed a beautiful light over the whole. The first prayer was read by Dr. Peabody, who then made a prayer of his own, and then, while they were still kneeling, came our own wedding Psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes." It came like rest and a true blessing after those silent vows. As my mind wandered back to that April day so long ago I prayed that it might be fulfilled to them as it has been to us. Dear Arthur stood by me in the aisle. God help me that those promises made so long ago may be faithfully kept.

They rose after the Psalm and Dr. Peabody pronounced, Henry Wilder Foote . . . Frances Anne Eliot, man and wife . . . "and those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." They knelt again and Dr. Walker read the last prayer most beautifully and then laying his hands upon their heads blessed them. I shall never forget his face. It was lighted up as with a halo. They rose slowly and turning walked down the aisle together. Arthur helped them into the carriage and as he did so shook hands with Mr. Foote. Fanny did not even see him, and exchanging smiles they drove off.

Lizzie Putnam said: "In the chant, I could not see that bride, I saw another."

Ella Lyman to Mrs. Henry W. Foote (Frances A. Eliot)

July 1863.

My heart is so full of you, dearest Fanny, that I must write today. Thank God for the wonderful gift of love—love, the truest, highest thing in life, love ever deepening, ever increasing, love so unending and so infinite that it seems almost the surest proof of immortality. And thank God that He who made this love has given us one to another. I can truly say that I cannot fear for you, for your love for one another is hallowed by the love of God and your help cometh surely from Him—and time, and joy and sorrow can but deepen and strengthen it forever. Such love, so strangely strong; so much stronger than our frail bodies, hoping and meant for eternity; is surely sent from God, and in such union is the greatest joy that He gives. And it will grow ever deeper and more true. That every blessing may attend you both now and evermore is the prayer of

Your very affectionate ELLA LYMAN.

My dearest Fanny,—Will you let me contribute toward the furnishing of your own room? In imagination I can furnish it already in gentle thoughts and pure affections, in pleasant memories of the past, hopes ever deepening in the future; that joy which this world can never take away.

And in your new home, dear Fanny, you will sometimes remember the love of one whose affection for you has grown with her growth and strengthened with each succeeding year. And how can I tell you the many wishes for you which rise up within my heart? I can only express them in the prayer that the God of peace and love may be ever with you both, and grant you His choicest blessings. Ever yours, ELLA.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

I had a delightful little visit with Fanny and Mr. Foote at the Parker House. The clock struck five while I was there and he threw open the blind, which disclosed King's Chapel—the very hour just a week before. I saw the wedding ring

and Fanny made me take off my glove to see mine. Mr. Foote stayed a little while and then offered to leave us alone, and Fanny accepted his offer in spite of my protestations. She said how beautiful and perfect and peaceful the days had been at Manchester, the house filled with flowers, and how the wedding was all that they could wish—and that being married was better than being engaged. And he was so good to her!

Then Mr. Foote came back, and it would have done your heart good to see him so happy. Mr. F. walked as far as Washington Street with me. He sent his affectionate regards to Mr. Lyman, and said it was delightful to him to feel his hand pressed by him that day (Arthur shook hands with him as he put them into the carriage). "I feel it now and I shall always feel it."

I went on to buy the carpet with a light heart, and the lovely little vision of their happiness will remain always in my memory.

Good-by, dearest. I wish for you all the time. You are my dearest, loveliest, most precious friend.

May God ever bless and keep you. ELLA.

In September 1863 A.T.L. went off to the White Mountains for a short vacation with his brother William Lyman and Robert T. Paine. Mamma rose before daylight to breakfast at 6 A.M. with all three, and they started off in fine spirits, to walk up Mount Washington, Lafayette, and Willard. During his absence Mamma asked Mary Foote, sister of Rev. Henry W. Foote, to stay. This was the beginning of one of Mamma's strongest friendships, and one that gave her great refreshment. In September 1863, she wrote down their talks, for she loved the poetic, eager, religious nature of her new friend. With Aunt Lydia, Aunt Sarah, little Arthur, and Annie Sears they would walk to Grandma Lyman's and after a visit, sit for a while in the summerhouse, or wander off to the ice-house woods. September 16th was a bright, warm day, and as the sisters-in-law and Mary Foote walked, they talked of—"Whether we had less to say now than before we were married." They differed

in opinion! Then of whether reserve was good or bad. Mary said it was far harder for a woman than a man, and that it was important to keep the heart open. Aunt Lydia suddenly made the startling remark: "We are all so terribly religious now that we think just alike!"

Journal of Ella Lyman

September 1863.—I told Mary Foote that I felt a bond of sympathy with her and that there were many things which I could not say to many whom I had known much longer which I could to her.

September, 1863.—Talked with Lizzie Putnam for some time. Why is it that tears are ever so near our eyes that music or anything that is beautiful or touching fills them to overflowing? Is it not the unspeakableness of human life, the sense of mortality, the longing for immortality?

Waltham, September 18th, 1863.—Lizzie Putnam and Mary Foote talked much of music, of the wonderful experiments in thorough bass, perfect harmony producing another chord—a sort of delightful thrill to those who are singing it.

We talked of marriage, whether a man once rejected would really ever thoroughly love again, of second marriages and how they would be explained in heaven, whether each soul would find its own, whether the two natures were really intended to round out and complete one another and those ill-joined here would be separate and they who are fitted to one another remain forever one. Dr. Gannett does not believe with any certainty in the recognition of friends. He thinks that the love of God should be enough and perhaps it ought, but surely He who gave us such undying love for one another meant it to endure.

[On September 19th, 1863, Grandma Lyman asked the three wives with their guests to supper at the Vale.]

It was almost dark when we went over, the moon struggling through the clouds. Sally and the boys were at Oakley so the table was smaller, only Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, Sarah and Lydia, Lizzie Put and Mary Foote. After tea Lydia played and Mrs. Lyman sang some of the lovely Scotch airs and then Abby and

Sally and the boys returning, all sang negro melodies together. Henry accompanied us home as it was very dark and all our gentlemen away.

But another day when the gentlemen *were* at supper she writes: "Mr. Lyman [her father-in-law] as usual was the only gentleman gallant enough to pass most of his evening with us."

Mamma rejoiced in her friends as in her family with delight and thanksgiving; in faithful Lizzie Putnam, in Annie Peabody, in Cousin Fanny, in Mary Foote Tileston, and lovely Ida Agassiz Higginson, with her sweet voice and delicate beauty—yet after a day with them she writes: "October 13th, 1863.—While I thank God for the deep joy which the love of my friends gives me, may I strive that in my love for them, there shall be no self-seeking or desire for return, but a pure unselfish affection and deep sympathy both in joy and sorrow."

She certainly had both to an extraordinary degree. After hearing of Mary Foote's engagement to Mr. John W. Tileston, Mamma comments: "I am very thankful for dear Mary's happiness. Could not listen very attentively to the close of Milman's *History of the Jews*. I am afraid I thought more of lovers than of Jews."

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lyman

[Written on stationery showing Old Man of the Mountain profile]

In the rain near the original of
the above. September 20th, 1863
9½ P.M.

My dearest Ella,—I suppose you may be going home about this time, after passing the evening with our deserter. William left for parts unknown on the sight of the second day's rain and we suppose went home—meanly taking all our whiskey. We have been to the flume and cascade today—no rain but plenty of cloud and fog—the sun appears for a moment at sunset and though raining again now we rather expect a fair day tomorrow, the wind being west. Friday the wind was most violent—it is

rather dismal and we have hard work to pass the time. Last night, however, Robert and I beat two old gents in twenty-five games of euchre. We are very well and get a little exercise and much air. We are determined to get on top of Lafayette as soon as the sun shines.

I trust the baby has got well and that J. L. continues so—and more especially that you do yourself. It is pleasant to travel about here and I shall feel better for it, having felt tired and stupid, but the one thing clearly most to be desired and valued and loved is a good wife and so I shall be delighted to get home where there is one; more than this even—two blessed babies. I send kisses. Most affectionately, ARTHUR.

The next letter describes the Vale in the brilliant autumn and the christening of Edith Paine (Storer) in the bow parlor by Rev. Henry W. Foote.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

21st October, 1863.

Dear Arthur was obliged to go to town to endeavor to bring some business matters to a settlement. The little ones went to walk and I looked over the clothes from the wash and prepared for my little dinner. Arthur returned on the eleven o'clock train. Found the children not quite ready, helped to dress Julia and walked over with her, Arthur afterward joining us. Just as we approached the house we saw a chaise with a white horse drive up to the door, which proved to be Mr. and Mrs. Foote. Quite a little party was already assembled in the bow parlor, the little christening bowl with white flowers already on the table. Aunt Sarah Pratt, Mrs. Paine, Fanny, Sadie, Mamie, and Helen.¹ Dear little Arthur arrived in a few moments, Elmira having run all the way with him that he might not be late. The poor little fellow was very timid, hiding his head on my shoulder. The crowd of new faces quite intimidated him. Mr. Foote seemed astonished at his growth.

¹ Uncle Robert T. Paine's mother and sisters.

Fanny looked very prettily in a gray dress trimmed with black, her hair rolled off her face. Abby Lyman and her three sweet little children soon arrived and then Sarah and Mr. Sears. Soon Mr. Foote disappeared to put on his gown (which he had brought out in the chaise), but still no one knew what the name was to be. Lydia held the baby, who held her head up straight and looked smilingly at Mr. Foote. I held little Arthur in my arms, but I had told him not to say anything while Mr. Foote was talking, and the solemnity of his tones awed him and he clung closely to me not even daring to look up. At length Mr. Foote said, "Name this child," and then came the looked-for answer, "Edith." When Lydia handed her to Mr. Foote and he put the water upon her little forehead she looked up wistfully in his face and cried, happy as soon as restored to her mother. After the service was over all surrounded the dear little Edith, who received her admirers with smiling, stately dignity. Little Arthur still felt timid and we gave him to Elmira to carry home; he was soon restored to serenity and departed, a sponge cake in one hand and a cracker in the other.

Mr. Foote had taken off his gown and all took some fruit in the east parlor, and then Fanny, Mr. F., Sarah, Mr. S., Arthur, Julia, and I walked together up to the summerhouse, the air soft and warm, the sky a bright, deep blue, and the leaves superb in their brilliancy. The maple at the corner of the walk variegated red and green.

Then Mr. Foote spread Fanny's cloak upon the ground and we all sat down together—Sarah, Fanny, and I—while Mr. Foote ran down the hill to join Arthur and Mr. Sears, who were picking blue-fringed gentians in the meadow below. In a few moments they returned each bearing a bunch of the beautiful flowers. All walked through the crisp and fallen leaves, under the bright blue sky to the road again. Looked at the beautiful trees, at the pond, and at the swans, whom Arthur enticed along to meet us.

October 23rd, 1863. Lizzie P. came in for a moment on her way to Sarah's. We laughed and talked and made the most of a few moments together. She brought me three notes to see,—

one from Lizzie to me just before I was married telling of a little talk which she had had with Sarah Lyman, one (a very funny one) from Arthur in answer to a note which Lizzie wrote him when we were engaged, one from Ida when Julia was a little baby. Told Lizzie a little about the christening day. But although I promised to tell her many more things she would not stop as she had promised to go to Sarah's, and ran hastily away.

KING'S CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOL

In July 1863, Arthur T. Lyman was elected a member of the King's Chapel Vestry. On November 20th of the same year my mother writes in her diary: "Mr. Foote came to ask Arthur to take the Superintendency of the King's Chapel Sunday School. Mr. Foote urged his request on many grounds; I, as Arthur said, helping him;" and on November 21st: "My good Arthur wrote a note to Mr. Foote accepting the S.S. Superintendency." My good Arthur—that was often her deep-reaching word for him. Beyond all his charm and fascination, she loved and rested on his utter goodness. He began to direct the Sunday School in December 1863 and apparently taught until 1869. His preparation showed omnivorous reading and many carefully written papers. He evidently plunged into Renan, Jowett's *Plato*, the Early Fathers, and Milman's *History of Christianity*. I quote some paragraphs from notes written as an outline for his Sunday School talks, because they show his tenacious beliefs.

We brought nothing into the world neither can we carry anything out.

(December 20th, 1863)

This, of course, refers directly to the material acquisitions and possessions of the earth; to money, land, houses, clothes, and everything material that we strive for and value—and, rightly used, all these things are good and useful—but of all these things, whatever we may receive or gain we must leave behind us. Everyone is born and dies equally poor.

But in another sense we do bring much into the world for God gives us all, our talents—whether one, two, or five. If you do not cultivate the good seed which you have received you will truly have nothing to carry out of this world into another. You will carry out with you the characters you may have formed, whatever these may be. You must carry yourselves, and your life, which consisteth not in the abundance of the things which you possess. Strive, therefore, that these “yourselves” be not unworthy to appear before God in a spiritual and higher world. Strive to gain something worth carrying out, and that you carry nothing which you would wish to leave behind.

The Atonement

(March 20th, 1864)

We see the pure, unmingled rays of the Sun of Righteousness only in the words and life of Jesus. All else is colored more or less by imperfect apprehension, preconceived ideas, by metaphysical theories and theological controversies. Let us go back then to the Source of light, there to see clearly the simple truth.

Christ died for us as he lived for us. His death was but the necessary completion of his life, the final and conclusive test of his devotion. If he had abandoned his work just before his death, where would Christianity be now? He proved the firmness of his principles and devotion by his death. It was the natural, the conclusive, the harmonious, and under the circumstances, the necessary end of his life on earth.

We speak of those who have died on the field of battle for their country as having sacrificed their lives for us. This is but a form of speech. Their lives were not a sacrifice but a gift. In the sight of God and to those who knew them, this last gift of all on earth was not necessary to prove their firmness and their fidelity, but to the world and to posterity this is the convincing proof. So Jesus gave his life and his death—his principles and example—his death, the confirmation and test of those principles and the pledge of immortality.

The Lost Sheep

(March 22nd, 1867)

The parables, as has been well said, are to be interpreted by the direct teaching of Jesus. It is perhaps unnecessary to refer again to the parables of the rejection of Israel and of the final judgment of all, closing with the parable of the sheep and the goats, but so much has been inferred from them in the way of primitive doctrine that seems to me erroneous, that I wish to touch on one point briefly.

When the king curses and orders into the fires of the ages and to the company of the devil or to destruction, those who had not ministered to the temporal wants of his brethren, I think we must feel that such conduct is not like that of Christ towards sinners. I feel strongly that the language is after the mode and tone of heathen antiquity and much early Jewish example. If taken literally it would be after only a low human standard of action, and not characterized by that tender sympathy and pity for sinners which mark so strongly and peculiarly the teaching of Christ.

And when we understand best the position and feelings of the lowest of sinners, while we can abate nothing from the strict requirements of the moral law, under any circumstances, do we not feel that a profound pity is more appropriate than wrath? Not a pity merely that would do away with punishment—though no one who is sinful goes unpunished, if the ruin of one's nature and the loss of everything worth having is any punishment—but a compassion that would rescue from sin.

Often in this world we may feel helpless to reform others, they have so weakened their own moral powers, they have so deprived themselves of the opportunities of improvement by destroying all the confidence and sympathy of men. But we may also feel that we ourselves under different circumstances might have entered on that "*facilis descensus Averni*," that easy descent into vice, from which then we might have been powerless to return. We see often that a total change of circumstances changes the young reprobates of the cities into respectable and useful

men. Can we doubt that the infinite power and love and omniscient sympathy of God may, in another world, rescue from what is here helpless degradation those who have been so bad and so unfortunate as to sink beneath the power and care and sympathy of men?

Nothing of the nature of the future life was revealed to us by Christ save its spiritual character. No one in his senses would wish to count on the chance for reform in another life—that would be worse than deathbed repentance; and no one can gain anything from a life of iniquity but regret and loss, stain and imperfection.

Only let us not cut off by the imagery of a parable the whole tenor of pity for and sympathy with the sinner, with the condemnation of sin, so wonderful everywhere in Christ's teachings, or turn into wrathful destruction the infinite love and pity of God even for his erring children.

Arthur T. Lyman to Sara P. Lowell

April 9th, 1867.

Dear Sara,—I was much gratified that you liked the comments on "The Lost Sheep" and perhaps in making them I was thinking of you (not as a lost sheep of course, you know, though a sheep that one would surely seek for), but rather that some views you may have hinted at seemed perhaps to have an opposite tendency—applied I rather think only to yourself. Sin is so tangled with misfortune that man cannot unravel it, and I feel sure that God will. We may well dread falling off the narrow way, which has hardly a side railing, for it is so hard to resist and turn from bad habits, but some fall off while half asleep, and some are pushed off. Those who willfully and boastfully jump off may perhaps dash their heads against stones for ultimate destruction, but the others must often be borne up, at last, by the angels of God. I copy what I wrote, if you care to read it, and thank you for your kind approval.

Yours affectionately, ARTHUR.

The Lost Sheep

The parable of The Lost Sheep seems to me to be meant to express not an exact comparison, if indeed any *absolute* comparison at all, between the joy over the ninety and nine who were good and who have never fallen into the depths of vice and the joy over one who has been rescued from sin; but rather, simply, to express in a graphic way the *exceeding* joy felt in heaven and among the angels of God over the thorough reform of *one* who seemed hopelessly to have wandered from the right way, or to have been lost utterly in the dark places of sin—that exceeding joy which even any human parent or friend might experience in the saving of a soul from evil, over which they had anxiously and perhaps almost in despair, watched and labored.

I think that this set of parables and the general tenor of Christ's teachings as to sinners would justify us in believing that the *seeking* love of God does not desert the sinner at the end of the short and imperfect search (if we may so call it) of this present life—this life being beset, for anyone who once enters upon sin, with the difficulty that by practice sin grows *strong* in its bad *habit*, and the power or virtue grows weaker and weaker to resist. But why should the loving mercy of God cease at the end of twenty, fifty, or one hundred years? It *may* be a part of a merciful and wise plan for which we do not see the reason, but it seems to me that there is little but a mistaken interpretation of figurative language for such a view, and the nature of God and Christ's teachings and example are against it. Not that we should wait even for a day on the chance of an opportunity for reform—for even if we were sure of such chance and sure to avail ourselves of it tomorrow, yet this day's sin corrupts and stains and deprives us of those "all other things" which virtue and its practice give us.

Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness

The most obvious meaning of this in our present use of language is that we should not give false testimony when a witness in courts of law, but the full meaning is of much wider applica-

tion. Not only to speak of our neighbor what we know to be untrue is to bear false witness, but we bear false witness against our neighbor whenever we give circulation to current stories of evil import, without knowing the truth about the matter. In a court of law, judgment is given only after hearing both sides. In our common life we seldom hear but one side at a time and very often never hear but one side—but a just knowledge of human nature will convince that very few persons do evil acts from motives simply and merely vicious—they act from ignorance, from prejudice, from passion excited by the false witness of others against their neighbors. It does not excuse their wrong deeds, but in judging of their motives such things are to be borne in mind. The belief and circulation of stories against others without knowing them to be true is in violation of that greatest of all gifts—charity. There is hardly anything, so to speak, so Christian as Christian charity of judgment.

*He that loveth not knoweth not God, for
God is love.—I John 4:8*

This is true even among men; we can hardly know anyone unless we love them: to be sure, we must know before we can love much, yet it is only love that can make us truly know and appreciate our friends and much more is the Christian love of the Apostle needed in order that we may truly know those who are not our friends, those who are not good or agreeable. Nothing but love as it was in Jesus can see the good in the wicked, and know how to recognize in them and bring out from them the image of God. So the text is true as it stands, and you will save yourselves from unjustly criticizing others if you will remember that you do not truly know any for whom you do not have if not the love of personal friendship, at least what St. Paul calls “charity,” i.e., the Christian love.

But in the original Greek the text reads without the ambiguity of the English translation. “He that loveth not, never knew God,” (or more literally “the not loving one, knew not God”) “for God is love,” i.e., he who has not the greatest of

all gifts, "charity" or Christian love, never could have had the least idea of God, whose essence is love.

And this love, which will lead us to the knowledge of God, will also teach us to love our neighbor. "Herein," says St. John, "we know that we love the children of God, when we love God and do his commandments. For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." So he that loveth, knoweth God and fulfilleth the great commandments of Jesus. And while the love of God brings beneficence toward man, it brings also to ourselves joy and peace.

December 1st, 1867.

Patent applied for, for P.M. sermons.

CHAPTER VI

Sorrow and Joy

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lyman

January 1st, 1864.

Dearest Ella,—I wish you a happy New Year and hope that I may contribute a little to it in return for the great happiness you have given me in many years. Affectionately, ARTHUR.

How much he contributed every journal of my mother's shows. Again and again in overflowing gratitude Mamma speaks of Papa, as on December 8th, 1881, "My dearest Arthur's birthday. Each year makes him more inexpressibly dear to me." This exquisite beauty of A.T.L.'s relation to E.L., and of both of them to the children, shines out everywhere, but was put in a very charming way by Julia in 1864, when as quoted in my mother's journal she described Rip Van Winkle:

"Rip Van Winkle wasn't very 'dustrious, but then he was a very kind man. He did the same kind of work Papa does pleasing his children." "What kind of work does Papa do?" I asked, attracted by the words. "Oh! he pleases his children," said Julia—an unconscious and sweet tribute to his untiring devotion to them. Surely the care of their immortal souls is of more worth than the making of money.

In 1864 Aunt Abby Lyman lost within three months her two little girls (Lillie and Minnie) of diphtheria, and her husband, Uncle William. Lillie died January 17th, Minnie February 9th, and Uncle William April 17th. Aunt Abby was left alone with only Willie, aged three. In March and April our father had a very severe case of diphtheria at a time when no anti-toxin for it was known.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. George W. Lyman

April 17th, 1864.

Dearest Mrs. Lyman,—My heart bleeds for you, for Mr. Lyman, for poor, poor Abby, for myself too, for I dearly love William, as dearly as though I were born his sister. I cannot realize it in its dreadful suddenness. Poor Arthur has not the slightest suspicion of anything amiss and he has been reading and writing all day, really *bright* and seeming stronger. I am thankful he can have one more happy night, and I shall not say one word to him until I hear from you how and when and who had better break it to him. It seems almost too much for Abby to bear—just three months from darling Lillie.

We know that God knows best. We would not wish him back from that heavenly home where God had already called his darlings, that they might welcome him—but, oh, may He have mercy upon you and comfort you. I love you more than you can ever know. Arthur said last night how devoted you had been to him and that he missed you when you were gone. May your remaining children be enabled to be some comfort to you. I wish there were anything I could do, but I shall try to take good care of Arthur. Dear, dear William, little did we think we should see his face on earth no more, yet if heaven is our true home, as we know it is, why should we so grieve when one by one we are called to enter there?

With endless love from us both, ever ELLA.

Arthur told me to send you word that this was the best day he has had.

Journal of Ella Lyman

April 18th, 1864.—Strangely, sadly, have poor Abby's forebodings on the 1st of January been realized. Three months have elapsed and William, Minnie, and Lillie are all gone. God's will be done, for He knows best. Arthur, too, has been very, very ill with his throat and is today for the first time able to come down. Thank God who has spared his life. The children are away at my mother's quite well, thank God.

After Lillie's funeral Arthur came home at three and we

talked long together. He said that although the loss of one of his children would be unspeakably great to him, he should yet feel that he had a work in life to do, that for oneself it was happier far to go, that for those we love, however terrible the grief to us, we could not but feel it happier for them and their true gain. Dear little Julia praying that God would comfort dear Aunt Abby and Uncle William, burst into tears and said: "I can't say any of their darling names without the tears coming into my eyes," and yet she seemed perfectly to understand the distinction between our grief because we miss them here, and their happiness with God in heaven.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

April 12th, 1864.

Dearest Lizzie,—If I have not written before to thank you for the lovely little wedding day tokens, it was not because they did not bring us their loving, cheering message. They came like a holy, peaceful memory of the past, like a holy, peaceful earnest for the future. God knows best—and when I read our Psalm to Arthur that night, as we have always done on April 8th, I knew that He would always have my treasure in His own good keeping, and while we can never thank Him enough for the infinite mercy which has made him better we can trust him to that same love in the time to come.

With love unspeakable, Your ELLA.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. Henry W. Foote

April 12th, 1864.

I have been trying, dearest Fanny, for more than a week, to write a line to you, thanking you for your loving words of sympathy. They were very precious to me. Arthur has had a great deal of suffering and many long, tedious hours. We could scarcely see a change from day to day. I dared not think, lest the constantly needed cheerfulness might give way, but now he really gains at last, and all else seems as nothing. We are so unspeakably thankful we can wait now, even if the recovery continues very slow. He has been so patient and brave, and I

think it is owing much to his resolution in taking nourishment that he has retained his strength so well.

We have had so much kindness from everyone, and we hear of the children every day. They have kept wonderfully well.

Our sixth wedding day came on Friday, and it was a very happy one. I was so thankful that God had made him better.

For several months after this acute illness my father was crippled. It was August before he could even work in the garden. He went out to Waltham to be at the Vale with Grandma Lyman while Mamma stayed in Boston with her new baby Herbert. The little notes he wrote with his stiffened hand show both his perennial love of the Vale and his loneliness even there for Mamma, Julia, Arthur, and Herbert.

Arthur was described by Aunt Amory Lowell at this time as charming in a literal as well as a symbolic sense. She writes in her journal of March 4th, 1864: "Little Arthur as *gentil* as possible made his appearance after dinner. He seems to see friends in all he looks upon."

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lyman

May 1864

Dear Ella,—I should have gone to town this morning if the weather had been fair and as to a sore throat I could hardly decide whether I had any or not, but as I hesitated about going, Mother asked if I had a cold and I could hardly say I had none, and so they were vehement that I should not stir, which was perhaps the better course. This afternoon I have hardly any, and I hope I shall go to town tomorrow though they may object, as I shall have no special business now.

I was exceedingly provoked to be forced to disappoint you, for I don't give much credence to the stories of your delight in my giving it up. (However, I did not say so or discuss the point at all.) When I got half way out to Waltham last Saturday, I thought of getting out and taking the train back and I think when I get to town again, I shall stay there. I am afraid you must be having a terrible time with the heat.

It is quite a deprivation to be absent from Julia and Arthur. They are so fine and attractive, to say nothing of "Herbert, Esq." I am sorry enough to leave you and almost wished I had stayed in town, but if I can walk off these wooden feet I shall be more useful.

I don't see any spots down the hole—the concern is only a little sore and lame outside. I begin to look back with satisfaction on the sore throat as better than this vile imbecility.

Affectionately, ARTHUR.

I think I can write pretty fine now!

Sunday 6½ P.M., May 29th, 1864.

Don't read all at once—all well.¹

My dear Ella,—I have just heard from you and the children and from Sarah. The country and weather yesterday P.M. superb. I went out twice and never saw anything finer. Got up on Mary's hill through the woods from the meadow gate, and caught a glimpse of the lambs skipping in the park. The "burrs" [babies] will be delighted with them.

Today I have been out three times, all over the garden and within the fences, over to Thomas Hill's house [where he and Mamma lived at that time] and again all about the garden and summerhouse parks, the day splendid, the east wind much moderated by ten miles of land. T.H. place quite green—splendid show of flowers on our bed—the grass green but a few boughs red from the fire.

I shall not return till Tuesday P.M. if the weather continues good. Give my love and a kiss to Julia and Arthur. I shall come and take breakfast with them soon. I think I feel better and the "buzzes" I hope will improve.

I shall call on Mrs. Campbell tomorrow. Mr. C. has a magnificent beard. The country is superb and the air very fine—apple blossoms gone. Good-by till Tuesday.

Affectionately, ARTHUR.

¹This was written twelve days after Herbert's birth. She had been having trouble with her eyes.

I will bring you an old letter from "Joe"² commending you. No church here last week—open today—of course I was there.

June 2nd, 1864.

I was more than usually pleased with the east wind, for I was more than usually displeased with the heat which I feared you were suffering from. [Mamma was still in Boston.]

Went to Oakley this A.M. Grandma about the same. Aunt Mary seemed much relieved, Mother thinks she will get over it.

Should you not like a bit of salmon boiled, or broiled, or salt?

Waltham, June 10th, 1864.

I am quite disgusted at being obliged to leave you just now, but I am of little use or convenience, to myself at any rate, unless I can walk or write or read, and I think I am decidedly more likely to improve here than in town as I am out all the time. I quite miss Julia, her company and conversation.

June 24th, 1864.

I think I forgot to say anything about Grandma Pratt yesterday. We heard nothing until after I wrote day before yesterday. She seemed stronger yesterday, was a little exhausted by the medicine taken, but afterwards better again—and today Mother reports her better—still weak, but I should think improving.

I came very near getting well yesterday, and if I had had a pistol to shoot a dog that was chasing the sheep, I don't know but that I might have quite succeeded. We had quite a chase (with horse and wagon) after the dog. I am getting quite homesick and consider getting well as almost worse than being sick. Both are despicable, not to say disgraceful conditions. I told Mr. Foote my sentiments on this subject. He said nothing. Perhaps he was horrified into silence—but I believe he was listening to someone else.

Saw Parsons³ coming out of his hole this A.M., looking as

² Mr. Joseph Coolidge with whom he traveled in Europe.

³ Parsons was the Waltham minister whose congregation were plotting his dismissal.

complacent as ever. I have improved decidedly during the past ten days. My hand would not work to my satisfaction, which is rather annoying, but not seriously inconvenient. I hope to see you Monday A.M. or P.M. if the weather is dry and not so dusty as to prevent sight. Affectionately, ARTHUR.

Give my love to Sara and best wishes as of the 24th of June [her birthday]. I hope she was *cool* and happy today. I was sorry not to see Bob Lincoln and his ma, but I was too stiff. The firm of Gossip, Toadstool & Brother tremendously busy.

I told Tom Connelly his boys might pick our strawberries if the dry weather did not kill them or strangers pick them.

Grandma Pratt then ninety-seven, her hair still a lovely chestnut brown, lived at Oakley with her daughters. She greatly enjoyed seeing little Julia, saying: "I like Julia. She has some sense." Mamma describes one of Julia's visits to her. Julia said, "Darling Grandma, I am glad you are better!" and when she came home she said, "She is a darling Grandma." She was (as all our letters show) a darling Grandma, lovely, uncomplaining, and most thoughtful of others. A.T.L.'s letter of August 25th to Aunt Abby, written from Nahant where the family had gone for a month with the Lowells, shows his honor for Grandma Pratt as well as his love for his brother William.

Arthur T. Lyman to Mrs. William P. Lyman

Nahant, August 25th, 1864.

Dear Abby,—I did not expect to make so long a delay in writing to you but till very recently I have found it very difficult and uncomfortable to write at all. My hand was numb and stiff for a long time after my eyes had improved so that I could use them a little. I seem at last to have got rid of the last relic though still I am by no means so strong as usual. I can see by my own experience how almost impossible it must be for a child to resist the manifold sufferings and attacks of this disease.

We miss the dear children at Waltham, as well as yourself

who used so much to enliven our evenings; and of course in every way and in every place we miss William sadly. I had looked forward with much pleasure to seeing him at Waltham this summer. He was so constantly there, and always so welcome to every house on the place, that no one could be more missed. We drove across the country to Nahant, and in old times William would have been with us to drive or show the way.

The qualities which made him so welcome everywhere endeared him to Ella in the short time she knew him, and his constant kindness made his pleasant visits doubly welcome, and makes them now doubly missed. I often think I might have done more for him, but I do not know that it was so. He was so entangled in the toils and misfortunes of this world that no human help seemed of avail, and now freed from the misfortunes and sufferings of which he had a large share here, he is where he is known and happier.

The years that have passed, whether in joy or sorrow, seem short when we look back on them—those that are coming are no longer. If all were happiness here we should generally be unfit for happiness hereafter. I wish we could imitate Grandma, who will be so much missed when she shall have gone from us, because she is so fit for heaven, who has borne many sorrows, yet so patiently and cheerfully, that amidst her constant goodness to others one would hardly imagine that she had ever been unhappy herself.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. George W. Lyman

August 26th, 1864.

Dearest Mrs. Lyman,—I opened your note with a trembling heart to learn that dear Grandma had gone from amongst us,⁴ whom she has blessed and gladdened so long. Of her, as truly as of the little children might the blessing have been given, "Of such are the kingdom of heaven." No thought, no feeling, not even the expression of her beautiful face need be changed

⁴ Mary Pratt, my great-grandmother, died August 26th, 1864.

to enter there, and how gladly will she resume her ministry of love, with never-failing strength and joy unending, never to suffer more. And yet unspeakable is the loss to us all. The merely seeing her was a peaceful blessing, and her constant kindness hallowed all around. She has gone to her home in heaven, and may He who has guided her so peacefully to her rest, help us all that we may follow in her steps. And may He comfort you and dear Aunt Mary and Aunt Sarah, and be with you all forevermore. Your loving daughter, ELLA.

Mrs. George W. Lyman to Ella Lyman

Waltham, Sunday P.M., August 1864.

Dearest Ella,—The last sad rite is over and we have returned with our aching hearts, yet not repining, that the charm and light of many, many years is taken from that home in which all found a welcome from her who was all love and purity and who has gone to her reward in mansions of heavenly bliss, surrounded by the loved and lost. With what a smile of gladness they will welcome her! A more pure disinterested being, I believe never lived on earth. Dear Ella, her work was finished. We would not recall her though bitter tears must flow when we think of our irreparable loss. Mr. Foote read the service audibly and well, and in a few words of beautiful and pure language delineated our beloved mother's character so as to touch a chord in the hearts of all her children and the grandchildren who were present. It was a private few who paid their tribute of respect, which perhaps made it less trying to my sisters, who support themselves with admirable trust and Christian belief. Dear Sarah is much better of her troubles, and Mary has only the ills which so much watchfulness and anxiety would naturally produce. They both desired their warmest love to you and Arthur and said they were glad that neither of you came to incur any fatigue or hazard, that they could not doubt your love, and often recalled to remembrance your and Arthur's loving affection and your kindness in coming to see Grandma. Her love for you and Arthur was very great and extended to

dear little Julia and Arthur. And now, my dear Ella, be assured of our united love and be cheerful and try to get all the strength and health you can this week, which I hope will be one of cool and refreshing breezes, and that every zephyr will invigorate her who is so dear to her affectionate mother. A.L.

Ella Lyman to the Misses Pratt

Nahant, August 28th, 1864.

My heart is full of thoughts of you today, my dear, dear Aunts, and we have longed to be near you. Unspeakably great must have been the sorrow, when the hour of parting came with the hallowed and beautiful frame wherein her lovely spirit had dwelt with us so long.

And yet how beautiful that amid the sorrow, there can mingle no thought but of holiness and peace—her illness and the last change so beautifully in harmony with the tenor of her whole life. To the very last forgetful of self—thoughtful ever of others. Surely she is with the angels in heaven, for her spirit was ever such as theirs.

We can never cease to miss the kindly greeting, the unspoken blessing even in her face, and to you the desolation and the loneliness must be very, very great. But may our merciful Father in heaven who has safely borne her to her home comfort and uphold you both, is the prayer of

Your ever affectionate niece, ELLA LYMAN.

Arthur sends his truest love to you.

Mrs. George W. Lyman to Arthur T. Lyman

Sunday P.M.

Dear Arthur,—You acted wisely and well in not leaving Nahant, and the aunts feel much better satisfied that you and Ella incurred no fatigue or had your feelings harrowed on this sad occasion. We cannot mourn for our dear mother, whose life was mercifully extended to ninety-seven years, and whose infirmities might have come to impair those faculties which were bright almost to the close.

A few hours before she died, the curtains were raised and she said "Beautiful, beautiful," almost, indeed, I think the last word she uttered. She has left an unsullied name—no one ever knew her but to love and praise. George did everything and he rode to town with Father and seems very happy in having had it in his power to be with and to aid him at Mt. Auburn. The ground on Father's lot was prepared and the bodies of dear William and his children now repose side by side.

This is a lovely day with a fresh breeze. I am glad you are to remain another week. Waltham is often very hot the first week in September, very dry and parched. We had not the fine shower which passed over Boston at 3 P.M. yesterday.

Sarah continues well, and had her bed made today—will be all right, but I shall keep her quiet and "let well alone." Baby⁵ strong and healthy—will be named for Grandma! I asked her permission and she said she should be much pleased. Lydia and all well.

With love to all, ever affectionately yours, A.L.

Journal of Ella Lyman

December 18th, 1864.—Julia says she wishes I would write down all about her and Arthur when they are little. She thinks they would like to see it some time.

Julia is very much interested in Sunday School and asked frequently when Sunday would come that we might have more of it. She has a little manger, and one of the Wise Men is represented as pointing up with his hand. She asked me why he was pointing and I told her I did not know; but she immediately suggested that he was pointing to the star which stood above where the young child was. It is very difficult for her to understand why if Herod was a great man he was not good too. Today we read about the shepherds watching their flocks. May God help me to make it a living truth to her.

A week later the boy, bearing incense to the manger, was irrevocably broken, and Papa burned him up. It was a sore

⁵ Mary Pratt Sears, born August 21st, 1864.

grief to Julia and she indignantly exclaimed, "Your name shall be changed from Arthur Lyman to Herod Lyman and you shall be a wicked king and shall be called Herod Lyman because you took the young child and destroyed him!"

In February 1866 A.T.L. said laughingly at dinner that perhaps Julia would marry Jack Spratt. "No," said she, "I am sure I should not want to, if all I have read of him in books is true."

Journal of Ella Lyman

December 24th, 1864.—At half past three we all went over to dear Mamma's, where we had a long Christmas table and a beautiful Christmas tree. Little Herbert was frightened by the numbers and at first cried sadly, but before he went home revived enough to be admired. Dear little Arthur dined at table and was very good, only inquiring, "'Hy (he always omits his w's and sounds his h's) 'Hy do they have so many kinds of meat?" "'Hy does Gamma have darkies?" He was so delighted with the ice and announced loudly that he liked that, and afterward that he *needed* more. Dear Lucy was not able to come, and we missed Augustus and Kitty badly. John and the children, Sue and her children were there, Aunt Amory and Aunt Anna Lowell, George Edward Lowell, and George's children. Dear little Willie came in to the tree and seemed to enjoy it very much. The little ones were loaded with gifts and went merrily home. Talked afterward with Aunt Lizzie Putnam, Aunt Amory Lowell, etc.

The evening passed happily and on our return we found the table loaded with beautiful gifts to the children and to ourselves. Dressed "Lissie" who has been beautifully mended, and set her on Julia's new bed, arranged each of the dear little one's toys, filled their little stockings. Dear Lissie has made me a most beautiful cricket [footstool], and Mamma given me a delightful skirt, and dear Papa gave me a most generous sum of money. God has been very good to us, may He make us truly thankful.

Sunday, December 25th, 1864.—Another bright and beauti-

ful day, most fitting for Christmas. The children waked early and opened their stockings. I gave dear Baby his rattle to play with and he amused himself with it a long time. I found by my bedside a most beautiful book from dear Arthur. The breakfast passed merrily amid joyous examination of beautiful gifts, and then we went to church. It is simply but tastefully dressed with green and the windows look most beautifully. Poor Abby was much overcome. I asked her to sit with us at Communion, and she did so. May God comfort her as He only can.

In the afternoon took dear little Julia to church. Mr. Foote preached a children's sermon and the subject was the coming of the Wise Men, what I had been teaching her. We sat downstairs (as he wishes to see his little audience) near the front, and she was very attentive, and very much interested. When he spoke of the gold and frankincense and myrrh, she looked at me and laughed, or smiled rather, and then in another place when he spoke of the gifts which the children had received and of some which they had perhaps given, she looked again and smiled. Dear little child! She has made an invaluable gift. She had been several times to Grandma's to pass the day and I had heard rumors of "secrets" but from the tree was handed to me a lovely little picture painted by her, "For my dear Mamma from her loving Julia" with birds and butterflies and flowers drawn by Lissie and very nicely painted by Julia. I feared she would be warm in church and tried in vain to undo her tippet. I asked her if she were too warm and she said, "Only a little, darling. Oh, it's no matter."

After the service Mr. Foote had the Catechism, but as Julia was a little tired we came home. Found dear Papa and Mamma already here. To Mrs. Lyman's to tea, and thus pleasantly ended our Christmas Day.

Monday, December 26th, 1864.—A heavy melting rain. This being the day for our little Warren Street⁶ tree, I drove up there (by Arthur's request), carrying the baskets. Lissie and Sara, Lillie Sohier, and Alice soon arrived. Our tree was I

⁶ This was a school for poor children unable through some handicap to go to public schools.

think prettier than ever this year. Lissie and Sara brought from their own tree many sugarplum papers, candy bags, and gilded nuts, and we had some rather pretty little toys. It was a very pleasant sight. Over fifty children were marshalled in (among whom several contrabands), Marie Anne Ropes playing on the piano. Then the children sang two very nice songs, composed I think by Miss Shirley, "Our day of Jubilee" and "Our Christmas Tree," and then Mr. Barnard presented me with a beautiful bunch of flowers. It ought rather to have been given to Lissie or Sara or to Miss Shirley herself. Probably it was because this was the tenth year that we have had the tree. Then we distributed the presents, to the great glee and satisfaction of almost all the children. One or two were a little discontented but the discontent soon wore off. They all filed merrily off wishing us a Merry Christmas, and we all went happily home through the pouring rain.

December 31st, 1864.—A solemn, solemn thing is this passing away of the year which has brought so much of blessing, of joy, of sorrow, of birth, of death, of change, this beginning of another year, its uncertainties all lying hidden from us, yet all lying, thank God, in His infinite wisdom and goodness. Since last year to our little household infinite, unspeakably great has been God's mercy. He has spared my dearest Arthur. He has given him to us for yet a little longer. ["He is nobler, gentler, and more truly Christlike every year," she wrote in December 1865.] Oh; may He help me to do all that I can to make him happy. He has given us yet another child, and all have grown in beauty and wisdom, and in charms. He has given dear Sarah and Lucy and Fanny their little children and has restored them once more to health. Of poor Abby's happy, lovely household but one remains, and she enters upon the new year alone. May God help and comfort her. Dear Grandma Pratt and Grandma Putnam are gone and while we feel it is better for them, we cannot but miss their hallowed forms, their blessed presence. But God knows best.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lyman

New York, April 5th, 1865.

Dearest Ella,—On my return from the protracted meeting⁷ this afternoon, I was very glad to find your dear letter. I write this tonight and shall post it on my way down tomorrow, as this affair takes all day, ten to one, two to five, and eight to ten, though I omitted the evening session, as it was about Antioch College. As a *delegate* from King's Chapel I think it was needless to attend. This morning passed off well and pleasantly, though the enclosed resolutions offered by Mr. Lowe at an ill-timed place in the beginning was like a shell which bid fair to burst. I think it clear that the conservatives are in a large majority and the radicals are uneasy. To the committee (a majority being conservatives) specified at the head of the printed paper, are referred all resolves, creeds, etc. They will report tomorrow. There is one fellow with curls as long as Julia's of old, and a prodigious beard. See picture of him.

I think you will find an account in the *Transcript* of the convention's doings. K. told me Lissie wanted to come on, which I assented to, but doubted. I cannot guess what will be decided tomorrow. I should not wonder if some action were taken at which the radicals balked, but possibly this may be staved off. Rev. Bond from Waltham is here, also Flagg, who has accepted—a very pleasant, good-looking fellow but not a very scholarly-looking man—very good face, indeed, though. Fully 200 churches are represented. Mr. Foote has shown excellent sense and knowledge in several conversations of his which I have heard or overheard.

A kiss for Julia and Arthur,

And everything for yourself, dear Ella. ARTHUR.

Thursday, 2 P.M.

Dearest Ella,—Just received your note and Julia's and Arthur's. The convention went sound and strong this morning on

⁷ Meeting of the Unitarian National Convention.

the constitution,⁸ etc., thanks to the conservatives who came in overwhelming numbers and not to those who stayed at home. A few radicals—converted Methodists and orthodox and unconverted infidels of various age—vented their stuff but they were nowhere when the votes were taken. The vilest fellow I send a picture of—he is a “case.” I think I shall be off tonight for Springfield. All well. Affectionately, ARTHUR.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Waltham, July 11th, 1865.

Dearest Lizzie,—Julia has a second tooth. Does not that make me seem coming on in life? and I confess to a shrinking from the pain awaiting her, poor child! but she will bear it as others do. We have a pleasant quiet time this rainy morning with Julia's reading lesson, and then my work, and Herbert creeping about between—for Mamie is away this week in Ashburnham, but thanks to Jessie's capability and kindness I have hardly felt the difference. They are so interesting, and ever growing more so.

Arthur has finished the Gospels and the Acts and is now beginning the Epistles, besides a volume of Milman every ten days, so he is not idle! He says St. John is almost the best authenticated of all the Gospels.

Waltham, September 18th, 1865.

Dearest Lizzie,—I am glad that this long rainy morning gives me a quiet chance to write to you. The children are playing merrily about, but when their voices accord and are not discord they never distress me. How could you ever think again of our little discussion? I dare say you are more nearly right about it than we are; nevertheless we shall try our plan first—and I dare say we shall end in yours.⁹ I *depend* always upon

⁸ Quotation from Address of the Council of the National Unitarian Conference to the Churches, November 1868: “We are united and have proved ourselves to be united in the love of Christian truth and freedom, in the faith that Christ is our head under God.”

⁹ This, I think, refers to a school at home for Julia.

you to tell me what you think about any plan. The great difficulty is the finding of little girls for companions. So many more people are of your opinion than of mine, you see!

I went to drive one day this week with Sarah and had a very pleasant talk, and last night a very amicable theological talk. Arthur is delighted with Lowell's *Commentaries*. I am so thankful for the strong interest he has now in all these subjects, for not merely are they the subjects best worth considering in this world—and best fitting one for the world to come—but it is such a source of pleasure to him—and he is never tired of taking up one book after another and is interested in everything connected with it, and all through this long time without business he has kept perfectly contented and happy.

Ellen Bancroft is coming to stay with me on Thursday. She has never stayed here since I was married, and I shall be very glad to see something of her.

I must leave you, dearest Lizzie, for a large basket of mending is standing waiting for me.

Waltham, October 15th, 1865.

Dearest Lizzie,—Lizzie Boott is at Mrs. Lyman's, very natural, pleasing, and unaffected. She draws beautifully and plays with a great deal of feeling, and it is strangely touching to think of the child of the long-lost daughter coming back again to her mother's home. She passed a summer here when she was eighteen months old, and has never seen them since. She has lived all her life in Florence with no female friend except a nurse whom they carried away with them and who has remained with her ever since.

Arthur has decided to take the Glendon Mills and is much obliged for your share of the trust in him. I think he seems quite bright at the prospect of work, and it will not be very absorbing work—only those journeys! You must be sure to come and console me, for you know I have been spoiled by the past. I long to have you see the children. Herbert is splendid now. He says almost everything (single words, of course) and when you ask him what his name is, he answers with evident

consciousness of wisdom, "Papa!" He tries to sing "Hurrah for the Union," beating an accompaniment on a little drum, walks by a chair, and is altogether worth seeing. Abby comes on Tuesday. Poor child, it is always hard for her to come to Waltham, but she enjoys having Willie with Julia and Arthur, and seeing him happy makes her happy too.

Good night, dearest Lizzie. Write very soon to

your own ELLA.

CHAPTER VII

Family Doings

Journal of Ella Lyman

JANUARY 7th, 1866.—Sunday evening. I am alone again to-night, for dear Arthur has gone to his mother's to tea, and the children are all in bed. The comfort we have in the children no words can express. Julia and Arthur are nice little companions now. Julia is very kind to both the little brothers, and they talk and play and amuse themselves from morning to night. Often just before supper Julia gives Arthur a little reading lesson, and he is much more attentive to her instructions than he would be to anyone else. Dear little Herbert walks and talks. He is not quite satisfied with his ability to say Herbert so he avoids the name, saying "boy" or "him" instead.

January 14th, 1866.—The children are lovely this afternoon, playing horse and driver with Lissie's new reins. Arthur drove Herbert a long time as his horse a few days ago, and I heard him say to Herbert, "I love you too much to let you get hurt, little brother."

He was saying his prayers and after he had finished said he had something more to say. "Herbert has spilt milk on his best scarlet dress, and I want to ask God not to let it get spoiled. Won't you say it with me?" After a moment's thought I said, "O God, bless me and little Herbert, and take care of us, and all our things." He continued, "Do you know, God—" and then, paused, a sudden feeling of reverence prevented the intended account of the misfortune. "I think that will do," he said, and got up.

Julia understands wonderfully in all such ways. Her mind is very mature. I was telling her about the ten lepers cleansed, only one among them returning to give thanks. She asked, with the natural sense of retributive justice, whether our Saviour



ARTHUR LYMAN
3 years



HERBERT LYMAN
18 months



HERBERT LYMAN
3 years, 6 months

made their "leper-skins" to come on again because they were not thankful. Dear little Herbert is full of fun. He knows how much I enjoy kissing him in my bed in the morning, and he says "Mamma no kiss," and then laughs loud and long as I protest.

January 28th, 1866.—I hear the little merry voices coming down to say their prayers and go to bed. It is better than music to my ears. They are bright and joyous all the day long, a constant pleasure.

Sunday evening, February 18th, 1866—Again I enter my little weekly record; thank God, all of peace and prosperity. Arthur has had a bad cold, but is better, and the dear children are finely. Little Arthur was playing on the floor a day or two ago and his father stood nearer the window. "You are in my light, Papa," said he. "I did not know the light was yours, Arthur." "No, the light is everybody's, but you do not let me have my share of it."

Herbert is full of imagination too. This morning he had his cracker in bed and breaking it in two he said, "This is a horse, this is a cow," and then the imaginary cow drank water. I am thankful to see how affectionate they are together. Herbert bowed his little head on Arthur's arm this afternoon saying, "Dear Arta," and "I love you, Herbert," was the answer.

Sunday evening, February 25th, 1866.—The little ones sing a chorus so nicely now, Herbert chiming in on the right note: "Tramp boys" and "The Golden City" and "Chickadee-dee." Julia and Arthur are much absorbed in drawing on slates and Herbert tries to draw too, calling his attempts Grandma and Grandpa and Augustus as the case may be. I have had a very quiet and happy month, have had more time than usual to see the dear children and to do many little things which would probably have gone long undone, and Arthur has read aloud all Plato to me [Grote's *Plato and the other Companions of Socrates*]. Have read tonight an excellent little sermon by Dr. Hamilton on Borrowed Misery. "When the grief comes from God He Himself comes with it." In His hands lies the future, and we know that He will take care of us, His children.

Arthur T. Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Waltham, June 22nd, 1866.

My dear Lissie,—Your letter to Ella written evidently under dictation and severe pressure, was duly received and considered. 1st, as to Mrs. Ann R., Ella says she can have nothing to do with her, to inflict an additional washing would be intolerable, moreover it would not be well to leave two women here in utter idleness, and the housekeeper has already given provisional notice in case of the above—this to be sure is rather vile of her as she it was who obliged Ella much against her feeling to speak of the washing at all. Consider this matter as done up, and starched stiff. (Ella says that this is all right for stiffness, but that she really is grateful, which would not sufficiently appear from what I have written.)

We now propose to go to you in the course of the week beginning the 16th July. That will give you a severe trial of us and may be quite as long as the Devil can keep his hands off of our establishment here.

As to your having no friends, I saw one or more of them to-day at Cambridge, and also Mr. Browne and Mr. Foote. It was very hot at Class Day, the highly decorated mats on the heads of young ladies in ball dresses were of all stages of growth and beauty. At Lyceum Hall, after the salmon and strawberries there was a german. I left before that, just before suffocating.

The Misses Inches are going to Europe in a few days for a few days. Mrs. F. Bacon with a white muslin and a chicken-pie (which I was not fortunate enough to get a bite of) was present, also B. S. Rotch, fat and stiff, also Clara G. and Frank Loring, also a fascinating and -ted young man whom one (J. A.) Higginson and myself supposed to be one Derby (sky-blue cravat, yellow kids). To prove his identity however we bowed. It was a failure. Either he was someone else—I sometimes imagine there is a Richards of similar beauty or else he was too much absorbed in a rather elderly lady with a heavy face, hat shaped like Julia's, bright scarlet feather, grey silk dress, etc., etc. I

was not by when Mr. Browne offered himself to more than two at a time. The Larkins and Mary Pratt appeared on the stage, also a vast herd of the plebeians—by horse-car loads, by sixties. No liquors were present today, which must excuse this dull note and my forgetfulness in not before this relieving your minds and hearts by saying that the “gal” who had the supposed Derby was Mrs. Paran Stevens. I think Miss Chadwick was present in chains. All well. Yours affectionately, ARTHUR.

Arthur T. Lyman to Arthur (aged 5)

39 Kilby Street,
November 13th, 1866.

Dear Arthur,—If Herbert wakes up tonight, ask him to call you if he sees any stars flying about. The grass was so frosty this morning, the sheep kept running about to find a spot where the sun had warmed it for them.

Perhaps you will call and see us tomorrow.

Your affectionate PAPA.

Give my love to Herbert.

Arthur T. Lyman to Julia

Springfield, December 6th, 1866.

My dear Julia,—I wonder whether this letter will get to you before I do: perhaps I shall leave here tomorrow at two o'clock P.M. and then unless the postman is very quick I think I may get home first. I should like to have you see the spools at the mill and the water falling over the draw, from nearly as high as from Mamma's chamber to the yard. Take good care of Mamma and Ella. I hope your cold will be well tomorrow.

Your affectionate PAPA.

Arthur T. Lyman to Arthur Lyman

Springfield, December 6th, 1866.

My dear Arthur,—I thought you would like to get a letter from the postman when he goes by in the morning. This is ten times as far away as it is to Waltham and a horse could not go

from here to Boston in one whole day, but the steam cars go so fast they come from Boston in less than four hours. Perhaps some day in the summer when it is warm and the trees and grass are green, you may come here to see the big river and the spools, and see the men cut the spools into shape out of long rough pieces of wood. Take care of Master Herbert and give a kiss to him and Mamma for me. Your affectionate PAPA.

Arthur T. Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

[This reassuring letter was written just before the Lowells sailed for Europe.]

Boston, May 3rd, 1867, 1 P.M.

My dear Mrs. Lowell,—The children all came down yesterday and without injury. At dinner we had enough to join hands all around the table and Ella was delighted with the new things in the parlor. She slept very well last night. Julia seems better and has little the matter anyway. She did not cough at all last night. Herbert and Arthur the same and all will get out soon, if we have a warm day. Julia walked up and down the parlor in solitude for nearly an hour after your departure and when the bell rang later remarked, "We can't think that's dear Grandma now."

We probably shall not go out of town till the 21st, which will give Ella more time to get strong. They are all doing well, without equivocation or reservation. Much love to you all from all of us. Yours affectionately, ARTHUR.

Arthur T. Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

May 7th, P.M. 1867.

My dear Lissie,—We missed you and Sara yesterday at 4 P.M., as we have missed you all much and often before; however Ella came down and Lillie Sohier called and stayed. I wrote to Mr. Foote by this mail and as I said his absence was not popular, he may be disturbed so you may console him if he is in a bad way. I think he had better secure the chief things in Europe early so as to come home with you—not later—if

necessary. If he doesn't come I shall start a class in the autumn to teach the Sunday School teachers the errors of the popular views as to St. Paul's orthodoxy.

I will send *poor* Blagden's marriage announcement if it ever comes out, which is of course doubtful, and if Sara can bear it!

I was fool enough to allow myself to be elected treasurer of the Athenæum yesterday. Parker and Storrow, too old foxes to be caught, declined. Mr. Hall, Rogers, and Storrow besought me to take it. I don't know that taking it only to fill a vacancy, I shall dare to simplify Mr. Rogers' immensely voluminous accounts, but should feel tempted to do so.

Julia seems nearly if not quite well. Arthur and Herbert went out yesterday and looked better for it. Little Ella seems very well and is getting to be very talkative, calling "Grandpa" often and other names, besides singing various songs! They are now at supper. Ella (B) has not yet been out, but would have gone today but for the weather. She has stayed down to tea last night and is better. She has heard this P.M. of an American woman who will come to see her tomorrow, from Cambridgeport. She seems to be very promising.

We have not yet heard from your father and mother but have no doubt they are in New York, as evidently only S. P. Lowell and Miss Lowell were among the motley crew of horrid foreigners on the emigrant ship.¹ I hope you were able to talk French, German, and Hottentot with them all the voyage. I received an urgent invitation from Mr. Greenough to take the next steamer for Paris, which if "ifs" were favorable I should like to do.

Wednesday 8th. All well this morning. Ella told me to write Marbœuf but Galignani says beuf. I suppose she thought it was "spoilt-beef" Street. I am confirmed in supposing that only you and Sara went to Europe by the annexed piece from the "reliable."² Love to all. Yours affectionately, ARTHUR.

J. L. kissed this spot for Aunt Lissie.

¹ Apparently the newspapers recorded as on the steamer only the names of the two daughters.

² *The Boston Advertiser.*

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Waltham, June 10th, 1867.

Dearest Mamma,—Julia has written quite a long letter to Aunt Lissie with her own hand. Both she and Arthur thirst for information, which I wish I had eyes to impart. I have asked Mrs. Adams if she knew anyone to teach them a little drawing this summer, they have so much more time than in the winter. Herbert runs about and picks flowers as independently as the rest. I told Herbert you were in Paris. Said he, "I can't see it," and went to look out of the window—adding despairingly, "I can't see it anywhere." Julia has a very great zeal for Biblical inquiries now; yesterday they held a church. Julia brought down and read out of my large Testament, and they all (upper three) sang a hymn. I think Ella will walk soon—she shows a great inclination to do so, and stands much.

Arthur T. Lyman to Julia and Arthur

July 1st, 1867.

Dear Julia and Arthur,—I want to have you water my may-flowers every day till I come home. I am afraid they will be dried up. Take good care of Herbert and Ella and Mamma dear. Yours affectionately, PAPA.

*Ella Lyman (with remarks by Arthur T. Lyman)
to Mrs. John Amory Lowell*

Waltham, July 8th, 1867.

Dearest Mamma,—As Arthur laughs at me for going to church, I shall tell a story to offset it. After fairly begging the eldest A. to go with me yesterday, [A.T.L.: Of course I don't go to heathen conventicles, whither she went yesterday.] I turned pathetically to A. Junior, and said, "Of course, you will go with me twice a day when you are old enough, won't you?" To which he doubtfully replied, "I will go in the morning." After I returned I attacked him again, saying, "The reason you don't want to go now is because you are so little a boy."

When you are a big boy you will like to go as well as I do.” “No,” said he, “if I was a real big boy, I should only want to go in the morning. I should want to stay at home with Papa and hunt flowers in the woods.” See the effect of a bad example. N. B. It is the first time I have been in the P.M. since I came here.

I wish you could see Herbert and Ella fondling and kissing each other. He has very pretty chivalrous ways with her, always calling for someone to take her if he thinks she is in any kind of danger. Julia and Arthur paint for hours, with colored pencils. We enclose two samples for the Exposition. [A.T.L.: Would send Maximilian’s scalp for Napoleon if I had it.] I think my eyes are improving a good deal now. I shall tomorrow be reading thirty minutes. ELLA.

[A.T.L.: As to that foolish Maximilian, who should have left with the French, he has nothing to say against being shot for he has only been paid in his own coin, but it was a mistake and a barbarism for Jaurez to shoot him.]

Arthur T. Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Boston, July 19th, 1867.

My dear Mrs. Lowell,—We have been fortunate in having very fine weather and cool nights for the measles, which are now going off. Julia’s fever all gone, Dr. Adams said, and Arthur’s abating. They are pretty fussy now they are better, and Julia thinks two people are needed to attend to all her wants. They are both mortified and disgusted at their speckled arms and hands, and Julia says, “If Aunt Lucy’s children liked having the measles she wishes they would have the whole of these kinds of things—she hates the measles.” Dr. Adams went away yesterday for two months, but the children are substantially over it now, and besides there are eleven other doctors in Waltham. Dr. Putnam came yesterday to see Father, who had a bad cold and cough, and he stopped to see Julia and Arthur and to blow soap bubbles for Herbert. I think it very likely Herbert and Ella will escape. Ella is well and went to

ride with the above two yesterday P.M. Herbert being the biggest bird down, struts about proudly. Julia and Arthur regret that he can now open the doors, but he does not interfere with their pencils, etc., so much as Ella, who crawls over them without regard to their aggravated feelings.

I went to Cambridge yesterday and day before—fine weather and very pleasant exercises—151 freshmen admitted this year!

Yours affectionately, ARTHUR.

From a Letter to John Amory Lowell

(Dictated by Ella Lyman to Arthur T. Lyman)

July 29th, 1867.—Arthur, Jr., had a little sick turn last night owing to a muggy day [A.T.L.: helped on, *to say the least*, by a hunk of stuff made of dough and a respectable blueberry degraded by cooking, given him, and all to stop Herbert from crying, by the sop-and-sugar giver, Jessie T.]

Ella Lyman to Julia

Beverly, August 19th, 1867.

My dearest Julia,—Papa was delighted to receive your note, and I was delighted to get Arthur's. And I was so glad to hear that Papa had seen you all. I made him tell me how you all looked, how you were dressed, and what you said.

We are having a very pleasant time, only I want to see my three babies in Waltham. I am going over to Salem this morning to see Mrs. Tileston. Yesterday we took a long drive, and Papa gathered wild flowers for Aunt Sue. I took Ella, but she fell fast asleep and when she waked she was very happy.

Love to Jessie, and Mary, and Sarah, and kisses for my precious children from MAMMA.

Ella Lyman to John Amory Lowell

Waltham, August 26th, 1867.

My dear Papa,—Here we are safely at home again, after our pleasant little visit at Beverly. We returned on Wednesday.

Baby was rather restless on the road, and I was filled with pity when I remembered the unhappy mothers with crying babies whom I had often seen in railway cars. Not that Ella cried much, but she seized her bonnet, threw it into the middle of the car, and proceeded to tear her hair, with sundry other demonstrations of the tediousness of travel. However, we were well repaid for all trouble by our joyful greeting at home. The children's little flags hung in the parlor windows, Arthur's large flag decorated the dining room, and best of all—three merry bright little faces on the doorstep. It was a Babel of voices for some time, all pouncing upon Ella with kisses, love, and joyful exclamations, and she in an ecstasy of delight.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Waltham, September 8th, 1867.

My dearest Lizzie,—I am longing, thirsting, to know something more of you, of all that you have been feeling and thinking. I opened your little note hoping therein to quench my thirst, but its few words only augmented it. Dearest Lizzie, I have thought so much of you during these ten days. I know how tenderly you loved your dear Grandfather,³ and what gentle, reverent attention you always showed him, and although thankful, as I know you are, that he is released from all infirmity and suffering, still there must be a deep void left. Tell me, darling, whether there was more suffering before the release came. I thought not, by the beautiful calm and peaceful rest on his features. Is it not blessed to think of him restored to the activity of youth, and an endless career of beneficence opened before him? Could not you write a little account of him, dwelling more upon his life among his very own than any of the notices have and speaking of that steadfast uprightness which I know you relied upon so much?

Tell me, darling, all that you feel about it. You have such a clear, firm faith in immortality, I want it to strengthen mine. I wish I could look in upon you and have a long talk. Julia

³ Dr. James Jackson.

said when I told her, "Oh, I remember him so well, Mamma. He had a great many talents" (she had been learning the parable) "perhaps God is counting them now."

He has left a precious legacy of memories to all his descendants. Did you not like what Dr. Bigelow said about his loss of his son and the noble way in which it was borne?

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Waltham, September 9th, 1867.

My dearest Lissie,—I am so glad to be able to write to you with my own hand, and I want to tell you how dear you are to all of us, and how often we think of you. Arthur would say, "That's enough, they know all that." So I suppose you do, but you may not mind hearing it repeated.

I met this passage in reading today, which I liked: "We would recognize our unbroken union with those faithful and beloved friends who have passed away from our sight and have entered before us into Thy rest. May their felt sympathy be with us in duty and in trial, strengthening and gladdening us continually, and giving us ever more intimate home feeling for the mansions in the Father's house on high." I have almost finished the Book of Acts in Julia's Sunday lessons and she is very much interested in St. Paul and the other Apostles. She retails a good deal to Arthur but I have not begun to teach him yet. We have grand times in our little school, every day from one to two, only I proved so lamentably ignorant in arithmetic that I had to get Arthur to teach me as well as Julia. She has a good deal of taste for geography, less for spelling, and I am trying to teach her that by dictation, as the French do. I do this in my middle reading hour, and when I go down and call "School" little Herbert is the first to run. He always mounts in his chair next to Julia, who is always very kind and considerate to him, takes his slate, then says, "I must wash this," gets down again and scampers into the nursery to wash it, and then back again to make round O's, calling us to admire each one. He considers himself as important a

member of the school as either of the others. Arthur has nearly made a rugwork pincushion, and is learning to write.

You have no idea of the comfort of being able to do these little things for the children without misery. They are so happy, sing, talk, and play all day. Herbert is admitted now to the sacred precincts. Ella is carefully excluded, much to her disgust.

Sunday afternoon.—I have come up to my room again to write, dear Lissie, with the chorus of merry voices in the distance. The children have been playing dolls all day today, Julia with Lissie, Arthur with "Sarah Baker," and Herbert with a third. They have been dressed in every imaginable costume, have had sicknesses and recovered, and are now resting on the sofa. Arthur did not come home to dinner. The Hadley Mill keeps him pretty busy, but it seems to be very successful and that compensates for all trouble. The children have needed no change of air this summer. It has been a most delightful one, incredibly cool. I have not had one sleepless night and really very few warm days. It has made a great difference in our comfort and strength.

October 7th, 1867.—You would have liked to see the children all playing on the floor with Mamma's presents of the farm and soldiers. Willie built a beautiful fort with a flag on top, and Arthur another, which little Ella in her peregrinations knocked down. Arthur resented this and Arthur, Sr., resented the resistance. The consequence was that Arthur, Jr., in his turn cried and then little Ella came up to comfort and console. Arthur's ire was instantly changed into compunction, and the next time little Ella transgressed, it was patiently borne.

Ella is a little queen among the other children. They all love her and she, in return, always comforts them. "Oh! Artaparta, dear Artaparta," or dear "Doo-de-loo," as the case may be. Herbert is wearing the little dress that Sara embroidered for Arthur. It fits him beautifully now and he is fairer and rosier than ever. It is very pretty to see him assisting at the lessons sitting up sedately over his round O's. To be sure, he is sometimes a "lamb in school" but we all enjoy him too much

to send him away. One day Ella came in and I put her into a chair too. She put a toothpick which she found into her mouth and wisely sat reading a letter. This, as you may imagine, caused a great deal of laughter. Ella says, "dear Gran-pa in Pa-ris," and much more that Mamie cannot understand.

I had a funny time at the vestry of our Waltham Church one day last week when I joined a Female Charitable Society of some thirty elderly ladies and a few younger ones. We began at half past two and the ladies discussed these weighty matters till five, and our dinner was ordered at half past three. Luckily the children dined, but poor Arthur fasted.

We have had such a beautiful summer and are now having such a beautiful autumn. The creeper is turning red on the fence and reminds me of your Sunday visits. How blessed we have all been to have such good news to give and to receive. God bless and keep you all. Ever, darling Lissie, Your own sister, ELLA.

The first mention of the school to be held for the children in our house is in one of Mamma's letters to Aunt Lissie in the autumn of 1867. So faithful to the school and its teachers was Mamma that almost my last vivid picture of her is in March 1894, just before her last illness, sitting under the lamp by the large carved gate-legged table at 39 Beacon Street writing notes to secure more pupils. For twenty-seven years the school was held, first at 16 Mt. Vernon Street, and then at 39 Beacon Street. It was decidedly inconvenient at 16 Mt. Vernon Street for it met in the dining room on the second floor. As Julia and Arthur might be going to evening parties while Mabel and Ronald were still in school, there was often a scurrying of late-comers to finish breakfast and escape by one door while the impatient scholars rushed up the back stairs and thundered in by another. Jessie Tolison fed us as fully and rapidly as possible till the last minute, and then, after allowing the fliers to escape, opened the door to the kitchen stairs and shouted "Come up, children!" And they—pinioned till that moment in a tiny cloakroom to the left of the front door—came like an army up the heights.

School in a dining room certainly was inconvenient. Every single day when school was over, all the chairs, desks, blackboards, books, chalk, and slate pencils were hustled away into a big closet where you tumbled over them if you wanted anything else; every morning they were pulled out again. But Mamma never faltered, and she had the reward she looked for. The friends that her children made in those intimate days at school were lifelong friends. Well taught, too, were they all, by Miss Emily Whitney whose ruler was made not for blows, but to be jumped over as a gymnastic exercise, whose laughter was contagious, whose picturesque imagination devised original ways of teaching.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Waltham, September 30th, 1867.

My own darling Mother,—We took all the children to Mrs. Adams's this week, and she seemed to enjoy seeing them very much. Ella stayed on the piazza with Mamie, until Mrs. Adams came down, and then Herbert and Arthur went out and led her in, each holding one hand. Mrs. Adams thought nothing could be prettier than little Herbert's triumphant look as he presented her, "Here's Baby." Then all sang and clapped hands.

The children are so well and happy. I hope that they may keep plump till you come. Herbert's round neck reminds me of yours, and I kiss it sometimes by proxy. The Noah's arks are upstairs now, and as it is a northeasterly storm today, I wondered how they would amuse themselves; but when I went down there they sat, all three in a row playing with horse-chestnuts, talking and talking, as happy as though they were in a palace.

Best love to dear Papa and the girls.

Ever your own daughter, ELLA.

Ella Lyman to John Amory Lowell

Waltham, October 21st, 1867.

Dearest Papa,—All three children are in a row on the piazza playing with their inexhaustible arks. Julia and Arthur do most

of the talking, but Herbert is in close attendance. Little Ella's voice is heard occasionally from her solitude in the nursery, whence she would like much to come into the "party." She is very fond of dolls, tell Lissie. Yesterday afternoon I dragged her about the parlor a little in her wagon, with "Sarah Baker" and "Red Riding Hood" in her arms. She fondled them, saying, "Oh, Sawah, dear Sawah," stooping occasionally to kiss them, in an absent sort of way, as I often do when I have the children on my lap. Then when I made Sarah Baker amble and trot, she imitated me exactly with her doll.

Herbert has grown very manly; he sings in quite a bass voice, partly natural, partly because he imitates men a good deal in his plays, and imagines a deep voice a great characteristic of a man.

There is some prospect of Mrs. Nathan Appleton's house being sold. It is said to be much out of repair, but Sue thinks the Misses Inches', which is next it, delightful. Aunt Mary Pratt said she thought of you when she first heard of it.⁴

All send love. I send more than you can ever know, to you all. Your affectionate daughter, ELLA.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth R. Lowell

Waltham, November 10th, 1867.

My dearest Lissie,—My thoughts have been full of you all, as you may well imagine, since yesterday. How blessed it will be to see you all again, I dare not trust myself to think. Now that the time draws near I feel as if I could not wait to see you, and it is fortunate that I have enough to do to occupy every spare moment till you come.

Monday, November 11th.—Many returns of today to dear Papa and Mamma.⁵ First of all I must tell Mamma how delighted I was with the most beautiful locket—how inexpressibly touched that she should have sent it to reach me on my birth-

⁴ The John Amory Lowells were obliged to move from Pemberton Square and in the end bought 7 Park Street. It is interesting that Mrs. Appleton's house, 39 Beacon Street, was eighteen years later bought by A.T.L.

⁵ It was their common birthday.

day. I had such a yearning at the bottom of my heart for a sight or touch of you all that day—and the locket and dear little note which accompanied it were like an answer to the longing. I never saw so handsome a locket. Mr. Lyman (for I carried it over to exhibit) thought it very beautiful. Tell dear Papa and Mamma they must let me have their photographs for it, a copy from some existing one would do, if they do not want to sit again. Arthur gave me a beautiful gold chain to wear with it. Dear Lizzie Put, who passed the night, made some nice mats, and Mrs. Lyman gave me a delightful tablecloth and napkins. Then dear Arthur made a sweet little nosegay for each of the children and they marched in in procession and presented the flowers, all but Ella who preferred to hold on to hers.

Later in the day, at about one, dear Sue⁶ drove up, bringing me Mr. Collier's *Sermons and Letters*. I had a nice long quiet talk with her. I have seen so much of her this summer, and in such a quiet, delightful way. We have had many long talks, some of which I shall never forget. This day she seemed very bright, and looked better. She is unspeakably lovely and so bright and happy and interested in everything.

Julia says, "Tell Aunt Lissie about my school." The school is quite full and I am going to divide it into two classes. The older ones consisting of Julia, Mary Bullard, Lillie Codman, Mary Rogers, and Fanny Upham, will study from nine to eleven. At eleven, Arthur, Mamie Iasigi, and Lucy Flagg, and possibly one more little girl, will come in, sing and have the gymnastic exercises with the older ones. At half past eleven, the older ones will leave and the little ones have an hour and a half to themselves. This is our present programme, which we may modify if it should not work well. Gymnasium, I hear nothing of, as yet. I always think of you, in these plans, dear sister, for I know all the interest you feel in all that concerns "Our Jewel" [Julia].

There seems to be quite a demand for pews at King's Chapel. We have let ours to Judge Wells, and since have had two applications, one from Mr. Frank Boott, one from Mr. Fred. Dex-

⁶ Mrs. William Sohler.

ter. Mr. Bangs has bought a pew on the broad aisle and means to sell his little pew by Miss Dexter's.⁷ "Je te le donne en vingt" to guess who preaches at King's Chapel next Sunday. Professor Park of Andover! Tell Mr. Foote he will have to bring home a fresh supply of truth to counteract all this orthodoxy! And tell him too how glad we shall be to see him in his own pulpit again. We have had our last Sunday here, for we move on Thursday if pleasant, and are already well nigh packed, for tomorrow and Wednesday are to be devoted to cleaning the house.

Our baby here is a baby no longer. She imitates the others and seems almost as old as Herbert. She still occasionally says, "Take a baby," but in general she runs about as independently as possible. They played in the firelight, "Button, button, who's got the button," and it was very pretty to hear Herbert's peals of merriment when he was the fortunate possessor of the button. Ella soon took the idea and guessed who had got it. She came trotting in a few weeks ago with some yellow leaves which Mamie said we must press, one in Papa's, one in Mamma's Bible. She has learned to say "How do, Ganpa?" "How do, Ganma?" "How do, Aunt Lissie? How do, Aunt Sa-wah?" bowing her head with great unction. We sent Herbert to welcome you at Halifax. We hoped to have sent Ella too, but all Herbert's sage advice to her to sit still and get a good picture was in vain, and we got nothing satisfactory, only a doleful one which I will keep for Mamma, but I want her to see the merry original first. I wish you could have heard them trying to sing "Malbrough" in French. They get the tune nicely and the words pretty well.

We went to Boston a week ago. Dr. Parker pronounced Julia's teeth doing well though not yet quite right, and Dr. Derby said my eyes were nearly well. He has changed my spectacles back to non-magnifiers, arrayed in which I write you now. Julia had a little headache when she came home and the others devoted themselves to her. Arthur brought her books and Herbert pictures, finally Arthur bethought himself of his ac-

⁷ In 1862 a pew at King's Chapel sold for \$1000.

cordion, saying, "I will not play very sharp notes, Julia." Finally Ella came in and they tried a cure by kisses. Surely love is "the fulfilling of the law."

You do not know with what spirit and zeal I find myself packing this year, and all because you are at the end of the journey. I have missed writing so much last week, it seemed very strange to be unable to tell Mamma of my pleasure in the locket for so long. But we shall have talking soon, which is worth so much more. Julia says, "Tell Aunt Lissie we shall be delighted to see her and all of them." They pray every night that God would bring you safely over the great water. May He bless you all and bring you safely to us again.

Ever your sister, ELLA.

This is the last of the long letters to her family in Europe. It has been hard to refrain from copying every one. They are exquisitely written in a flowing, graceful hand, and almost never is a word left out or changed in the fluent sentences. The ink is faded and they are difficult to read but very rewarding.

She speaks of being often interrupted in these letters. How could it be otherwise with a family of little children all wanting her every minute? Yet every letter ends with a leaping sentence of deep affection, not as we often do with a mass of love thrown pell-mell at everyone, but individually and tenderly as if before ending she turned to look steadfastly at the dear person to whom she was writing and renewed her love in the look.

Mrs. George W. Lyman to Ella Lyman

December, 1867.

Dear Ella,—Delighted to see Arthur and to hear good tidings from you and the dear little children. He had a cold re-past, but he did not mind that. His father's face quite beamed with joy to see him. I am so glad your mother's family have arrived in health and safety. Give them my best love. The sky is beautiful, the pond frozen, and the boys have had real pleasure in skating. It is getting dark. Arthur has gone to the woodlot. I must say good-by, with love, Affectionately, A. L.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

February 19th, 1868.

Dearest Lizzie,—I send you Stanley's *Apostolic Age* in loving memory of all the deep and ever growing sympathy and communion we have had together on these and kindred subjects. Can we not trace these communings far, far back into the early days when they transfigured this earth into a heavenly paradise, down through the years whose changing joys and interests have but taught truer, firmer faith in these—and ever growing, deepening love and trust in one another? May God ever bless and keep you, my precious friend. No words of mine could tell you all that you have been and are to me.

Always your faithful ELLA.

Journal of Ella Lyman

On the 9th of June, 1868, my dear sister Sue⁸ passed from earth to heaven. Would that I had kept faithful record at the time of the loveliness and cheer of that chamber of suffering. She had long known that her illness must prove fatal, but she had courageously kept on doing all that was in her power to do, founding during these last years the "Soldiers Memorial Society," which will long bear witness to her untiring exertions for others, warmly interested in the joys and sorrows of her friends, traveling many miles often on their behalf, bearing with peaceful serenity and faith the loss of her youngest child, over whose few years of weakness and delicacy she had watched with tender and judicious care. Finally, when the transparent frame could no longer serve the willing spirit, with what joyous courage, with what unfailing patience, with what loving thought of others did she meet the end. She had hoped to live till her only boy could go to college, but no murmur escaped her lips. Watched over night and day by her daughters, who would not leave her to hired help, surrounded by all whom she most dearly loved, her pure spirit passed away.

⁸ Mrs. William Sohler.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lyman, at Nahant

Springfield, August 20th, 1868.

Dearest Ella,—I have just returned from Holyoke, hot and rainy. The dam has had its front teeth knocked out, as it were, by the ice and logs and has now flashboards on some part that the water does not there fall over and the whole frame is exposed. Mr. Minot and I as passengers went out in a boat in front of the fall and where the water did not fall, except in heavy spray or rather showers. I went into it a few feet, under the edge and timber of the dam but not behind the sheet of water. Men have crept all through its timbers behind the sheet and fifty or seventy feet upstream. Two went in this morning. One came out and it was feared the other was lost, but probably he did not go in far and only waited, for the men found all right at the entrance. E. I. Br-w-e⁹ came up with me Wednesday on his way to Lenox and beguiled the dusty hours by his stories. He is on a rose-cold exile.

Love to you and all the babies and others.

Affectionately, ARTHUR.

Mrs. George W. Lyman to Arthur T. Lyman

Waltham, August 30th, 1868, 9 o'clock.

Dear Arthur,—Jessie and Hannah¹⁰ arrived safely, but found a *damsel* in your house. Hannah came over and Charlie Campbell went over with Buckley, dog and pistol, and secured the woman—after she escaped through a window. Charlie's dog caught hold of her dress and the two men secured her. Charlie says she entered through the cellar, locked the chamber doors after having collected some of your garments—some of Ella's, cheese, wine, and jellies. She had carpet bags to carry off her booty—one of Ella's dresses under her arm. She said she was from Boston, owed three months' rent and thought she could make it up out of what she should take.

⁹ Mr. Edward I. Browne was one of Elizabeth Lowell's suitors.

¹⁰ Jessie and Hannah were our maids, Charlie the gardener. We were all staying with Grandma Lowell at Nahant.

Father told Charlie to go to a constable, while Buckley and dog remained at your house. The constable came and secured her and carried her off to Cambridge for safe keeping. She was dressed in calico dress, a hat and a shawl. We have sent one of our men to lodge at your house tonight—but all is quiet and no damage done. We thought the women might feel easier for tonight to have a man in the house. I will write to you tomorrow, but have told all. Charlie behaved very well. The woman is the woman he saw in the street this P.M. and she said, "Yes I saw you—I am the woman."

Robert is here talking "easy."¹¹ He will send hurried note to you and tomorrow I will write and tell any other details.

Ever affectionately, A. L.

August 31st, 1868, 4 o'clock.

Dear Arthur,—At seven o'clock this morning I went to your house and found all safe. The woman shut up at Waltham last night, and has to be seen by Squire Rutter this P.M. He was in Boston, so she was not examined excepting by the constable. I wish you could have seen your spare chamber floor—three blankets, shawls, Maggie's chair, Jessie's new silk dress, Arthur's pants, sacks, etc., etc.,—enough for a wagon load—sardines, cheese, crackers, black currant jelly, brandy upon which she had feasted, Ella's gold thimble, gold and pearl brooch, small gold chain, hair earrings, work basket and contents, box Hadley spools, scissors, leather reticule, half piece of cotton flannel, yards of cotton, Jessie's trinkets, aprons, etc., etc.,—valued the constable says at \$298 in all. She had a skirt with deep pockets around—in these she had the small articles.

Jessie says, when they returned, all looked right, but, on surveying the kitchen and getting a lamp, she saw an old leather bag. "Hannah, there must be a loafer about." Without taking her bonnet off, she went upstairs, found the door of the spare room locked. She listened and soon heard a footstep. Then she sent Hannah over and fortunately Charlie was at home. Jessie went down to watch. When she saw the creature coming

¹¹ i.e., letting the woman off easily.

down barefoot she got into the kitchen and opened the window, when Charlie and dog appeared with Buckley. They secured her and Buckley stopped while Charlie came here to know what must be done. Constable went at once. She went to take out the articles from her pocket, when he said, "I am used to this work—I will do it." And out came the thimble, brooch, etc. He says you seldom see such a haul. She looks American—broad face and red—large arm. She will be examined at Cambridge and await her punishment, which I hope will be severe. How fortunate that Jessie returned! She says "all fear—all headache fled and she was bold as a lion."

The woman reports that she walked from Boston yesterday morning, went to the circus where the policemen saw her, it was over about five o'clock—she was seen lurking round your premises about this time. She must have collected all by daylight, and was about to depart when women came. All quiet as before, so don't be anxious—we shall keep watch—but as she is secured that is sufficient. All well. A hot, oppressive day, but with a cool breeze. I hope children are all well. Glad to hear good accounts of Ella. Ever affectionately, A. L.

Ella Lyman to Julia

Boston, September 7th, 1868.

My darling little Julia,—I am going to write to you today, and will write next to Arthur, and next to Herbert. I long to see you all, and send you more love and kisses than any train of cars could carry. Dear little Ella is a great deal better. She has played a little today, although she does not feel strong enough to sit up, and she was very much pleased with the paper dolls that you all sent her and with the gumdrops. She ate one of the gumdrops and keeps the others and the dollies and Arthur's picture in a little basket—the one Aunt Anna gave her. Then today Aunt Lissie gave Sarah Baker a pair of shoes with high heels and a lovely hood, and Maggie made her a pair of garters, and dear little Ella put her arm round her and cuddled her.

I was so glad to hear all about you from dear Papa. He has gone to Waltham today, and I will tell all about Jessie and the kitty when I write again.

Good night, my darling Julia. Love and blessing to you all
from MAMMA.

*Ella Lyman to Arthur T. Lyman,
c/o Minot and Co., New York*

7 Pemberton Square, Boston, October 7th, 1868.

Dearest Arthur,—It seems very long since you left, and I have wondered involuntarily why you were not here. We are all well. I took Herbert and Ella to drive this morning, while Mamma and Sara were busily occupied in Lissie's house, papering drawers, arranging closets, etc. Ella looks almost like herself now, but Herbert is a little pale. They are getting on nicely at the house. I shall be able to unpack on Friday and Saturday. Tonight I got a note from Mamie, dated Ashburnham, October 1st. Her sister is much more comfortable though still suffering with the paralysis. She says, "I shall feel it a duty and a privilege to stay with her as long as she needs my care." She says she shall come down for a few days to see us and get her things, as soon as she can leave her sister—sends "love and kisses more than I can tell you, I wish I did not love so much."

So I fear it is all over for us. The attack has evidently been slight or she could not have gone home so soon. I can but hope that she may be spared in sufficient strength to enjoy the poor little home together. I cannot bear to think that should never come to her. Julia cried, and Herbert said, "I like Mamie, Mamie's good. Won't she come home if her sister gets all well?"—but that I feel she never will.

We have not heard from Lissie. It seems lonely without her, and Papa seems very sober about it. I am glad we were here.

I hope I shall hear from you tomorrow. Do not fail to tell me how your throat is. I hope you are enjoying the Conference. The *Advertiser* said nothing of it. I want to hear all the doings.

The children would send many kisses, but they are all sound asleep.

With truest love, your ELLA.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

November 13th, 1868.

Had I known a week before that three of the children would have been ill with scarlet fever at once my heart would have sunk with apprehension—but God so careth for us, that it has come and the fear has been changed into thanksgiving. It is always so if we only had faith to see it in little things and in large! But it is so hard to have faith particularly before the trial comes. I find it very difficult not to run up to the parlor every few minutes to see how Herbert, “the well one” as he styles himself, is breathing—whether he has croup or scarlet fever yet!

Meantime I need not tell you what a blessing and comfort my own dear mother has been. She comes over every day to read to the children and please them, and Julia and Arthur are as happy with her as with me, so that I can feel quite easy, when I cannot leave little Ella, that they are all right with her. She is so lovely! And last night she was afraid she was only in the way! Will it not be an awakening when some day in heaven she finds out what she has been all this time! I want to hear all about the Freedmen’s Aid, the Teachers Meeting, Sunday School, etc. Why need anyone despair while there is work to do?

But I must stop, for I have not seen Arthur all day. I sit with him an hour in the evening after all are in bed, and that is all. The children are so fond of “Uncle Charles.” Do write again soon, your letters are a real comfort.

Always your own ELLA LYMAN.

November 21st, 1868.

Dearest Lizzie,—I am writing you rather under difficulties, because little Ella is at my side, watching my “pen run.” Julia

is in the adjoining room, rather languid and depressed today—and Arthur in the next room also, very lively and full of innumerable questions. He and Julia are making a scrapbook for little Ella's Christmas present and are cutting out pictures with great zeal.

It is too bad about Sunday School—how strangely there are ups and downs in all human work—one time when all seems hopeless and dark, and then again the clouds suddenly lift and we are unexpectedly more than compensated for all the efforts we have made. I know it cannot but be so with your work, and with Mr. Foote's too. There may be dark times, and discouraging times and the thing may not come out as we had wished, but it seems to me as certain as seedtime and harvest, that good work bears fruit at last. But I well remember how my heart sank when with one accord my Sunday scholars of old loudly rejoiced when the school was over!

Arthur T. Lyman to Julia

Springfield, February 16th, 1869.

Dear Julia,—Tell Mamma I got here at quarter past six—a fine afternoon—and shall get back some time tomorrow night—probably late. I suppose you are now putting the children to bed and will pour out their coffee tomorrow morning.

Give my love to the old boy, the lion and the buffalo, and Susan. Affectionately, PAPA.

Mrs. George W. Lyman to Arthur T. Lyman

[Building of the Forest Street house]

September 1st, 1869.

Dear Arthur,—A good wood fire this cool evening! The sky looks dark and I hope it may rain, for we are dry as dust. I was at your villa this morning. Work comes on apace. Cistern will be finished tomorrow morning. Well-water does not increase—more blasting to be done and Simons thinks that will give water enough. Johnson says maple wood sufficient for



HERBERT AND JULIA
LYMAN



ELLA AND ARTHUR LYMAN

dining room. It will have a pleasant association with the old tree. Father sent Hartwell check for \$2,000 to pay town masons and carpenters. Paine seems to be bent on wooden fireplace in town dining room. You I hope will have marble, which Father much prefers—and he advises Sarah to have marble and not wood.

A letter from G.T.L. who will bring Mary to Waltham and write or telegraph the day and hour she may be expected in Boston. They will drive up. I wish you could be here also—too much I suppose for Ella and baby—but, I think we can arrange to assemble in Boston. All well. We thought of eight-year-old boy¹² yesterday. I hope you are all well. At Oakley yesterday. William Pratt still there. Hear no news.

Miserable preaching on Sunday—very thin church. Ann Adams said no prospect of a pastor. S. and L. had a visit from Nina. She such an admirer of Phillips Brooks!

When you come to Waltham I hope we may have a good nectarine—fruit very small on peach trees! After ten o'clock. With love. Good night, Affectionately A. L.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lyman

Springfield, April 8th, 6:20 [1869 or 1870].

Dearest Ella,—I was sorry to leave so abruptly but glad you came back before I left. There seemed no chance to get here except by arriving Friday night or not getting back till Saturday midnight. The mill is doing but little, so it was almost necessary to come tonight. We killed a quack doctor this morning so much more readily than I feared that I was able to escape for the P.M. I should be at the house tomorrow at half past five if cars are not late, etc. It may be well to send for a rib of beef for Sunday.

It seems somewhat like clearing and does not rain now but has rained heavily on the road. The country is full of colors, green, red, gray and purple, etc.—perhaps you would need spectacles to see them. I don't care much when you go to Wal-

¹² Arthur Lyman.

tham. Probably we shall have to stay a full six months, however, for future convenience.

I brought home some money for you and the \$50 for Mother; but as you were out, locked it up in the safe. I suppose Mike will set the house on fire some time by leaving the furnace with the draught on. Dear Sue I did not see. I have hardly seen her for a week except at night.

Affectionately, ARTHUR.

Mrs. George W. Lyman to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman

May 9th, 1870.

My dear Arthur and Ella,—You have sent me on the 72nd anniversary of my birth a beautiful and most useful gift—and as a token of your affection “more precious than gold and silver.”

If Father or myself have added to your comfort and enjoyment, we are well pleased, and pray that you may long live to be blessed—and to bless those whose privilege and happiness it is to have such a son and daughter.

Accept our united love, and my renewed thanks for your kind and affectionate good wishes and for the gift to

Your truly affectionate mother, ANNE LYMAN.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Waltham, August 28th, 1870.

Many thanks, dearest Lizzie, for the toothpowder, and many thanks, too, for your two little notes. I suppose we practical-minded elderly people cannot expect to write such long letters to one another as we once did, but the unpractical and romantic side of me regrets it very much. It is inevitable, but not altogether beneficial to be too much absorbed in the workaday life, and yet is it not a comfort to think how much work there is in the world wherewith to fill one's life should it ever be bereft of nearer blessings! Only if health went too! but perhaps even then one might have grace given to “stand and wait.”

Little Sue has not been very well, and it is solemn being

awake with a sick child in the dark, dark night, but Dr. Adams thinks very lightly of it—thinks it caused by her teeth—and she is better tonight.

Peals of laughter from the kitchen. My two young people have lovers!

I had such a nice letter from Aunt Anna and I must answer it before Arthur comes from his mother's to send me to bed—So good night, darling.

Ella Lyman to Rebecca Amory Lowell

Waltham, July 30th, 1871.

Dear Aunt Amory,—I have been meaning to write to you for some weeks, but the days are so quiet and uneventful here, that they slip by almost before one knows it, with but little to mark their passage.

Arthur has been reading two theological books lately which would interest you, I think—one very curious one written by a "Clergyman of the Church of England" in answer to Liddon's Bampton lectures on the "Divinity of Our Lord," in which the Clergyman of the Church of England very ably disproves the Trinity—going on some points further than our American Unitarian Association would perhaps care to do. It shows a strange state of things when such a book can be written by a person in any sense within the pale of the Church.

The children enjoy the life here very much and are out all day except when their lessons or their meals keep them in. Herbert and Arthur delight in their gardens and in making wigwams in the wood. Herbert has just begun to go to church and seems quite interested in it. Some weeks ago, Mr. Reynolds of Concord preached and read in a very impressive voice the Psalm, "The cattle upon a thousand hills are mine." Herbert whispered to me, "Mamma, that man says all the cattle are *his*, he says so," and when I explained, he asked, "What, are all the cattle God's—Grandpa Lyman's and all? He bought them." At last when he fairly seized the idea he seemed quite delighted with it, and has said since that God must have been

displeased with the Communists "because you know all the things they destroyed were His."

Arthur said rather a pretty thing today. I read them Solomon's "There is a time to laugh and a time to mourn," etc., apropos of there being a time to keep silence in Sunday School—when he said, "But it is always time to be grateful, Mamma." I was so glad that Mr. Chaney thought little Sue very like her dear namesake. He was struck with the name the first time I spoke to her and said the likeness struck him instantly.

Most affectionately your niece, ELLA LYMAN.

Account by Arthur T. Lyman of a Railroad Accident

This was written as testimony. It shows his remarkable accuracy of observation.

Saturday, August 26th, 1871, went to Eastern Railroad Station in Boston about 7:10 P.M. to take 7:15 train for Lynn—found no train in the station except Pullman car and two Maine Central cars (these without baggage car or engine and not ready). *Then*, or very soon after, saw a train on the side track north of station—went through it—many people were seated in the cars. Did not know which train it was (it was the Beverly train afterwards destroyed) went back to the platforms of the station which was full of people. About twenty minutes of eight, a long train came in and part of it was used to make up a train for the Saugus branch—the seven o'clock train nominally but it actually followed the 7:15 Beverly train. Someone announced that it was for the Saugus branch, and I took the other train, which had backed into the station. The Beverly train left Boston at about fifteen minutes of eight,—think I looked at my watch. At the Saugus branch switch we were stopped by the preceding train (6:30 P.M. Saugus branch) being on our track waiting for an inward branch train overdue as was stated at the time. The Beverly brakeman swung a red lantern a few feet (afterwards when ordered by someone whom I supposed to be the conductor), a few rods behind our train. This or the signal at the switch, stopped a train behind us which I understood *at the time* to be the Saugus train that was in the sta-



ARTHUR THEODORE LYMAN
by Staigg

tion, and apparently ready to start when we left Boston. We waited at the switch about ten minutes—then a long train from the branch passed us going to Boston—the train ahead went on to the branch and we proceeded. Before starting *or just at starting* from this switch I looked at my watch. The time was about five minutes past eight. I think I said to a passenger standing by me that the express train was five minutes out. I thought of this at all events and at that time. I had taken the last (crossways) seat on the right (and seat next the aisle) at the Boston station, but very soon after starting gave it up to a woman with a baby, who was standing in the aisle, and stood at or near the door till I left the train—the door was open all or nearly all the time, at least after the first detention. On leaving the Saugus switch or very soon after, the brakeman went forward leaving the red lantern inside the door and I think he did not again come to the rear of the train. There were two white lights on the rear of the car—noticed these particularly as I was surprised that they were not red—am perfectly certain that two white lights were there. We stopped at Everett and Chelsea—got uneasy as the express must have been almost due. After leaving Chelsea saw the headlight of an engine at a distance behind us—can't say how far off—*thought at the time*, it looked dim—night was dark and foggy. Supposed of course it was the express. It disappeared from view, apparently behind a curve or obstruction of some kind. Thought it might have stopped and very soon we stopped at Revere. Soon after saw the headlight again—can't say how long before the collision—think less rather than more than $3/4$ minute—feel quite sure it was not over $3/4$ minute. The conductor came through the car and went out the door at the rear. The red lantern inside the door could not have shown from behind. The conductor stepped off, and on to the platform of the station and I think signaled to our engineer to go on—think I saw him swing light but am not sure. Saw that the engine was too near to allow us time to start and get clear. Went out of the door, pushed against a boy standing on the platform of the car with his back against the rail—think I said to him “It is time to leave this place,” and jumped off

and ran from the track to avoid the collision and splinters. Got about 25 feet from the car. Looked back and saw the engine buried deep in the car—apparently $2/3$ or $3/4$ through it. At Revere only a few persons were standing in the car and those mostly forward—think there may have been one or two on rear platform who jumped off. Got the impression at the time that the engine that struck the car was not going very fast. The rear platform of the car was about over the road that crosses the track at Revere and was easterly of the easterly side of the Revere station house—think the rear car had begun to move very little if at all at time of collision. When I came back toward the car there was a line of burning coals under it. Someone brought a pail of water, apparently from the station house, and threw the water on the fire. The fire went out almost instantly, no doubt from effect of the steam from the engine. (All was dark about the rear car almost at once.) Very soon the forward cars, which were separated from the rear car, were on fire. Did not hear the whistle of the express train before the collision, and did not realize it was so very near us till just as I left the car. Of the fact that the headlight of the express first came in view, then disappeared, and then appeared again and continued visible till time of collision am positively sure.

All of above is of positive contemporaneous impression and not added to or varied by the testimony afterwards published or otherwise.

September 14th, 1871.

A.T.L.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. George W. Lyman

Lynn, August 27th, 1871.

Dear Mrs. Lyman,—How can we ever be thankful enough for Arthur's hairbreadth escape, and yet the horror is so great that I can hardly help dwelling upon that. Had he been in the middle of the car he would not have had time to get off. He had given his seat to a woman and child who came in late, with her mother, an old lady, and therefore stood near the door. Knowing that the eight o'clock express was nearly due he looked

out from the platform and plainly saw the lights approaching. The conductor stood beside him and had just given the order for the train to leave Revere. Arthur had just time to jump off the train, taking a boy who stood there also with him, and had gone only a few steps in the road when the collision took place—the engine of the express train cutting the car in which he had been in two. The woman to whom he had given his seat was killed, the mother badly hurt, the child escaped! Dr. Sprague and Arthur had agreed the night before to come together on that train, but providentially Frank had taken an earlier one—owing to its delay—for he could never have jumped off in time. We expected them at half past seven, and when nine o'clock came and Frank arrived alone, you may imagine how anxious we became. Still we thought Arthur might have missed the seven o'clock train and taken the 10 P.M. He arrived at half past ten, having driven over from Revere with a man who was going to ask the friends of one of the wounded to send a carriage for him. Mr. Ware's brother who was on the train, also uninjured, did not arrive until one. Arthur did not tell any but the gentlemen until morning, that we might sleep. Papa says he was perfectly calm when he told them first, and thinks Arthur's escape in great measure owing to his presence of mind and quickness of observation. But how can we be thankful enough that he was not in a position where he could not see! Many highly valued people in Lynn were killed. We hear that almost all in the rear car were either killed or badly injured, but you will know more tomorrow morning than I do now. Arthur sends love. All are well, except Baby, and we think her mending.

With dearest love to all, always your daughter, ELLA.

Mrs. George W. Lyman to Ella Lyman

Waltham, August 27th, 1871.

My dearest Ella,—I can as yet hardly realize the providential escape which dear Arthur had on Saturday evening, and it seems as if we never could be sufficiently grateful that his life

was spared. As Mr. Johnson said, "his kind feeling in relinquishing his seat probably saved him." To this we should certainly add "his presence of mind and observation." I awake at night, and my thoughts are on the murderous disaster, and I shudder as I think of Arthur's narrow escape. I had no presentiment, but, as he left us on Saturday evening I looked at the misty atmosphere and hoped he would be in season for the 7:15 train and reach you all in safety by eight o'clock, at which hour I again looked out and said, "I suppose Arthur has now reached Lynn."

Oh, dear Ella, how anxious you must have felt, and what would have been our agony, if on that night we had heard of the accident. Our coachman was in Boston and knew it all, and told the servants, who concealed it until after Robert Paine had called on his return from Boston. He gently told us of the trouble, and then we were almost mute—Mr. Lyman with color in his cheeks, tears in his eyes—Mary and I! oh, I cannot describe my feelings. Gratitude to a merciful Providence and yet filled with horror! Lydia said Arthur was so calm—she scarcely realized what he had passed through. This morning I read Mr. Phillips' speech, and thought it excellent. Will not the community be roused, to the recklessness and culpability of such accidents?

Remember me affectionately to your mother and sisters, also to "Papa," and believe me

Your loving and grateful mother, A. L.

Jessie Tolison to Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman

August 27th, 1871.

My dear Mrs. Lyman,—I was so glad to have a few lines from you. I felt so bad when I heard of accident. We all felt so glad to think that Mr. Lyman escaped. We ought to be thankful that he was snatched from the jaws of death. Would it not be horrible if our poor Mr. Lyman was taken from us. Our heavenly Father saw fit to spare him longer. I can hardly believe he escaped from such an accident. Bell and me was de-

lighted to see him in yesterday afternoon. He always seems so pleasant and good. We all send lots of love to the children and Carrie. I am sending some flowers for the children, the small one for Sue. I close with much love to Mrs. Lyman,

from JESSIE TOLISON.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. George W. Lyman

Lynn, August 31st, 1871.

Dear Mrs. Lyman,—To our great delight Arthur appeared late this afternoon. I find it hard to believe in him—in his safety—now unless I see him! and the horrible details of the accident only deepen the sense of what he has been spared. To have survived maimed, as so many have done, would have been hardest of all to bear. I have had many kind notes expressing so much appreciation of him. Lucy says, "If we *can* value him more than we did we shall do so." She had been at Mt. Desert, and only heard of it on her return. Arthur seems to have enjoyed the Lyman gathering despite the weather, and found some fine specimens of the family stock.

Always your affectionate daughter, ELLA.

Ella Lyman to Rebecca Amory Lowell

Waltham, August 2nd, 1872.

My dear Aunt Amory,—It has been such a pleasure and comfort to be with the children again—it certainly is one compensation for illness that one enjoys health so much more afterward. I am of course not quite strong yet but I hope that Lynn air will make the cure complete. We have been quite comfortable here the last fortnight—the weather has been delightfully cool.

Our hearts have been full of poor Lydia's great loss—her dear little Florence; about little Sue's age, and such a sweet, winning little child. Robert Paine was in Europe too, having gone on a few weeks' tour with Phillips Brooks—through Norway. He was just beyond the reach of telegraphic communication, we suppose, for none seems to have reached him for a long

time. At length they have had an answer and he has sailed from Hamburg. Poor Lydia has borne up bravely, and is thankful that her darling suffers no more.

Our little flock are well, and the baby charming. Little Sue sat drumming at the piano this afternoon pounding with both hands, and told me she "knew that was a real tune, because that was the way Aunt Lissie played." It is very pretty to see her trying to please the baby; sometimes dancing merrily about, and baby laughing aloud. Julia has grown very companionable, we sometimes read aloud together and she is very patient and good with the little ones. If we could only remember to be thankful, infinitely thankful for our blessings while they are given to us—perhaps the home where no separation comes would seem nearer.

Arthur has been reading Mr. Sears's *Heart of Christ* to me. Have you read it? I think there are many beautiful passages in it, and the account of the life of Christ is so reverent yet so vivid. I do not quite agree to all his doctrinal theories, but it is refreshing to read something positive after all the negatives.

Elizabeth C. Putnam to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman

April 27th, 1873.

Dear Ella and Arthur,—I know of at least one house—and of very few besides that one—where the beautiful ideal that Herbert Spencer works out, to be realized not only in some far future heaven but here in this present world, is made very nearly an actual fact. This home has been for many a year the poetry of life to me; the dream coming true day by day, standing like a haven of peace and rest, with doors open to let all passers-by or comers-in, from the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" up to the best of our best, feel better and happier for its influence. Do you wonder then, dear Ella, why I am what you call "so faithful" to you? Each child-nature of your six has free room and the right atmosphere and so grows up "of its kind" like the trees on Mr. Lyman's lawn.

I can never tell you and Arthur, dear Ella, how much I owe

you. So often *you* have roused me from indolent discouragement and fired me with a little of your zeal that does not yield as mine does to physical fatigue, but burns on brightly till it wins its way and conquers. And Arthur has so often cleared away clouds of conventional obstacles and made the truth come out clear. Is there anything so happy in life as to work on together toward the truth and goodness that is to be found for the seeking—that does not exist until it is lived into life as in your home. Yours ever, E.C.P.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Waltham, Sunday evening, [1873?]

Dearest Mother,—We had a pleasant drive home. Baby got a little tired and then rested by a short nap. We found the children all bright and well. The boys had had a nice walk in the woods with Jessie, who made them some lemonade and gave them a little feast out of doors. Little Sue behaved beautifully at church, staring at the minister, and only once whispered to Lizzie that she wanted to go home. She gesticulates and shows us how the minister talked very prettily. Mabel was delighted to see her and she fondled her to her heart's content. And now they are all gone to bed, and I am going too, blessed Mother, after such a happy day. It was beautiful at church, and I had so much to be thankful for, and was so glad to see you all.

Good night, lovely Mother. We shall feast on your chicken tomorrow.

Ella Lyman to Anna C. Lowell

(After the death of Aunt Amory Lowell)

December 24th, 1873.

Dear Aunt Anna,—This little picture of a pure spirit walking undefiled in the world—in it yet not of it—always reminded me of dear Aunt Amory, and will not blend inharmoniously I hope with the living memories of her with which our hearts as well as yours, my dearest Aunt, are full.

With constant love, ELLA.

Arthur T. Lyman to Anna C. Lowell

(On receipt of the engraving of Marie Antoinette as a memorial of dear Aunt Amory)

January 14th, 1874.

Dear Aunt Anna,—I thank you warmly for the beautiful and valuable engraving and for your own ever esteemed kindness to me. As a memorial of Aunt Amory it will be highly valued as reminding me of the pleasantest memories and of most agreeable hours which were to me, as well as to so many others, bright breaks in the common and lower life, or at least what would be lower, but for the motive and inspiration which are given by thoughts and ideals of which she must have supplied the light and power to very many. I always found it a great pleasure to see her, and the quiet and matured strength were as valuable as they are rare, and valued—you know even better than I by how many who appreciated and benefited by the knowledge and wisdom and wit and Christian life and love which though taken with her to another life, still live in many memories and in many lives. Affectionately yours, ARTHUR.

Ella Lyman to Julia

Waltham, June 1st, 1874.

My darling Julia,—We have missed you more than I can tell, and I have thought every little while that it must be about time for Julia to come home. Baby wrote you the enclosed letter, the words are all her own. We have had a long quiet day. The children went out, but only to be caught in the rain and hurry home to change their clothes. Sue and Baby played in my room till Mabel's bedtime came, and Sue kept me company very charmingly until the three o'clock dinner. Miss Steele arrived punctually and regretted your absence. Arthur finished his lessons in an incredibly short time, and all behaved well, Ella said. This afternoon the boys were out, and the little girls very happy with me in the parlor. Sue said, "Ella speaks the pleasantest I ever saw!" and Baby wished she could "beak



ARTHUR THEODORE LYMAN

1874

(break) off the banisters, if she had a real big pair of scissors she thought she could!"

Mr. Porter telegraphed from New York that he should not be able to see the children on Wednesday, but I shall see you, dear, because I must come in with Arthur.

Good night, with dearest love to my precious daughter,
from MAMMA.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Waltham, June 14th, 1874.

My darling Mother,—I could have easily forgiven the clouds if they had poured down rain yesterday, so that I might have had another glimpse of you today, but it is doubtless best as it is, and you have a lovely day for Lynn. It is very cool here in the house, but a little warm outside. Arthur was sitting on the piazza with a book and wanted the long window left open, and the tempting sight was too much for the children, who one after another wanted to go out, and Baby too as soon as she appeared after her nap. So I dressed them all, and I am afraid "Papa" had rather more than he bargained for as he took care of them while I wrote my letter to Ellen Bancroft.

We all went to church this morning, where were Mrs. Eliot, Mary Bullard, and Nellie Guild, who are staying with Mrs. Lyman, and after Sunday School Julia went there to dine, and now the three *young ladies*, for so they really look to Arthur, have gone in Mrs. L's carriage to Oakley. Meantime Arthur, Jr., had invited Frank Coolidge (who comes steadfastly and entirely alone to the Unitarian Church) to Sunday School. He arrived after dinner, so we have just had a second edition, rather to poor Arthur's regret, but he behaved very resignedly about it! We had a lovely visit from dear Aunt Anna and she seemed to enjoy the children very much. Mabel has got into a way of kneeling down as she sees the other children do to say her prayers, and the other night Aunt Anna saw her take her little chair, kneel down by it, laying her head in the seat, and say, "O God, don't let my sisters go away!" Then she got up, put

away the chair, and began to play as before. I just showed her a picture of Lizzie Put and asked her who it was. She said, "Oh! dat's a 'eal nice person!" The children are all remarkably well, and the happiness of having them so is intense. I had a note from poor Mary Gould about the school and she said at the end, "Oh, dear Mrs. Lyman, do not regret anything. Do not think anything a real sorrow while you can keep your children!" With dearest love to you all, Always your own ELLA.

Ella Lyman to Anna C. Lowell

Waltham, June 21st, 1874.

Your package, dearest Aunt Anna, arrived safely, and the lovely gifts were most gratefully received. I cannot tell you how touched and rejoiced I was that you should have felt in any degree comforted by your little stay with us.¹³ Would that we could have kept you with us longer! I do not believe you begin to know how much I love you—how inexpressibly near and dear to me you and dear Aunt Amory are. I have always had with you, as with dear Sue, a singularly strong sense of *kinship* so to speak—not that I ever feel *like* you in character or intellect or gifts of devotion and love; but perhaps a longing for all these things, implanted by your dear selves in my childhood and for which I can never be sufficiently grateful, and also doubtless the real kinship of nature, in which perhaps a rush light may resemble a sun.

THE DEATH OF ANNE PRATT LYMAN

Journal of Ella Lyman

Mrs. Lyman [our father's mother] died on March 16th, 1875, of pneumonia, after ten days' illness. She was in bed about a week, though on the couch till the 15th, but delighted to hear of Evelyn's birth on March 9th. I saw her on the 15th. She was in great distress from difficult breathing, but looked up quickly and said: "There you are, dear Ella." I kissed her, and

¹³ Aunt Anna first stayed for a visit at Waltham this year after Aunt Amory died. She came almost every year afterwards until 1894.



MRS. GEORGE W. LYMAN
(Anne Pratt)

said: "Oh! I wish we could help you." "There is no help for me on earth, now, Ella. Strange change since yesterday—doctors do not know much! Poor Mr. Lyman, what will he do! Come to see me tomorrow. I think I shall be here. Well, if I must go, God's will be done. Give my love to your dear Mother."

I said: "You have done so much for us all. God bless you for all you have done for us," and that I was thankful I had time to tell her this for "unspeakable and innumerable were her kindnesses." She asked for Mr. Lyman and threw her arms round his neck and said: "Father." He leaned over the bed when all was over and gave her one last kiss.

Mr. Lyman had next day a letter from Mr. Motley that touched him. "I do not know why that man should be attached to me, what I ever did to make him like me and respect me, nor you either for that. I know I never did anything to make you feel so." I said: "I think I know why. I remember many kindnesses, innumerable ones." "None too many!" "You know, I have been your daughter for sixteen years." "I know it, and if Mother were here I think she would be willing to undertake sixteen more." When I kissed him yesterday and today, he said: "Thank you," as if it really touched him.

March 21st, 1875.—After church this afternoon I went in to Sarah's, where I heard we were all wanted at Mr. Lyman's. Most solemn and impressive was the reunion in the parlor, the dear familiar objects which reminded us of her on every side, while the will was read. Kind thought and remembrance of every one—it was most characteristic of her. She left some gift to almost all whom she had loved, and I was much touched because she spoke of me as "her dear daughter." When we rose to go I said to Mr. Lyman that I felt very grateful to her for her kind remembrance of me and for all her many kindnesses. "She never forgot you, Ella, she never forgot you," he said, "that she never did, and do you want to know why?" "Because she was good." "No, because you deserved it." I know but too well that I was far from deserving it, but I record this here because it was such a great comfort to me. And Sarah Sears said,

"You *were* a dear daughter to her—she loved you." Would that I had done more and better, but perhaps God may help me to do a little better in the future and may He forgive all my shortcomings. Florence Lyman said Mrs. Lyman had been like a mother to herself and Fred. Everyone spoke of her kindness and her winning greeting. "She will be missed at every corner," Mr. Foote said.

March 25th, 1875.—Dear Arthur went with me to the blessed Thursday evening service. Lizzie P. was on the other side and in the solemn and holy silence and in the words of prayer and praise we entered into nearer communion with those who had gone before and with Him in whom we are one family—above, below.

Easter Day, March 28th, 1875.—We have had a blessed week of prayer, the daily services most comforting and helpful, particularly the Good Friday ones. The evening address on the Seven Last Words on the Cross very vivid and impressive. When I told the children about it at tea Ella said, "I 'most wish I'd gone!" "I 'most wish I had," said Arthur. "I 'most wish I had," chimed in Herbert.

George W. Lyman wrote in his notebook two years after his wife's death:

Wednesday, October 24th, 1877.—Lots at Mt. Auburn planted with periwinkle taken from under the beech tree near brick wall. Purple beech tree is in the centre of the lots about eighteen years old. Periwinkle is evergreen, fine and healthy.

Probably the purple beech (taken as another record says from Oakley) was planted at Mt. Auburn in 1875 when Anne Pratt Lyman was buried there or in 1864 when Grandma Pratt died. It was a most beautiful benignant tree in 1915 when our blessed father who loved trees was laid beneath it.

Notebook of George W. Lyman

March 16th, 1878.—Another year—the third, has gone since my beloved died and was lost to me on this earth. She is

not seen in her dear flesh, but it is but seldom that she is not present with me in her own loveliness in my remembrance, and, making known again and again her absence, a void not to be filled.

Elizabeth C. Putnam to Arthur T. Lyman

. . . I shall never forget my first visit to your mother in Waltham. I had never been in such a place, except in imagination after reading of English comfort and hospitality. The pretty furniture of the room—everything so carefully and thoughtfully arranged—the waking on those warm summer mornings and the shade of the trees and the cool garden with the peach wall—then the kind welcome to breakfast with the delicious cakes and cream and milk, all kept up to the mark by Mrs. Lyman's watchful housekeeping, was a delightful surprise.

I always felt at my ease with your mother for she let me speak my mind and only laughed at my unformed opinions on all subjects. Then too she cared for all our people and never forgot one mutual friend or cousin. You who have lived on side by side cannot at the same time enjoy as I have in my yearly visits the gathering of the family about the old homestead.

Whenever I think of Mrs. Lyman it is as she welcomed the children in the Waltham breakfast room with a word for each, and a peach or a pear to carry home. Surely she lived in others' lives till she forgot herself wholly.

May the peace of God that passeth understanding keep your hearts and lives, and the love of God and man that Christ made living to us be with us evermore. Yours ever, E.C.P.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. P. H. Sears

April 23rd, 1875.

I hope, dear Sarah, that you may like to wear in this locket¹⁴ our dear mother's hair, whose loving presence we most yearn

¹⁴ This locket of black onyx had lilies of the valley in pearl. Aunt Sarah and Aunt Lydia appreciated it so much that they gave one to our mother also with the hair of Grandmother Lyman in it.

for on days like this, that wise and ready sympathy, that tender helpful love which never failed us, and which was so *sure* that it seemed as impossible to be without it as without the air we breathed. Surely He who made love like hers can never fail or forsake His children.

May His best blessings be with you and yours.

Your loving sister, ELLA.

Mrs. Robert Treat Paine to Ella Lyman

April 24th, 1875.

Dear Ella,—I found on my return your beautiful locket and lovely note. The day will never return without these new and sacred thoughts.

Thank you for enabling me to keep in such an exquisite form these sacred associations. Mother's generous loving spirit seems to have fallen upon you and I am glad to have you as our living help, as we have her more sacredly than ever in a better world which the burdens of this, well borne by the help of friends, will make us all the more appreciate.

Your loving sister, LYDIA W. PAINE.

Mrs. Robert Treat Paine to Ella Lyman

May 1st, 1875.

My dear Ella,—You wanted some of Mother's hair, you told me, and before I dared to take it, came two beautiful lockets to Sarah and to me.

United more than ever in our love by this great common sorrow, it seems to us all most fitting that we should keep the precious memory of the past in a similar form—all three of us—seeing ever in our lockets a mutual love, a mutual loss, a mutual hope of reunion. Let them bring to us ever a holier remembrance of one so pure and lovely, and a brighter and more trusting faith in the world from which she now looks down upon us. Your loving sister, LYDIA L. PAINE.

[Accompanying this letter was a locket for Mamma like those she had given to Aunt Lydia and Aunt Sarah.]

Ella Lyman to Mrs. Robert Treat Paine

May 8th, 1875.

My dear Lydia,—I shall indeed value the locket with the precious hair more than words can tell, and it will be delightful to be united to you both, my dear sisters, in this visible token of our love, and tender grateful memory of that pure unselfish life. What would life be to us without our love to one another! In that memory, surely we always safely rejoice, and to that safely cling, for do we not feel with her whom we have lost how the certainty of her unending and undying love brings us close to our heavenly Father whose child she was, and of Whose love for us, hers makes us so sure.

With warmest thanks to you and to dear Sarah,

Affectionately your sister, ELLA.

Ella Lyman to Anna C. Lowell

Waltham, June 13, 1875.

Dearest Aunt Anna,—Tomorrow Arthur, Sara, and Julia start for the White Mountains. They will be gone about ten days, and it will be quite a new experience for Julia, who in her sixteen years has never been further from home than Ashburnham, never seen a mountain, or been on board a steamboat. I have promised to take the boys in to see the procession on the 17th of June if we can find a window—it promises to be a fine sight.

We are peacefully settled now in our quiet country home—strangely saddened this year by the absence of the dear familiar face and constant loving-kindnesses which we have never missed before. Mr. Lyman has been here about ten days and bears the solitude better than we feared, but he seems sadder than in Boston—every familiar object reminds him afresh of the companionship he has lost. He decided to live alone—and declined Lydia's offer of being with him through the summer. Perhaps it may have been a wise decision for our families are all so large that it would inevitably have brought much care to him. But it is grievous to think of him alone in that large house.

The children are glad to be at Waltham. The little girls are playful and merry and I have just instituted reading aloud every day for an hour while the boys "jig saw" and the girls sew. I am reading Mrs. Dwight's *Life of Wilder Dwight*, and they seem to enjoy it very much. Mabel sits on my lap as quietly as possible and now and then indulges in a little nap. She was playing with my sunshade the other day, a much smaller one than that she usually plays with, and she said, "Why! this is a little sunshade, this um-ber-ella is just my age!" She is very loving and sweet, saying often, "Oh, I am so *gwad* (glad) God sent me down to you." One day in lifting her I accidentally hit her and when I asked if I had hurt her, she said, "I love you, darling, so I don't mind it much if *you* do it!" One day Sue was fretting a little because neither of the little rocking carriages was hers, and Mabel jumped out of her little carriage, and throwing her arms about Sue, said, "Darling! We'll have it together! It's all yours now, Sue! All yours and mine!" Sue was quite overcome with this generosity, and was as proud of it as if it were her own. They are a constant blessing and delight. The older ones are studying for two hours a day with Mr. Parsons, our ex-clergyman here, and Ella is teaching Sue to read and to print. Sue has begun a letter to you in her extraordinary letters, some of which she has copied from books and some Ella has taught her. I hoped it would have been done in time to send in this letter, but it will come next time.

Ella Lyman to George W. Lyman

June 26th, 1875.

My dear Mr. Lyman,—How strange in receiving a fresh token of dear Grandma's constant loving-kindness to be unable by word or pen to thank the dear giver whose ready, kindly greeting we never sought in vain. As Mabel said last winter, "Sue telled me how we could thank Grandma for all she gave us. We can say, 'O God, please thank Grandma.'"

But I may at least have the comfort of telling you of the love and gratitude for her which fill all our hearts from the oldest

to the youngest, each laden with memories of her kindness and with tokens of her love. The chair will be very precious to me as a memorial of those pure unselfish spirits so alike in their thoughtful care of others, whom we rejoice to think of as together now. And I want to tell you, too, dear Mr. Lyman, a little of the constant affection and gratitude with which I am,
Always your daughter, E. L.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. F. P. Storer

Lynn, August 15th, 1875.

I have thought so much of you all, dear Kate, in this grievous loss¹⁵ which has befallen you all—which has befallen us all, and all who knew her, that I cannot but send you a word of love and sympathy. I can imagine no loss more irreparable than that of a mother—the clinging memories of the past—the ever deep and ready sympathy—the love without change or fear of change, so ready to excuse and have faith—but thank God when we have known it we feel *sure* of it still, that it is waiting for us in that eternal home where we shall meet again. It is hard to believe that we shall see that lovely presence here no more, so true, so good, so pure that evil could but shrink before it—that constant sympathy for joys and sorrows great and small of all who were privileged to be her friends. May the heavenly Father Who was her stay bless and keep all you her children, and comfort you with the memory of the blessing and joy you have been to her. Always your loving ELLA.

Journal of Ella Lyman

November 14th, 1876.—I take up these little records after an interval of nine months, copying with it the fragmentary notes which I had kept on scraps of paper during this long time. On the evening of Thursday, February 17th, the little baby, to whose birth we had looked forward with tender and joyful hope, came—but he came in silence—we never saw his lovely eyes or heard his little cry. He was a beautiful child—large and

¹⁵ Mrs. Samuel A. Eliot (Mary Lyman, my father's aunt) died August 7th, 1875.

plump—a tall baby, with fair brown hair, and delicately formed features—perfect and healthy in every respect—but our heavenly Father in His wisdom and loving-kindness saw fit to recall the little life so nearly given. I strove to resign him uncomplainingly to God, but most desolate were the yearning and longing for him in my heart for many a weary day and hour, until this day.

I think I truly struggled to bear it patiently, and I trust that He who put this great love into mothers' hearts, will forgive the agony it cost me. We had a little service for him—we dressed him as he would have been dressed in life—dear Aunt Mary Putnam, Sara, and Lissie sent white flowers—violets and annunciation lilies—he lay in all his purity and loveliness on my pillow—the white flowers around him—a rosebud in his hand. Mr. Foote read a part of the service for the burial of children: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven"—and made a most beautiful and touching prayer. Dear Arthur and the children stood at the side of the bed—little Ella in front of her father looking sorrowful and amazed. We had let them see the dear little brother before, and they had looked at him with tender reverence. Mr. Foote in leaving said, "Peace be with you," and when he greeted me he said, "That little hope will not be lost to you." Great as has been the suffering, I would far rather have had my little child, for I have the hope of meeting him in heaven.

We named him Roger, in loving memory of Augustus's dear little Roger—dear Sara made all the arrangements for us—and Arthur laid him with his dear mother in the tomb at Mt. Auburn. Sara drove out with him carrying the little darling in the carriage. She remembered on the way that we had not saved a lock of the lovely hair, and they stopped and dear Sara held him while Arthur cut the lock. As she held him she kissed him and said, "Oh, you dear little thing, how I should have loved you—how I do love you!" Dear Arthur much overcome—he told Sara he was demoralized with the anxiety he had been through. We saved some of the beautiful flowers which had

been round him, and Arthur arranged them beautifully for me. He wrote a note to the boys, who had passed Thursday night at Lissie's, telling them what had happened—and said to Julia that we were spared all we had before—although it had been a great future happiness lost. Poor Julia lay awake until two o'clock. Everyone was most kind, and the blessing and comfort of having dear Mamma with me was beyond the power of words to describe.

That night after I was laid in bed, I cried to Arthur in my desolation, "Do you think God could give us another living child!" He answered—his face lighted up with a most radiant smile of thankfulness, "God has given you six living children." I had seen that transfigured look before—many years ago when we were engaged at Beverly. God help me to bear this great loss cheerfully.

One day when I spoke to dear little Arthur, as I still love to call him, of the great love and yearning I had for the dear little heavenly baby, he said, "Take that love, Mamma darling, and divide it among us!" The boys have been most gentle and lovely, and all the dear children an unspeakable comfort.

Dear little Herbert read a great deal aloud to me during my illness—almost every Sunday the hymns they had had at church and Keble's *Christian Year*—sometimes the Bible. One day in particular I remember his reading the Book of Ruth in our large family Bible, supporting the heavy book upon his knee, one foot crossed over the other, always with expression and earnestness.

On the Thursday before Easter, April 13th, 1876, my dear Julia was confirmed. She had thought earnestly of this for a very long time—more than a year—and we had had many talks together. It was a real grief to me not to be with her on that day in actual presence, and on Easter Day, April 16th, at her first communion, but we had true union of heart and soul, and I could not feel thankful enough that she was thus safely gathered into Christ's flock on earth.

I had too a delightful talk with Herbert and Arthur, trying to explain to them the meaning of the confirmation service which they read aloud to me. They seemed impressed, under-

standing fully the standing steadfastly on Christ's side, but Herbert asked anxiously "Do men do it?" Alas! would that men were more ready to do these things!

The boys were most industrious and satisfactory all winter. Herbert took a high rank after the first month and soon became first scholar, Mr. Noble docketing one of his reports, "This is a remarkable report."

In May, after dear Sara's marriage, Mamma, Papa, and Lissie went on a little journey taking Herbert and Ella with them. Arthur had the first offer but refused, preferring to stay at home and keep up with his lessons. Both Arthur and Herbert have been most lovely in their attentions to me. "We ought to be good with such a father and mother," said Arthur. Another day when I had said, "You will do me great honor some day, Arthur," "Herbert will do you honor!" he answered.

Mabel has been inexpressibly sweet all this time—verily a blessing amid sorrow. She often had a little lunch of crackers and cream with me, both of us enjoying it doubly. "You must have the most, Mamma. It wouldn't be fair for me to have this cracker 'cause there is none for Sue." Then making believe read: "And God sent this lovely person down 'cause He sends everybody down."

Julia has been most sweet and companionable all this time, talking with me like a friend, writing my notes, coming in to sit with me when I was left alone. Surely though the loss of the little darling I had longed for, left a *hole* in my heart, I have had unspeakable blessings in these dear children. Mabel would arrange my flowers "so that the rose shall look at you." She used to act and react Sara's wedding with little wooden dollies. "Ma must have the best place and Grandpa goes with lovely Grandma!" She really seemed a little to understand the solemnity of the promises.

From 1876 to January 1st, 1879, A.T.L. was on the staff of Gov. Alexander Rice and went with him to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia as well as to many reviews in different cities. There was one review in Boston, June 26th, 1877 (in



ARTHUR THEODORE LYMAN
On Staff of Governor Rice, 1876

honor of President Hayes), to which Julia, Mary Lowell, and Katie Parkmen, who were with her at Waltham, went. They watched from Aunt Sara Blake's house on the corner of Park and Beacon Streets and "dear A.T.L. looked up and smiled at them in passing." Mamma went down to the Vale to tell Grandpa Lyman all about it, and he greeted her with: "How did the little fellow look with his fore-and-aft hat on?"

Journal of Ella Lyman

May 8th, 1876.—Papa went to Philadelphia with the Governor and the children went to Mrs. Burgess's to see the procession go by. Julia told me how beautiful was his smile as he looked up and saw them as he was passing by. Herbert followed him all the way to the Old Colony Railroad.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Waltham, June 11th, 1876.

Darling Mother,—We arrived safely, and I did not get much tired with the drive, and very soon went to bed, where I still am, having made up my mind, as I told you, to pass today in bed, which will be a great rest to me. Dear Arthur and the boys were so late that they could not go to church, so they have read the service with me—Arthur reading and they responding. It reminded me of dear Papa's reading in the European days, and I could hear your dear voice, as I have heard it with such comfort this winter, my darling. It was hard coming without the baby, but God has been unspeakably good to us—five times I have been blessed in bringing a new treasure out, and once I brought one in! If only faith enough might come by prayer, to trust the six I have entirely to Him Who gave them and Who loves them better than I.

It is very peaceful and lovely here. The boys brought in some lovely wild flowers, and Arthur means to carry you some tomorrow when he goes in for his report. Mr. Lyman drove up round the house this morning to "look round" and now Arthur

has gone to see him. I hope you will not come here, most precious of mothers. I would not risk one dyspeptic night. I can *feast* on you, if all is well, in August.

Always your loving ELLA.

I wish it were not so hot for you to move!

Love to the four dear daughters if they are still with you when you get this.

Waltham, September 6th, 1876.

My darling Mother,—It seems very long since we left you, much more than a day. Could you look in upon us this evening you would think we had never left Waltham; but it would be a very familiar scene as the four eldest sit on the floor playing whist just as they did at Lynn. Arthur has lighted a wood fire, for it has been really cold these two nights, though delightful through the day, and sits (that is, A.T.L. sits) reading opposite me. None of the children took cold and all seem bright and well today. Arthur took them to be weighed this afternoon, and Mabel weighs two pounds more than when she went to Lynn—32 instead of 30—and Sue weighs 48, and Ella 58. Herbert weighed 67; Arthur 100, he says it is five pounds more than when he went to Lynn, so you see how much good all the chickens and eggs did them! Grandpa Lyman thought they all looked finely. We have got almost in order again, and we found the house very clean and nice. Jessie looks frail but is in good spirits. She said it was “very lonesome” without the children.

I know you will rejoice that Fanny Cunningham has another daughter. I hope it may be spared to her.

Arthur, Jr., dined at Oakley today, and reported Aunt Marv bright and well. Arthur, Sr., will probably go to Philadelphia on Tuesday with the Governor. I suppose it will be a very pleasant excursion.

All your packing and dear Lissie's came out beautifully, my darling Mother. Many thanks to you both. I miss you more than I can express, but neither can I express all the pleasure I had with you. I wish I knew how your night was, and whether you have dear Sadie again, and many another thing about you.

Waltham, October 19th, 1876.

Darling Mother,—I found all right and well when I got home this evening. Dear little Sue and Mabel each had flowers to present, and I found one on my pincushion labeled "With Ella's love." I found too quite a number of letters from the travelers, which I enclose for you to see. Herbert and Ella are very mysterious and very happy over a secret composition they are writing,¹⁶ and Sue is burning with curiosity to find out what it is all about. Mabel has decided that she will take the turtle for her pet and undertake the care of him, and Sue says decidedly that May will have to change the water herself! Fancy the consequences.

Dear love to Papa and Sara, whom I was sorry not to see to-day. I wish our houses adjoined, so that I could see your lovely face every single hour.

Ella Lyman to Anna C. Lowell

November 1st, 1876.

My dearest Aunt Anna,—Nothing could have given me greater pleasure than to receive this precious locket¹⁷ today. It speaks to me not only of your love, inexpressibly precious to me every hour, but of the holiest and most inspiring memories of my life. I feel my faith in goodness, in purity, in heaven confirmed when I remember her, so fitted while yet on earth to be an inhabitant of heaven. She could have needed no change, save the loosing of the earthly bonds, and how sure do we feel that that tender affection is with us still. God has been unspeakably merciful to me in all my long life in the past, and I know that He will guide and keep our dear ones among the clouds which surround us now.

¹⁶ This was an article on crickets, soon after accepted by a magazine, to our great delight. For this early literary work we received \$1.25. Herbert with great generosity gave me the extra cent.

¹⁷ A locket with Aunt Amory Lowell's hair.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Waltham, November 1st, 1876.

My dearest Mother,—I must write you one line tonight, for I long to be with you again, to look into your dear face, to tell you once more how much I love you. God only knows, I hardly know myself, the infinite, infinite help you have been to me, the comfort and joy and happiness you have given me every day and hour of all these long years. God has been very, very good to us, and I know that He will lead us and care for us, and all we love still

“Wait but His time so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.”

We cannot tell how, we cannot tell when, but we know it by the great love He has given us for one another, which assures us as nothing else can of His love who is above all.

Always your and dear Papa's grateful and affectionate daughter, ELLA.

Waltham, July 4th, (1877?)

Darling and loveliest Mamma,—I was delighted to receive your dear postal card. Do not tire yourself by writing. This afternoon we were all formally invited “to a picnic on the rocks in the Lyman woods by Miss Sue L. Lyman. P.S. Silence gives consent.” So we all adjourned to the rock, where quite a feast was spread out, sugar figuring for ice cream, blueberries in peanut shells for cups of tea, etc. Then Miss Whitney, Julia, and Ella played croquet and I took the little girls down to Grandpa's. He was at tea, and treated them to tumblers of milk, cake, and strawberries. For a wonder the tumblers of milk nearly disappeared, and they enjoyed this additional feast very much. He was lovely with them, pretending to think Mabel's name was *Abel*, *Lemuel*, etc. This evening we have been reading again and the children looking at the distant rockets. It has been the coolest and pleasantest 4th I ever remember.

With how much love I bid you good night, my dearest and most precious mother, you will never know. The pillow ar-

rived safely and is very comfortable. Sue exclaimed, "Grandma is a thousand times too kind," and Mabel, "Tell her she's a million times too kind."

Waltham, September 27th, 1877.

My darling Mamma,—I went to town yesterday, arriving at twelve, and drove at once to 12 Cypress Street. "Oh yes, Mr. Scanlan¹⁸ was there," the crowd of staring children declared. I was afraid he would not come down to see me, but he did. He looks very pale and a world of sadness in his great blue eyes. I never saw him look so *good* before. I do not think he is desperate or angry, only grieved. I told him how we all honored and respected him and care for him all the more. "It can't be helped," he said. Then when I spoke of his staying on with all his many friends, he said, "Oh no, I can't do that, I'm going away!" I entreated him not to, whereupon he turned and walked off as fast as he could go. I waited until he was fairly out of sight. He brushed the tears from his eyes with his coat sleeve, but he would not come back. I wish I had asked him just to meet me at the house. Perhaps I could have had more talk with him there, but he was gone before I could. He said several times, "I'm very much obliged to you. I'm very much obliged to you all." I tried to find him afterwards at Park Street, but could not. It is a pity they waited until October and did not get married at once. I am sure she would have been happy had she done so.

We are hoping to get off on Monday to York though all our party have disappointed us except Kate and Sarah Sears. Perhaps however the weather may end all our plans. I hope you all are well, loveliest and most precious of mothers. Love to dear Papa, Lissie, and Sara from us all and from ELLA.

October 15th, 1877.

I am rejoiced by your good news that Michael and Martha are reconciled, and so are we one and all. We had to have Jessie down at once to tell her about it, and Arthur advises

¹⁸ Michael Scanlan, long a family choreman, had broken off his engagement to Martha, also an old family servant.

that they should be married at once by John¹⁹ previous to any further ceremonies. Do you know any details of the reconciliations? You know, I never gave up hope.

Portsmouth, N.H., October 1st, 8 P.M., 1877.

Darling Mamma,—Here we are safely ensconced for the night in the Rockingham House after a delightfully successful day at York, which we have enjoyed extremely. We left Waltham at 7.15, getting up about half past five. The journey down here was not tedious. When we passed through Lynn, I wished I could run up and kiss you. The drive to York was hot and dusty, but we saw the old graveyard with the tombs of the Rev. Isaac Lyman, his wife Ruth Plummer, and two daughters—the old house in which he and his wife lived after he retired from the ministry in old age, built for them by their son Theodore—then we saw the church standing on the original spot, though the church has been rebuilt. Then came a delightful visit to the Misses Burrill, Lucy's aunts—lovely old ladies in such a charming house, everything most exquisite. Then we drove to Long Beach, where the sea air was most refreshing—back again to the town clerk's, where we found the record of the marriage of Rev. Isaac, and that of several of his daughters, also the record of the births of all his children. Then we made a call on Mr. and Miss Bragdon, cousins of Mr. Lyman. She is a very fine-looking old lady, and showed us Madam Lyman's mahogany tea tray and cups, and an old cradle in which all her children were rocked.

We drove back in a bright twilight and have just had supper, and the children are going to bed.

We hear that the old Family Bible exists at Miss Eliza Moody's, but unfortunately we did not know it in time.

Always most lovingly, ELLA.

Aunt Sarah Sears and Cousin Kate Storer went with them on this excursion. After visiting York, they all passed the night at Portsmouth and the next day took the train to Kennebunk,

¹⁹ Judge John Lowell.

driving four miles to Kennebunk Landing. They found Theodore Lyman's house in fine preservation. The old tiles were still around the mantelpiece, and they saw the room where George W. Lyman was born. In the churchyard they found the graves of Sarah Emerson Lyman and her two children, and afterwards lunched at a hotel 117 years old, where Lafayette had had supper. Papa picked a horse-chestnut from the old tree at Kennebunk and planted it opposite the gardener's house on the back avenue at the Vale. In 1932 it was a large tree.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Waltham, October 5th, 1877.

My dearest Mother,—I had ample time for my train, and found that Arthur had driven over to the station for me. At the door we were welcomed by a merry little trio, and soon afterwards Arthur and Herbert came in. They are all in bed now. I feel so glad to think of you as safely in Boston and the move over—for after one is actually *moved*, the putting in order is comparatively simple. I hope dear Papa will only try walking one way to the office to begin with, at any rate.

The house seems quite empty without Abby and Willie. I think our children though quite happy are naturally of rather quiet dispositions. Sue had done some little curled worsteds for me, which she called knitting. They really looked very pretty. "I have not got anything for you," said little May ruefully. "I'll teach her to do it," volunteered Sue. So they sat with their little curl-papered heads close together—teacher and scholar.

Good night, dear Papa and dear Mamma. How shall I ever tell you what you both have always been to me and mine!

Waltham, October 13th, 1877.

My darling Mother,—We have a beautiful day today for Sadie to start on her journey—for you, I hope, to call for dear Papa, for the boys to pass the day, for Julia and Flora to be out, for us to go to Mary Guild's, and for many and many

another person's plans unknown to us, no doubt. I have been writing a note for Miss Hopkinson²⁰ to send with the gold chain, putting up Annie Bellow's little cap, and clearing up, generally. What would Mrs. Pike say to having a hen and three Bantam chickens in the kitchen! Herbert had a brood of eleven chickens and all have died except these three. He thinks it is from the cold, so he has persuaded Ellen to let them stay there in a coop.

Journal of Ella Lyman

October 22nd, 1877.—A most glorious perfect day. Dear Arthur stayed at home. He covered the breakfast and tea table with lovely, brilliant-colored leaves. I wish you could have seen how lovely it looked. Everything is very bright and beautiful, dear Arthur reveling in the country. He has been working out and is lunching now, little May acting as companion and waiter, running to and fro with dainties.

Waltham, May 26th, 1878.—It is so lovely here. Arthur enjoyed his day's vacation so much. He always reminds me of the hero, was it Hercules, Antæus, or Atlas who always recovered his strength when he touched his mother earth? Not that Arthur ever lost his strength, but it brightens him up so much.

That her large family took a great deal of time, of which loss she never complained, we can see by such entries as these in my mother's notebook, especially when we remember that there were no telephones in those days, that she never had a trained nurse except when her babies were born, that instead of using a checkbook all her bills were paid in money at each shop.

Notebook of Ella Lyman 1877

Pack Julia's valise
Write accounts
Look over the laundry
Dr. Shepard's [for dentistry]

²⁰ Cousin Charles W. Eliot's second wife.

Do up woolly beasts
 Order boys' suits at Hollanders
 Teach Ella French
 Julia's dancing class
 Drive with Mamma
 Old South ball
 Children try on dresses and hats
 Mme. Brazier [our drawing teacher]
 Sunday School
 Old South Fair
 Ladies' Commission on Library books
 Bought Herbert long trousers and pumps

Time in moving to Waltham

3 days on woolens and furs
 2 days parlor and dining room
 1 day trunk room
 1 day wasted more or less by interruptions
 2 days packing
 1 day cleaning up after the load goes=10 days in Boston

In Waltham

1 day, my room, unpacking
 1 day, finishing chambers
 1 day, parlors and schoolroom
 1 day, trunk room and odds and ends
 1 day, woolens put away=5 days

But in spite of unending duties, or because of them, Mamma was at this time blissfully happy, as her journal shows:

Lynn, September 1st, 1877.—“A day that makes glad the heart of man.” I grieve that the blessed month has gone. It will ever be a month of peaceful, thankful memories and of great privilege to have been with my dear parents.

September 14th, 1877.—Arthur had his telescope out again. Jupiter and Saturn very beautiful. Went out to admire Herbert's little bantams. His Polish hens have wonderfully grown.

September 28th.—Arthur returned from Holyoke looking tired, I thought. He works too hard.

November 8th, 1877.—Looked over furs. What a vista of years of blessings opened before me as I looked at the ermine I had saved so many years for Julia.

November 27th.—Julia's first ball, at Mrs. John R. Blake's. She looked very handsome in the white dress Sarah gave her.

Went with her to Aunt Mary's and to Mamma's. She quite enjoyed her evening.

[Mamma had three evening receptions for Julia in 1877 and 1878.]

December 25th, 1877.—A very happy day. The children's great delight in their beautiful gifts. How many lovely and unbroken Christmases the Lord has given us! To church and Holy Communion, home and to dear Mamma's. The entertainment beautiful and she dined with us at table. A blessed evening. Willie Sohler impersonated St. Nicholas.

This was but one of many happy Christmas times, but it was the last with Sue. So I will add here some of my Christmas memories:

Memories of Christmas

E.L.C.

To think long of Christmas is to open the door to a rushing throng of sounds and faces and scenes, dim at other times but now so vivid and insistent that all later scenes are misty beside them. I can't think of Christmas without hearing ringingly the carols we sang as we finally collected all the sleepier members of our family and marched into the thrillingly gay dining room where the eight stands with presents made breakfast a martyrdom barely endured. The keenest feeling of the time was of course expectation, excitement, and rejoicing, yet there ran through it always, I think, a thread of sacredness and of mystery as to the meaning of Christ's birth. After 1877 too there was a touch of something that chastened and made gentle our joy in the little stand covered with flowers which commemorated my sister Sue.

I find it hard to separate the religious feeling about Christmas from the family feeling in those days and even now. To my mother both were so intense, so shining through every look and word that they came to me nearly as one. We always were torn away from our presents to go to church and I always left

the most hopeful-looking ones (usually from the great-aunts) to be opened afterwards in order to have the fun of returning to a surprise. I think the church meant a good deal to me partly because it too had become mysterious and beautiful with a wonderful covering of hemlock, bits of which we nibbled till Easter.

The strongest feeling at Christmas was always the intense unity of the family, which put out new roots at that time. It began with poking together into the dark room or closet where all the presents were hidden the night before, feeling shapes, weighing to test for books, and fingering as far as was consistent with not opening. Every experience was in common then and we flew like goldfinches from one table of presents to another to admire, compare, or compliment until as usual I was reproached for having so many of mine saved up unopened, when Herbert, my neighbor on the table, had seen all of his.

With the encircling sense of my mother's love comes up the flash of my father's squirrel-like movements among us as he picked up an intent child lying flat on her stomach absorbed in a new toy, and landed her wriggling in another place. His were the final decorations of the stockings with apples, potatoes, and cakes of soap that gave them an extra rotundity, and his the jewelry boxes and the glitter of gold pieces that made our eyes sparkle most. Generally the Christmas feeling was not a very articulate one, but I remember one Christmas when it all rushed over me—how interlinked by our ties we all were, how much we brothers and sisters belonged together.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Waltham, June 5th, 1878.

Dearest Mamma,—Here we all sit round the table—Julia, Ella, and Fanny Foote—reading, and Herbert playing his waltz in the dark parlor. They have begun their music lessons again with poor Miss Higgins, who comes out twice a week.

Ella and Sue had their luncheon on the rocks today and then worked for their fair—such a quaint little collection of two- and three-cent articles you rarely saw. Julia seems nicely. It

does not do to boast, but she really has had fewer headaches. Arthur got off fortunately from going to Springfield with the Governor, and came home last night. Tomorrow he goes to Andover. Do be careful not to get tired with the moving, darling Mamma; what matter are all the *things* in the world compared to *you*.

Waltham, June 20th, (1878?)

My darling Mamma,—We have just returned from Oakley—Arthur, Julia, Ella, and I—where we took tea, with a crowd such as there used to be in days gone by. Mrs. R. C. Winthrop and Miss Whitwell followed us up the avenue, and we found Mr. Wm. Boott and Mrs. R. C. Hooper already established there. At first we thought of turning away, but upon the whole I thought perhaps we could help entertain them as there were so many. The girls looked very pretty and nice. I hope I am not getting too worldly minded, but when you have so much buying and arranging to do you cannot help perhaps thinking much of dress. Julia wore her new thin dress which Josephine made, it is very handsome and not too showy to be useful; Ella the muslin I bought ready-made for \$4! It fitted her almost perfectly, and is lovely with a pale blue sash.

Dear love to Papa, Lissie, and Sara, and to you, my precious Mother, from ELLA.

Waltham, July 21st, 1878.

Darling Mamma,—We had such a pleasant visit from dear Lissie yesterday. She arrived about half past eleven, while I had gone to drive with Mr. Lyman. Sarah and Lydia both happened to be away, so he called for me, and I enjoyed going with him very much. He inquired particularly for you and Papa, as he always does. Then the fair was a great success—netting about \$11. We bought the four pincushions for you, and three little mats made by the three little girls, according to their respective sizes, which I enclose. We thought as the pincushions were so expensive this was as much as you ought to contribute, and dear Sara's order was so munificent as to be diffi-

cult to fill satisfactorily with their little two-cent and three-cent goods. Thank her very much for sending it. After lunch and the fair, we had a nice long time with Lissie until dinner, when Frank came. They went home at five, before the "picnic," which was a cunning little sight, Jessie having set a table behind the house, where eight little people—Lymans, Searses, and Paines—sat down. The festivities were ended with a game of cards. At seven Frank Coolidge left us, but Ranny and John will stay through the week.

Waltham, July 27th, 1878.

Darling Mother,—This is the last note I shall be able to send in time to reach you before we come. All are well, and delighted at the prospect of being with you. We will come, as agreed, on the 2.15 train, and shall not mind weather unless a desperate storm. You see how tough and old we all are!

The dolls' trunks are all ready, and the dolls themselves, arrayed in hoods, veils, and sacques, are ready for the start. Sue thinks she shall have to *read* in the cars! She was delighted because you thought seeing her would do you good.

With dearer and ever dearer love, ELLA.

CHAPTER VIII

Sue

SUE was born on February 8th, 1869, and named for Aunt Sue Sohier, Grandpa Lowell's oldest daughter by his first wife, Susan Cabot Lowell. Aunt Sue, who married Uncle William Sohier, was a lovely, unselfish person, delicate, bright, self-forgetting. Mamma always kept her photograph in her chamber and near it sketches by Aunt Sue of violets and wild roses.

Our Sue was the fair one in a group of dark-eyed girls. Papa and Mamma sometimes spoke of her as "Whitey." She was round and plump as a little child, so much so that she once said: "All the bodies call me fatty." And when just four she remarked wisely: "I'd be Humpty Dumpty if I eat any more of that apple, but it looks very nice!"

Though Sue was only nine when she died, Rev. Henry W. Foote said of her: "I feel that I myself have lost a friend in Sue; I never saw a child with so strong and marked an individuality." We always thought of her as a child of promise. She was musical, I think. Aunt Abby used to delight in teaching her tunes on the piano, and Mr. John W. Tufts, the King's Chapel organist, remembered her as pressing up close to the piano, so eager was she to get the air right.

She was intensely loving, ardent, buoyant, merry, free wholly from the reserve and timidity that retards many of us. You can see even in her photograph holding Mabel that she was from the beginning a lover, a protector, a comforter. This great and early power of a love that rushed eagerly into helpfulness was perhaps the strongest characteristic of our lovely little sister. When Mabel was born, she exulted and called out that baby had pink eyes and blue hair. "I am awfully glad God made that baby. I should not have been half so pleased if He hadn't."

For some unknown reason Sue chose the relation "cousin" for her most endearing word, so that she was not content to



ELLA AND SUSAN LOWELL LYMAN
by Porter

have Mabel her sister only: "Baby, you are so good you shall be my cousin and Mamma shall be my cousin, too."

Journal of Ella Lyman

January 4th, 1874.—Sue [five years old] and baby [Mabel] play so prettily together. Sue dresses baby with half a dozen neckties round her throat with lace candy bags for gloves, Ella's old hat on her head and dark woollen stockings drawn up over her shoes, then sets her in the little rocking-chair and drags her out to take a sleigh ride, baby thinking it necessary to keep her eyes tightly closed all the time.

March 30th, 1874.—Sue: "I am going off to my office," as she trudges off after breakfast. "Do you know where my office is, Mamma? Why, the nursery where I please the baby."

April 13th, 1874.—Sue: "Oh, I wish I could jump into baby's skin, perhaps then mine would be as soft as hers and baby could just hop into my skin, but"—after reflection—"I am afraid then baby would rattle round in my skin and I am afraid baby's skin would be rather tight for me!"

Dear Grandma brought Mabel a coral necklace. The next night as I was writing, she said: "Take me up in your lap. I 'ant to write." I asked her what she was saying. "Dear Gamma Lowell, I thank 'ou for that *neckerlace*." Sue added some more chirography in similar style and interpreted it thus: "Baby thanks you for that pretty necklace. This is my *writing and baby's scribbling*!"

March 9th, 1874.—Little Sue has been very amusing. I advised her to please the baby and not try to please herself all the time. "But I must please myself some of the time," she said, "or I might cry." When Lizzie was coaxing her to give up to baby, Lizzie told her that baby did not know enough to give up, she was only a baby. "I knew that a long time ago, Lizzie," said she. When Josephine advised her not to take such long stitches on her duster, she said: "It is for my own Lizzie and she will not mind if the stitches are long 'cause I made it for her!"

April 13th.—One day when Lizzie was washing her hair she asked her about her mother and when Lizzie told her she was gone to heaven, Sue said: "Oh, I did not know that, Lizzie. That makes me very sad. I knew little Alice's mother had gone. Well—" she added eagerly, "you shall have my own dear Mamma for your Mamma. She's got soft cheeks you know—and good kind eyes!"

Another day at breakfast she announced suddenly, "God and Saviour are in this room—walking round!"

She was very much delighted by having her hair braided one night and thought Papa would peep in her bed and would not know her. "And when it *crinks*, Ella will say: 'Why here's another little Ella come down from heaven!'"

May 7th.—Sue: "Mamma, baby all undid her little shoe herself and *taked* it off. Don't you think God made baby awful smart?"

"It's very hot today, Mamma dear, so won't you 'vite in some ice cream?"

June 18th, 1875.—A long rainy day. Sue very cheerful in the afternoon resolved to "please" baby. She held her in her lap, sitting on a little chair in which she declared it to be quite safe to "fold" her, and then proposed to give her a lesson. She taught her to spell God, charging her solemnly not to laugh as she repeated it over and over. "Mabel loves God," Sue said, "better even than Mr. Robins!" By and by the little scholar grew restive. "She's very young, you know," said Sue apologetically. Then I proposed Sue's having her lesson and it was amusing to see the sedate and matronly airs disappear and how very childish and unwilling she became!

Sue loved all living things, but she ardently loved babies. She said once when five years old, quite solemnly: "Mamma, you had better not give away *all* your long baby dresses because we might have another little baby come down! Oh! I am so glad I came down to you and I'm so glad Mabel came down, too!" And, feeling very early her own responsibility she said, at the same time: "Mamma, you'd better tell me where

I can find those long dresses you've got for little babies, for one *might* come down when you were out some day and then I shouldn't know what to put on it!"

For Mamma and for her two grandmothers her love was overflowing. Speaking of Lynn, she said: "I want to see those two poor kitties and I want to see dear Grandma Lowell. I think she's the loveliest person in the world. Oh! Mamma, you're so kind to me—I think I should die if I didn't have you, you're so kind!" "Let me come in your nice lap, Mamma, it's a lap all full of gold and silver."

On May 21st, 1874, my mother wrote: "Little Sue is very happy at Grandma's. She said to her today: 'Oh, Grandma, you are very kind and I am afraid you are spending too much money—but I should like a cracker!'"

Sue was only six when Grandma Lyman died suddenly of pneumonia—but the child remembered her vividly and her grief lasted long.

April 7th, 1875.—Sue brought me Polly's (her doll's) green silk dress, begging me to mend it. "Grandma Lyman gave it to me [I think it was three years ago]—so I always think of that and want to be very careful."

April 25th, 1875.—At dinner today Arthur wanted someone to dine with dear Grandpa and as the boys were not ready, he carried Sue in, who went most joyously, wrapped in her father's coat. In about five minutes she came back drenched in tears. I asked her what the matter was and lifted her on my lap. She said: "Oh, Mamma, it was because Grandma wasn't there. I was lonesome without Grandma!"

Afterwards talking of Lizzie Put. she said, "Lizzie Put. is so good—and she's so good to poor people. One day I saw her with a poor person 'most as tall as she was and she cheers everybody up. I guess if I was crying she'd cheer me up—and Uncle Charles was lovely. I wish he could hear baby yap!" (show her throat with an odd little sound which used to make him laugh).

June 20th, 1875.—Arthur was joking with Sue at dinner about whether she would give a clean five-dollar bill—"a span

clean one like yours, you know, Sue,” for a dirty ten. “I could not give that,” said Sue quite distressed, “for it was the last thing *what* Grandma gave me!”

She does not forget dear Grandma. Monday evening when I took the children down to see Grandpa, he said: “I like you pretty well, Sue, won’t you stay to supper?” She said, “No,” and told me coming home she should have been happy enough to stay there if Grandma hadn’t gone to heaven. “I was always happy when she was there. Mabel thinks they come down from heaven again!”

Ella has taught Sue a great many words in reading, and she really prints quite well.

With all her noble qualities Sue had a roguish and ingenious side.

“Mamma, take baby up, she’s fussy!” she called out when May was a baby and Sue was three. “Why, no, she isn’t,” Mamma answered, and then the truth came out. “Well, dear, I want her little ball.”

That same summer when John (Grandma Lowell’s man) offered to take her into the garden she turned to her nurse Lizzie, who she suspected might prevent her from eating apples, and said firmly: “John will take care of me. You’d make too many in the garden.”

Another day in 1873 Julia tried to get Sue to come to lunch by the appeal: “Sue, the flies are eating up all your luncheon.” “They can’t bite hard,” was Sue’s quick answer. And similarly when Grandma told her that the tea bell had rung to call Grandma away from Sue’s crib, the little girl answered: “It did not ring very *loud*.”

Sue was very anxious to be a boy—a big boy—and go to Noble’s like Arthur, “not to Hoppy’s” [Mr. Hopkinson’s, the rival school]. She said she was never going to be a big girl but a big boy with long trousers “and then I’ll ride on back-horse, and take off my shoes and stockings and walk in the water.” “She evidently believes in a millennium!” my mother commented.

She adored Arthur but sometimes was anxious about his behavior. Once (when just six) she offered him four cents if he did not say bad words; and said later in a troubled way: "I don't know but Arthur will go to the bad place, for he blew beans into the street on Sunday." Even at three she could not approve of the blackbird who "nipped off the maid's nose" in the famous poem: "I don't call that doing right!"

She was sensitive to blame and devised ways of shielding herself. Once when only four she tore a bit off Grandma Lowell's fire screen and told Aunt Sara she did it for fun. Aunt Sara: "Now, Sue, I call that naughty." Sue: "I shouldn't think you'd like to call me naughty, Aunt Sara." Fearing that her nurse Lizzie wouldn't approve of her being in Mamma's bed in the morning, she used to say: "Let's *play* I wasn't in your bed."

It was no wonder with Mamma's constant spiritual responsiveness about her that religious phases were marked in Sue's life. She thought about going to heaven more than most little children of four.

June 12th, 1873.—Sue talks a great deal of going up to heaven. "We'd see God then and we'd see Florence. Perhaps a hen would lend us her feathers, Ella, and then we'd fly, fly right up to heaven and stay there!" Baby was crying one day and I said: "I cannot bear to hear her." "Neither can I," said Sue. "Let's go right up to heaven, and stay a little while and then come back again!"

July 4th, 1873.—Sue: "Ella and I are going to borrow some butterflies' wings, and fly up to heaven." A. T. L.: "They might break and you might get hurt." Sue: "Oh, we'd stay there a little while and get all mended and well and then we'd come home again."

January 4th, 1874.—Sue was present while I had Sunday School. Suddenly she dropped her doll with which she had been playing quietly on the floor and said: "Mamma, do ever two bodies go up to heaven the same day?" "Yes, they do some-

times.” “Well, then, I wish you and I could go up together, dear. I don’t want to go up alone! But”—after a moment’s thought: “then if you did, Herbert would be sad because he’d have no Ma!”

January 8th, 1874.—Little Sue lying in bed thinking, said: “How does God make us all?” Then added quite satisfied, on further reflection, “I guess He uses strong glue.” In looking over a picture book she came to the word God. “I know God!” said she, “and Saviour too!”

December 9th, 1874.—Little Sue has a new version of the Lord’s Prayer. “Give us this day our daily *breath*.” She is very much exercised about going to heaven and today in the midst of the merriest stories she suddenly asked: “How can God draw us up into heaven? What does He take hold of us with? Suppose we should not know it was He and should try to keep down? Is it not strange I have never gone up yet? Why! how old was Florence? And Cora’s little brother that only lived ten hours, what did God take him up so soon for?”

December 11th.—Sue’s thoughts are still filled with death. “Mamma, how do they get out of death?” she asked. I told her perhaps it was as she felt when she waked up all safe and happy and warm in my bed after a dream. When she said her prayers and I was trying to explain to her about her Father in heaven, she asked, “How does He look, Mamma? He must have got a great big beard by this time!”

January 9th, 1875.—Tonight, when I went up to bed with dear little Sue and asked her if I should tell her a story from *The Robins*, she said: “No, tell me all about Christ was born in Bethlehem!” So I told her of the dear Father’s love for us and how He wanted us to know it and so sent His dear son to be a little baby here on earth, and when he grew older to tell us all about our heavenly Father. When I was telling her about his birth and how they laid him in the manger where the cows had eaten, she exclaimed with a little deprecatory gesture: “Oh! I hope it wasn’t dirty!”

I gave her a Bible at Christmas time, and thinking that she was too young to care much for it yet, I added to my present some little dolly things. But to my surprise, she was enchanted with the Bible and often examined it most reverently and told me to be sure "to put her Bible in a safe place where it could not get hurt." Tonight she said, "I had so many things at Christmas I hardly had time to see my Bible. It was so nice to have one from you!"

January 10th, 1875.—Julia was in her room and heard little Sue talking to herself in the next room. "God and Jesus and everybody up in heaven 'scuse people when they do wrong, so we ought to; I'll 'scuse Mabel whatever she does. I'm going to!"

Tonight when I went up to hear her say her prayers, she said, "Now, tell me another piece about Christ." I am telling her a little every night and she listens with eager interest.

April 5th, 1875.—When dear little Sue said her prayers to-night, she said: "I want to say a little prayer for God to make Arthur good and me good," and after she was in bed, "I've been having a service, singing 'Let the song be begun.' " She added: "O God, make people kind and let them not take things and give back what they take!" (This, I think referred to some pieces of candy she had taken from the family box and had been obliged to restore.) I said, "I think God liked to hear that little prayer." "It wasn't a prayer, it was a *service* and I play I'm a minister!"

March 15th, 1878.—Dear little Sue's prayer for Mr. Emmons: "O God, please let poor Mr. Emmons live till his son comes home, please let him live as long as you can, and I thank God for my pleasant home and the nice times I have at dancing school."

Her concern when she first heard of Mr. Emmons' illness—wanting to go right over and help take care of him. She is very fond of taking care of sick people and quite gifted in that way. When Herbert has a headache she always goes to him, puts cologne on his handkerchief, and sits a little while by him. One

evening lately he was hoarse when I was out, and she ran to Mary, took some of her own money, and sent out for a lemon to make something to help clear his throat.

The morning after her prayer for Mr. Emmons she came into my room so grieved and shocked because he had died. "And I prayed for him last night!" I explained to her as well as I could that our heavenly Father could not always grant our prayers just as we wanted because He knew best. She seemed to understand and after this generally added to her prayer: "And do as Thou likest, God."

June 23rd, 1878.—Sue and Mabel were saying their prayers last night when as they sometimes do they each added a little petition. Sue: "Please make Ellen and Robert Bancroft to keep and to be well, so as not to have to go to Europe again and make their parlor maid (Marianne) to keep well while Ellen is gone, because I know Ellen would be sad if she should be sick out of her house. We know that Thou knowest best, but wish so much to have dear Grandma well a long, long time. But do as Thou likest, God!" She told Mabel "not to open your eyes as soon as you finished your prayers, but keep them shut and think a little."

January 1875.—Julia heard Sue saying one day when she had a headache: "I'm sorry I've got this headache, but Christ made it."

March 4th, 1875.—It is storming today and as I had planned to go to Lucy's and it cleared up too late for me to go, I was regretting it before little Sue. "Yes, it's too bad, Mamma dear," she said, "but then you know, God clears it up when He wants to."

March 15th, 1875.—Sue has a bad cold and told me tonight that today she said "a little prayer to Christ. I said: 'Make the weather to clear up pleasant and don't let Mamma get wet and make me all well tomorrow.' I knelt down in the parlor when I said it and I guess God will make me well tomorrow because I asked Him to; but He didn't clear it up!" I said something about His only giving us things when it was best for



Sue, 3 years, 9 months
Mabel, 9 months



Sue, 4 years, 11 months
Mabel, 1 year, 11 months

Sue, 6 years, 11 months
Mabel, 3 years, 11 months

SUSAN LOWELL LYMAN AND MABEL LYMAN

us to have them, and she seemed perfectly to understand, and added, "Yes, and you know we need water to drink!"

Arthur T. Lyman to Susan Lowell Lyman

Glen House, White Mts. June 21st, 1875.

Dear Sue,—I saw a large white lady's-slipper which I meant to pick and send you in this birch-bark letter. Perhaps I shall get it, but I may not have time to find it as I left it in the woods.

Don't eat this letter. It does not taste like your birch bark. It is the skin of a different kind of birch. The Indians made canoes of it. Julia went up the mountain yesterday and saw lots of snow and had a walk in it. Your affectionate PAPA.

Arthur T. Lyman to Susan Lowell Lyman

Massasoit House, Springfield, July 18th, 1878.

I hope the banana had a quiet nap till it got a ham blanket at eight. If you give bran to the bunnies don't let them go down the crocodile's mouth. I saw many orchids and yellow and red lilies and white water lilies but the engine would not stop near where they grew. Perhaps the trouble was it did not see them, it had only one eye. It is not snowing here and I think I shall stay here tonight and get back to W. about seven or half past seven tomorrow. Tell Arthur and Herbert to put the hens to bed early. I have your flower still. Give my love to all the other fellows.

I always see a lovely picture of Sue in her own description of a day of high wind (October 1874): "Why, it was very hard, Mamma, but I was harder than it and I ran home."

One day when my mother was showing Sue the best way to wipe her sash dry: "I'm going to be a very 'ticular house-keeper," she said, "when I grow up. Ella says people don't love 'ticular people so much but I don't care, I'm going to be 'ticular!"

Journal of Ella Lyman

February 8th, 1875.—This is dear little Sue's sixth birthday and greatly has she enjoyed it. She shrieked with delight at the sight of her presents, particularly a menagerie with wonderful beasts covered with leather. Baby says she "thinks she'll have an nony birfday." Then Sue had water ices in shapes of birds, "efelants" (elephants), etc., for dinner, which was a great delight. At tea Herbert asked her if she should not like the sun for a present. "Oh no!" she answered gravely, "that belongs to God."

February 27th, 1875.—Dear Lizzie Putnam sent this morning six lovely rosebuds for the children, one for each—with a beautiful little note wanting them to associate the flowers with dear Aunt Lizzie and with dear Uncle Charles who loved them so much and to think of them as together in the care of our Father in heaven. I read the note aloud to all the children at breakfast and little Sue was very much impressed. She has asked me twice to read Lizzie Put's note to her again. "Is Lizzie Put all alone with Charlie now?" she asked—and when I was showing another letter to Aunt Lissie she whispered to me to be sure and show her that.

I have a little Sunday School now for Sue, who is really very much interested. Mabel begs to come too, promising to be very good—a promise which she finds hard to keep. Sue has learnt the little hymn, "Lord, teach a little child to pray," dear little Ella instructing her in it. She says the verse,

"And though I am so young and small
Thou dost *keep* (take) care of me!"

When baby talked, she whispered to her with awed solemnity, "Baby! baby! it's about Cwist (Christ)!"

August 21st, 1878.—The three little girls went to drive with dear Grandma, who told me afterward that Sue sat next her and how agreeably she had tried to entertain her, talking almost like a grown person.

Thursday, August 22nd.—The dear little girls played in the house in the morning, and in the afternoon went on to Red



SUSAN LOWELL LYMAN
December 1875

Rock. They were very merry at dinner but Sue did not want much and in the evening complained of a pain in the back of her neck, which we thought to be a stiff neck.

Friday, August 23rd.—A superb day. Dear Sara had arranged a picnic to Ship Rock. Dear little Sue pale and languid, but anxious to go. Dr. Charlie came down, and we got him to examine her and see if there were any objection to letting her go. He could find nothing much amiss with her, and said she might go. We drove to the Rock, and walked into the woods. Sue and I sat on rugs together, while the others wandered about and she told me a story Ella had told her about Easter eggs. She looked pale and grave, and when I asked her if she were having a good time, she said: "It does not seem much like a picnic, all rejoicing together." She had been very anxious early in the summer to go to a Sunday School picnic which she had heard Mr. Guild announce at church. But when luncheon time came she enjoyed that, and wandered about a little, gathering moss, etc. She drove home in the carriage with Aunt Sara, talking with her, telling her about Aunt Lydia's little children and mentioned how well she remembered little Florence. Dear Aunt Lissie was at Grandma's. She brought the children some little telescopes with views of the White Mountains in them. Sue was much pleased with hers. She ate but little dinner and went upstairs soon afterwards, never to come down again!

She was feverish that night, and on Saturday lay on the sofa evidently uncomfortable. Ella and Mabel played round to entertain her, and she evidently enjoyed it but minded the noise if they made a good deal. At times she seemed pretty bright.

Sunday, August 25th.—Dear little Sue in my bed in the morning. She expressed her regret that I thought of going to church, so I immediately gave it up. Then with her characteristic unselfishness she began urging me to go. "I know you would rather, dear." Read *Ministering Children* to her in which she seems much interested. She was dressed afterward and lay on the sofa, but feverish and uncomfortable. Little May came in and we had "Infant Class"—for the last time my darlings were together.

She took a good deal of interest and chose her favorite hymn in Mrs. Parkman's book of the three women at the sepulchre. One of the last verses is:

"Then homeward the three women
Went wondering away—
And the angel sits beside the tomb
For all men since that day."

"I don't believe the angel ever stayed there all that time," she said. "He'd have got tired."

"I wish I knew how Christ looked!" she suddenly exclaimed. "I wish I could see His face!" I think she chose as her hymn to sing "The Lord is my Shepherd," by Montgomery. It was always one of her favorites.

Monday, August 26th, 1878.—My little darling stayed in bed today for the first time, I think, in her life. She seemed more comfortable wanting constant reading aloud, and playing a little with a little red eyeglass Lillie Sohier had given her, etc.

For the first few nights after she was sick Ella and Mabel said their prayers with her. Noise evidently troubled her. "Don't say them so loud, girls!" she said. But although she had told me she would say her own to herself while I repeated them, she never failed to say "Amen" aloud to the little prayer. I added that she might be patient in her pain and that it would please God to remove it.

When she was first sick she used to climb from one bed into another if she felt restless. In doing this once she bumped her head. "Don't you think I'm growing good?" she said. "Even Mabel would have cried at that!" Her reverence and admiration for Mabel have always been most touching.

As the nervous excitability was very great the doctor gave her some soothing medicine to quiet her nerves, and she asked, "What is that medicine to make me good?" "How do you mean good?" I asked. "Why, gentle and kind and more like Christ! It couldn't do that!" Then I explained to the darling that it was only her fever that made her nervous, and that she could not help it.

On the first Saturday (I think) when she was sick she was

trying to work a little on her rug work crochet and told me that she thought a little of giving it to Carrie "because she has not many nice things, you know."

I had told her a story which she thought might amuse Grandpa, and she reminded me again and again to tell the story to him. While she was well and able to dine at table she would often whisper to Julia, "Think of something to tell Grandpa."

Dear little Sue and Mabel had a lovely little fashion while at Lynn of kissing all the empty chairs at the breakfast table as they went the rounds, meaning the kisses to be ready for the occupants when they came. Sometimes they would meet each other as they went round and Sue would fall upon Mabel's neck and devour her with kisses.

But to return to our darling's illness.

Saturday, August 31st, was dear Arthur's birthday, his seventeenth birthday, and almost all passed under dear Grandma's roof. What a blessing he has been! Dear little Sue much the same, and much pleased that she could have some of Arthur's birthday ice cream. She seemed to take more interest in the reading now, and enjoyed a fairy book which Georgie Blake lent her. Something was said today about our returning later, and Aunt Abby postponing her visit, and dear little Sue regretted that it should be postponed on her account. When the little girls came in dressed rather more gaily than usual for Arthur's birthday, she said: "What can I do to look gay like the girls? I want flowers put all around my bed to look gay!" We arranged this and she seemed quite pleased.

In the afternoon Arthur came up to see Sue and she gave him his birthday present which Papa had bought for her to give him—some candy. She talked cheerfully about the many presents we were going to give her when she got well, Carrie some peanuts, Eliza some gibraltars, etc. She asked whether gibraltars were very expensive as she feared the promise might cost Eliza too much. She has a good many peaches sent from Waltham and is very generous with them, giving one to Aunt Sara for herself and Uncle George, to Aunt Lissie, etc. Dear Aunt Lissie has been to see her several times and she has en-

joyed her visits and is always most eager for Aunt Sara,—wanting her to be sent for sometimes.

Sunday, September 1st.—Neither Ella nor Mabel being quite well they lay on the sofa in Sue's room today and she was rather amused at their having to take medicine. I proposed to her to go on reading the fairy book in which she had seemed much interested but she absolutely refused, saying she could not read fairy stories on Sunday. Ella and May stayed in the room listening to the reading. Dear little Sue seemed more comfortable in the morning, but when I went back to her after having the children's Sunday School she seemed much more feverish and in considerable pain in her neck, wrists, etc.

Monday, September 2nd.—Rather a bright day. She did not have any great pain and the doctor said he did not think she would be worse and might soon begin to mend. She has been eagerly anxious for letters and Aunt Lissie and Aunt Sara have written to her and she received one from Mamie Lowell, with which she was greatly delighted, reading it aloud to Grandma with great spirit and giving it to her to show Grandpa, who came in to thank her for it.

About the 31st of August, I think, I had a letter from Miss Whitney in which she mentioned that Alice Smith, Sue's dear friend, was at Bethlehem and had had her curls cut off. She asked me to write to Alice and tell her she was sick and ask her to send her one of her curls. I wrote, but before the answer was written, I suppose, the loving little friend had gone. Alice has some delicacy about the heart. I had gathered this from little things that Sue said, although she never actually said so, but while she was ill she asked the doctor suddenly one day: "Is heart disease a very bad disease?" "Why, what do you know of heart disease?" asked the doctor astonished. "I know some one who has it, and not a grown person either!" Sue said.

She has enjoyed lemon- and orange-ade very much and told Eliza in her own dear little wise manner how to make it, adding, "And if you don't know how, Ella can show you!"

Tuesday, September 3rd.—Today brought Jessie from Waltham to see Sue, who sat up in bed and said: "O Jessie! I was

longing to see you!" Jessie brought her a large bunch of Waltham flowers, which she enjoyed very much and kept about her in the bed until afternoon when she told Jessie to put it in water. Eliza has all along brought her a little bouquet every morning wrapped in tin foil, which she holds in her hand, carefully saving the tin foil to play with. She asked Jessie to send her rings which she had accidentally left at Waltham. She was much interested in hearing all Jessie told her about the ducks, etc., and I read aloud as usual, this day in *Bessie Books*. She eagerly expected her ice cream fearing it might not come before Jessie left, and at last when it did come helping Jessie and feeding herself with feverish eagerness. Dear Aunt Lissie came too, and she passed a very happy day, talking a great deal to Julia in the afternoon when she was trying to read to her, telling her about the new dressing gown I had promised her, etc. We carry her from one room to the other now, either Papa or Arthur carrying her. She went to bed as usual but this brighter day, which had really brought no encouragement, was to be followed by a most alarming night of entire unconsciousness, her eyes wearing a beautiful rapt far-away expression, her lovely hair falling loosely about her shoulders, neither knowing us nor understanding what we said.

Wednesday, September 4th.—Dear little Sue fell asleep after taking a Dover's powder and waked perfectly rational. The doctor now however began to call the illness typhoid fever, and preferred her being kept in one room, so we moved her permanently into my chamber, her brother Arthur carrying her in in his arms and as she clung about his neck she kissed him every step of the way. The last time Herbert was in her room she teased him in her old playful way for a kiss: "Come now, little *Derberty*, you haven't kissed me today!" She was a little puzzled by the change of room and by the bed being moved to avoid the light and climbed often to the foot of the bed to look around her, but continued perfectly rational and touchingly gentle and patient.

September 5th.—Dear little Sue has now been sick a fortnight. During the first part of the time she was very nervous

and excitable at times, but since the fever increased she has been most touchingly patient and thoughtful, begging me often to rest "if you want to make me happy!" When she heard Grandma's bell ring: "They don't answer Grandma's bell. Tell somebody to go." Since the delirium came she is still very thoughtful even in her confusion begging me to take the larger bed. "I am afraid you will not have room enough." "Do you *mind* my being in this bed?" etc. Suddenly today she asked: "How soon shall I get well?" and then, "Suppose I should never get well, you would cry, wouldn't you? I don't believe Papa would let me wear black for you. No, I'm thinking of another person!"

She told the doctor that she did not believe his mamma took as good care of him as her mamma did of her. When Dr. Oliver wanted her to kiss him, saying, "You kissed Charlie," "He was my own cousin," said she.

Saturday, September 7.—Dear little Sue seemed wandering this morning. She could not quite understand what my knitting was and when at last she knew it was her shirt, she exclaimed very naturally, "I like my chemises better than the other children's because you made them!" Yesterday (September 6th) she was kissing her hand in bed and said: "I saw dear Grandpa in the entry."

Sunday, September 8th.—After a terrible night of delirium, dear little Sue was still very delirious today, talking all night and day, sometimes clear for a few moments, then wandering again. Today she called me to her and said, "That poor woman never got her money!" meaning the poor woman with weak eyes "who lost her eyes working for her children," for whom they had had the little fair in July. She has always been full of compassion for the poor. Julia had a little box for the Children's Mission, which Miss Sargent had given her to see if through the summer she could raise any money. After Sue was sick she asked Julia one day if she had taken the Mission box to Lynn. "No," said Julia, "it would not have been any use." "Yes, it would," said dear little Sue, "for I should have put something in it."

After she was wandering, imagining that I was reading to

her, she would often ask Julia to take my place. "But you can't see," she would say if I were far from the light. Talking to herself one day, "I know too many doctors of different kinds—Dr. Adams, Dr. Charlie, Dr. Shepard, and this new doctor." She was a little puzzled after she became delirious about Dr. Oliver's name although she never failed to recognize him and whispered "Doctor" in answer to his question on the last Friday. Once toward the end when we asked her who Papa was, she answered almost indignantly, "Papa! of course!"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," she said to us, beseechingly when on Sunday, September 8th, she first became unable to raise herself in bed, which she had continued to do with great spirit until then. Once she told me to send Ella to her, she had a message for her about the chickens. One day suddenly she said: "I wish you would have another baby—no, I don't though, because it would make you sick!"

She disliked very much her restricted diet of milk and broth and at times seemed to long for meat. One day she asked me pathetically: "Don't you remember, Mamma, the soup the little girl in *Ministering Children* had with bread and meat in it? That was the kind of soup I want!"

She was very watchful and careful of me throughout her illness and when her mind became a little clouded: "That's not your work!" she exclaimed when she saw me folding a blanket. Once I asked her if she would let me comb her hair after it troubled her a good deal to have it done, it was before she became delirious. "Yes, I will let *you* do it, but I would not let anybody else!"

She spoke often of Florence and dear Grandma Lyman during the first part of her illness. Once she said, speaking of Grandma having asked her to dine just before she was taken ill: "I never kept that engagement to dine with Grandma." She noticed little things very accurately even far along in her sickness repeatedly turning my cuff to its proper position, etc. Once when I had on a black sash over a white dress, "Take off that black sash," she exclaimed, "you're not in mourning. Carrie, go right upstairs and get her a colored one!"

Monday, September 9th, was rather a better day. Our darling seemed more natural and the doctor thought her comfortable. I dared not take too much hope, but was very thankful for this. She continued quiet through the day, wandering at times, but quite natural sometimes and the night was a better one. On Tuesday, September 10th, I wrote, "Yesterday (9th) dear little Sue was quite rational at intervals and very affectionate, kissing me again and again, and trying to reach my neck, which is very hard for her to do, as her head is never turned from one position on the pillow. 'Let me kiss your neck,' she would say again and again. 'Kiss me here,' she said, 'and then you'll smell your own good cologne.'" She was very much pleased with some old soft doilies to put under her throat when we fed her. "But would Grandma be willing?" she anxiously asked. "I wish he hadn't *proposed* a fever," she said, referring to the doctor. She admired a very small aster which Mabel had given me, and I offered it to her. "No, dear," she said, "if you want to make me happy keep it 'cause May gave it to you." Once she sent love to Jessie, Barbara, Frankie, Georgie, and all, and said: "Give my love to Grandpa." One day noticing a red mark on my forehead which I had painted with iodine lest a boil should come, and I be disabled from taking care of her, she said: "There, your headache aches and you don't make a bit of fuss!" "You mustn't call me a baby," she said one day. "I will call you a dear little girl then." "No, I'm not a *little* girl, I'm a *middle-sized* girl!" Early in the time Dr. Oliver told her about the Children's Hospital where he visits and she was very much interested about it. He said he would take her next winter to see the poor little sick children. "Can Ella and May go too?" she asked. I told her we would take some little playthings to the children. "But how could we take enough for all?" she asked. She several times said: "When shall I get well? I don't believe I shall be well till we go to Waltham." She enjoyed having a handkerchief wet with cologne and water on her forehead all through her illness and would sometimes tell me with her characteristic energy just how to prepare it. "Now take my *handke*

and wet it very wet with water and then put *lots* of cologne on it."

She was very quiet and weak on Tuesday, September 10th. She knew me and kissed me repeatedly when awake, but wandered off into dreamland the moment I was out of sight. Dr. Oliver said to me today: "You have no reason to be anxious!" On Wednesday, September 11th, she seemed much the same in the morning, but a loose cough suddenly came which alarmed me a good deal. The doctor however thought it only the bronchitis often accompanying the fever. When I said to her today: "I wish I had it instead of you, Sue," she instantly answered: "*No, sir!*" with all her old spirit.

Whenever she quieted herself to sleep during this long time her dear little hands were clasped and we knew when she was asleep by that. Her little hands which had been so large and plump fell away until her little rings fell off, those rings she had been so anxious to have sent from Waltham.

On Thursday, September 12th, a great and terrible change came. (A consultant was called.) She was alarmed and disturbed by seeing the two doctors and by our evident distress, which we had not concealed from her as we should have done had we realized that she was conscious. She asked after he was gone who that great man was. She said: "Don't let Dr. Oliver let me die! I don't want to die!" I said, "O darling, it is lovely in heaven and dear Grandma Lyman and Roger are there." "Who is Roger?" she asked. "Your dear little baby brother whom you wanted so much to see." She assented, and seemed to feel satisfied. Once she said: "You and Pa are my best friends. What should I do if you died, and May would be sad too!" The day passed, poor Arthur came home to find this terrible change, the breathing was very much distressed, but grew gradually less so. We watched with her all night, thinking each moment might be the last. She knew us, and kissed us repeatedly, Papa, Grandma and me, putting up her dear mouth with a kiss again and again early on the morning of Friday, September 13th. It seemed like a last farewell.

Arthur T. Lyman to Sarah P. Sears

Lynn, September 12th, 1878.

Dear Sarah,—Since I wrote you from Boston I find Sue *very much* worse. She does not look very different from this morning, but pulse is weaker and breathing bad. Dr. Oliver brought Dr. Reynolds from Nahant. He thought it obscure, perhaps or probably brain trouble. Dr. Oliver seems to hold to the typhoid fever and has some hope. They both think there is but little. Dr. Oliver will pass the night here and I shan't go to town tomorrow but will write you.

We shall do what we can and hope while we may. She still takes food and I think suffers but little, and of course she may be better. Affectionately, ARTHUR.

Journal of Ella Lyman

September 13th.—She enumerated several times her “goody people,” once the very last day, “Papa and Mamma, Grandpa, and Grandma, Aunt Sara and Aunt Lissie.” Sara was with her a great deal this day, once she said to her: “Darling little Sue,” and she answered after a few moments: “Darling Auntie,” showing that she had recognized her. When I asked her if her broth were good she answered distinctly: “*Quite* good.” She said: “You must not cry, it makes me sad, and I saw you crying one day.” Even through the day and evening of Friday her dear little mouth often made the sound of kissing to draw us to her for one more precious kiss. “Where are Ella and May?” she asked in an almost inaudible whisper. She had scarcely ever failed to ask for them each day, and whether they had had their breakfast, etc.

On Saturday, September 14th, our darling still remained unconscious—the breathing easy now—the dear face still and beautiful. The brothers and sisters, who had not seen her for so long, came in to take their last farewell. One little hand lay stretched out upon the coverlid and they tenderly and reverently kissed it again and again. The boys knelt sobbing at the foot of the bed. Dear little Mabel clinging with an agitated,

frightened look to her Papa's neck. Oh, that last, last farewell between Mabel and Sue, those loving little sisters. God helped us or we should have died.

Once by putting hot water to her feet she revived a little, she opened her beautiful eyes and looked at us, but without recognition. Once or twice she swallowed a little brandy. At 1:15 her pure sweet spirit passed gently away. We dressed her ourselves and bathed the weary little form, braiding the tangled hair. I held her little hand as long as I could and then laid it in that of her heavenly Father.

My darling lay lovely and peaceful in her last sleep, her hands clasped as she had always clasped them during her illness when she slept. "Now I lay me down to sleep." Read and prayed with the other children. God forgive me, I fear I have never been grateful enough for having had them preserved to me. Said prayers at night with all the other children and for the last time knelt to say my own by my darling little Sue.

Tuesday, September 17th, was a lovely day in which to consign our life, our love, our darling, our treasure to her last resting place. Helped to put on the little pink dressing gown which we had had made for her, hoping she would be better and able to wear it soon. She looked most lovely with flowers, rosebuds, forget-me-nots, and wild flowers around her. The service was at eleven—a beautiful and comforting one. Then with breaking hearts we followed her to Mt. Auburn and laid her in the stillness of the autumn sunshine near dear Grandma and the little baby brother whom she had so mourned. Mr. Guild repeated "The Lord is my shepherd" and "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills"—our wedding psalm.

My darling's record on earth is done—her record in heaven begun.

O heavenly Father, the first great agony and sacrifice are over now. Help us, we pray Thee, that we may go forth with hearts filled with the remembrance of Thy mercies to us in the past—even of Thy mercies to us now. Forgive every thought and word and deed which have been amiss, forgive the broken heart and grant that it may become a contrite spirit. May we

feel that our home is not *broken*, but that we are still united though in different mansions of our Father's house. Strengthen me that I may do all that I can for the dear ones yet left to me, and that we may all together consecrate ourselves afresh to Thee. Save me from selfishness in the indulgence of my grief and make me to put my trust unflinching in Thee.

Thy will, my God, be done.

On going home to Waltham, Mamma wrote:

Our darling's little possessions reminding us of her at every turn. Birds, hens, ducks all alive and happy and such a change in our house. I walked down to see dear Grandpa. Every stone, every bush, almost every blade of grass associated with our darling.

October 3rd.—First day to Boston. Returned at two. Dear Ella and Mabel greeted me with flowers. Darling eager Sue was gone.

October 6th.—Arthur took the children to walk and brought me home some violets.

All our lives were changed by Sue's death. I think no one of us was ever quite the same again. Papa was silent, missing his white Puss intensely—almost never able to speak of her, though once in her diary, February 5th, 1879, Mamma writes of "a long sad talk with Arthur about our lost darling." For Mamma it was the first heart-breaking, almost incredible grief. Julia's young life was really strained, I think, by her depth of sympathy with her parents. She was never as well again. Arthur and Herbert missed their eager sister with her abounding love. Mabel wept herself to sleep and was lonely for months in her play. We three sisters (the three youngest then) had almost made a second family, with the boys and dear companionable Julia above us. We were just three years apart, Sue, Mabel and I, and easily met on both sides of age through Sue, but now our golden ladder had lost its central rung. Mamma writes of her once as "the dear little middle sister." I tried to put it in verse then,

"It is hard to go up,
It is hard to go down."

Mabel could not easily play with me, nor I always reach down to her. Sue had been our connecting link.

"Happiest children
Were Sue, May and I.
Always together
Or very near by.
A bright golden ladder
Of hearts young and free,
Each loving each other
That ladder were we."

In Mamma's diaries henceforth she speaks of all her blessings as *lent* not given and often she writes after a few hours' absence: "I am always so thankful when I am blessed with finding them well when I return."

Every spring and autumn after Sue's death there is a tender yearning record in my mother's journal of looking through Sue's little bureau drawers and her untouched cupboard. The six cupboards, one for each child, were under the two tall bookcases and filled with our toys. They had two shelves each, most valuable to divide possessions. Every day we sat side by side on the floor and played visiting one another's cupboard or rearranging them for tea parties. In them were small china animals, dogs, horses, sheep, ducks, and turkeys with widespread tails. We had tiny fireplaces with crackling gilt papers for flames, minute Martha Washington chairs upholstered in blue, and an old lady with a pecan-nut face to sit on them. We had round packs of cards and brilliant-colored marbles too, and an indented board for games with the marbles. Herbert had a little theatre with real side wings in his cupboard. Cupboards were winter delights. They did not move to Waltham, where rocks were far better, but they lured us to entire content during many a rainy winter afternoon.

Journal of Ella Lyman

October 5th, 1878.—I had a long talk with dear Arthur, Jr. He was much affected in speaking of Sue. "She was remarkable

in every way," he said. "She cared for animals and flowers and everything out of doors, and she would notice and remember. She took such an interest in our chickens. There was a hen at Lynn she had for a pet—that hen will live as long as she can!"

He said he could not realize it at all yet—he expected to hear her every night when he went to bed. "She was a combination of you and Grandma. I liked her spirited ways. She looked like a perfect angel after she was gone.—Three weeks! a long three weeks it has been!" Speaking of Papa's railroad accident, "I wish he never need go on a railroad again, he's too precious to be risked that way, and I wish he needn't work so hard—that I could do it for him. He loves the country better than anything."

"I don't want to be compared to Papa in anything. I cannot bear to be. I am afraid I *am* taller—and I wouldn't be stronger for anything. I suppose he wouldn't mind it, and I don't know why I feel so." Speaking of Sue's loss to Mabel, "Why it would be as if I lost Herbert and we are always together in everything. Ella is mighty kind to Mabel—mighty kind. I wish I had gone to Sue's dancing school to see her. I always meant to." Sue's pleasure at the last day in the spring of the Friday afternoon class—because Arthur was so willing to dance with her. "Arthur told me he'd rather have danced with me than with the big girl Mr. Papanti gave him!" said Sue, returning home to tea and tossing off her wraps so full of glee.

October 28th, 1878.—Sarah Sears brought me some lovely verses of dear little Mary's about our darling Sue.

Thanksgiving 1878.—Alas how changed! But dear Arthur's attempt to make the house more festive made me strive to remember how many were the blessings left to us, and our dear little Ella wrote lovely verses for me, for Julia, and for little May.

December 5th.—These days are full of unspeakable pain. Everything reminds me of our darling, many things of her sweet and tender love for us; at carols of her dear voice stilled on earth forever.

Christmas, 1878.—The sun rose brightly on the saddest Christmas I have ever yet known. We tried to find pleasure in the enjoyment of the other dear children. We dressed the little table where dear little Sue's gifts had always been with flowers, bright grapes, and ferns, placing her little picture among them, and we strove to think of our darling rejoicing among the angels in heaven.

Arthur T. Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

December 26th, 1878.

My dear Mrs. Lowell,—Thank you for the books and your dear note. I did not find them until just before dinner yesterday, and so did not give the box to Ella till today.

Oh dear! I don't know what to say except that which is plain to everyone, that you have been as kind and devoted to me as any mother could be, and I have had reason to know what that means. Then no one has loved Sue better, and that would make a tie even with a stranger, and to have had her known and loved is some comfort in the misery of this almost unbearable loss; and the remembrance of her clinging love and her last dear "Kiss me, Pa," breaks my heart with a misery and sorrow that are yet blessed and clung to, for the sake of the immortal remembrance of her. I thank you for your devotion and love for her and for me. Most affectionately, ARTHUR.

I did not mean to write all about myself. I know what it is to others, and I cannot forget what I have here still, or what a blessing and comfort and delight it was, and is, to have had, and to have, Sue.

Journal of Ella Lyman

May 16th, 1879.—Everything at Waltham most lovely and springlike but unspeakably sad that one so full of life and growth and youth should no longer be enjoying it. God help us rather to dwell on the thought of our darling in the sunshine of heaven.

Decoration Day.—How strange to think of our darling lying at Mt. Auburn among those many brave and noble souls who gave themselves for their country.

June 10th, 1879.—Read over all my darling Sue's notes. Oh, this unquenchable longing and void!

Arthur T. Lyman to Rev. Reuben Shippen

August 20th, 1879.

Dear Mr. Shippen,—I hesitate to intrude upon your sorrow even with the desire to express my deep sympathy, as it seems almost cruel even to touch such an unhealable wound. But I do not like, after our long and pleasant friendship, to say nothing, and I know myself that an expression of sympathy is about all that anyone can give.

It is heart-rending to seem to see the fair prospects of a child cut off and the love and joy of earthly relations severed, whatever may be one's faith in brighter prospects and higher life. To the young themselves, who have been moving freely and joyously and half unconsciously on the earth, it seems no doubt less hard to begin life over again, or to continue their growing life, in heaven, than it does to those who have been longer and more closely engaged in the work of earth, and who feel not only a deep interest and responsibility, but almost believe that their work can neither be left by them nor carried on by anyone else. And certainly no one takes exactly another's place. To those who can look down from a heavenly point of view, the remainder of an earthly life must seem short indeed, long and painful as may be the days and hours to those left behind.

Gone from the immediate reach of the earthly affection and care, which seemed so needful, it is hard to feel at once that they have gone to the nearer and dearer care of Him who careth for us all. Forgive me for troubling you and believe me,

Yours truly, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Mamma never was selfish in her sorrow. It was not four weeks before she saw how the strain was wearing on Julia and

arranged to have her go with A.T.L. and her intimate and gentle friend, Flora Grant (later Mrs. Morris Gray) to the White Mountains.

From there A. T. L. writes this sad and loving letter:

October 13th, 1878.

Jefferson Hill, N.H.

Dearest Ella,—Julia has apparently been benefited by the trip and I hope will show good effects from it. Getting down almost to North Conway on the railroad yesterday, it was hard to turn back and away from you, and when I think of Sue I long to be with you. It seems hardly possible she is not with you, and I so long for the dear child. Sometimes it seems impossible to live on without her. The other blessed children are a great treasure and it would seem as if there could be nothing more needed if we had not known more. It is dreadfully hard to spare her now to blessedness and safety and to the dear ones who have gone before her, but it must attach us all more to that home and that life to which so much of our light and our life has gone. Dearest blessing, love to all. Affectionately, ARTHUR.

Christmas, 1879.

Dear Ella and dear children,—I have received a very tender note, with a fine gift, for both of which I am very grateful.

There is evidently some mistake, however, as there is no name given and the note is addressed to some other person, as the description is inaccurate and of course you cannot be so ignorant as the writing would imply. Indeed I have no doubt that the desk will be sent for, which must convince you that it did not come to the right place. It is a pity the fellow should not have received it on Christmas day, but when he does get it, he cannot be more pleased than I am with the note and with those who had signed their names to it, not forgetting those who have not signed here but who have written their names on all our hearts—whose unselfish life and love have shown the way to heaven. ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Journal of Ella Lyman

February 8th, 1880.—Our darling Sue would have been eleven years old today had our heavenly Father left her with us. How has her life grown and perfected in her heavenly home! We arranged lovely flowers sent by the dear Grandma and aunts who so tenderly loved her, round her dear cupboard, on her little table, and with aching, longing hearts strove to submit our will to His Who gave and Who has recalled her. Dear little Mabel and Ella made little crosses in tender remembrance of her, which they put in her cupboard and under Ella's with the initials were the words "Love Always." Such love as hers to us as ours for her cannot but be eternal. Oh, may God give me faith to look beyond this unspeakable anguish to the blessing and peace beyond. Strove to be cheerful with the other dear children.

February 8th, 1886.—My dearest Sue's birthday. I can hardly believe that she would have been seventeen years old, and I so long to look upon her in all her heavenly growth and loveliness.

September 14th, 1886.—As I read over the record of her loving thought for us all, and of her noble spirited ways, I felt more than ever what an irreparable loss she had been to us.

Friday, September 17th, 1886.—This day eight years ago we looked for the last time on the lovely peaceful face of my darling little Sue. I can never forget that last, last look at Mt. Auburn, the autumn sunlight shining for the last time upon the little being who had rejoiced in it and in all earth's beautiful things. Even then her eyes were opened to the eternal beauty and loveliness of heaven.

September 14th, 1891.—What would I not give could I hear Sue's voice and look into her eyes again. I have always liked the hope that in the life beyond we may yet in the glorified faces trace the likeness we have so loved on earth.

Julia and I drove to Mt. Auburn. Mary had gathered a fine bunch of the gerardias she so loved. Julia, too, had gathered

many wild flowers from the woods. We carried our flowers to all the dear ones lying near the Oakley beech tree and a goodly company now—almost as many as those left on earth. We drove to find the Boott tomb, where Uncle Frank's only little boy lies, and after great search the Williams lot on Cypress Avenue. It was no wonder that we could not easily find it, for no stone, no fence even, marks the spot. A large oak tree grows in the centre. Julia laid some flowers on the grave of her great-great-grand-mother [Lydia Pickering Williams].

January 27th, 1892.—I had a little talk with Miss Virginia Chase, who asked me if I did not think Ronald looked a little like dear Sue, and then spoke of her with such loving tender memory. She said she taught her in the summer of 1877, when she was only eight. She remembered how Sue always watched her to be sure she ate her luncheon, how once when it began to rain she insisted upon her taking a waterproof cloak and umbrella and ran up to get them herself, her eagerness to tell her about the tame chicken, and when Miss Chase said she would hear about it after school: "But then you will hurry for the train, Miss Chase!" It was very touching to me to have my darling so tenderly remembered after these thirteen long years.

Elizabeth C. Putnam to Ella Lyman

December 26th, 1878.

My darling Ella,—Thank you for the ring—the hair so beautifully set—just as dear little Sue would have liked it. I can only think of her in her Christmas joy and eagerness. Nothing takes away that bright vision of her; not even the aching longing to have her as she was last year.

How different life is for us who loved her for having had her. All that she cared for seems more worth caring for; all she hoped seems filled with inspiration for us. Tell your dear ones so as well as yourself—from your loving LIZZIE.

Mrs. John Amory Lowell to Ella Lyman

February 8th, 1879.

My precious, my dearly beloved,—How heartbreaking are all our days without your precious Sue. This day she was given to us, and what a gift! She will be happy with her Saviour and those she loved, and she will never forget in the brighter world the loved ones here where all was always bright and happy for her. Oh! we could not keep her and we should never have been willing to recall her if we could. Her heavenly Father knows best. We know so well that in this world we can do nothing. All the little of peace and comfort come from Him who has taken back his gift. And He is merciful and loving. How much those nine years were, it seems as if they contained the love, the wisdom, and tender thoughtfulness of a long life.



